



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014

<https://archive.org/details/holcad1897west>

THE HOLCAD.

Vol. XIX.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., SEPTEMBER, 1897.

No. 1.

Literary Department.

Credulity and Applied Mathematics.

Samos sleeps in silence. All nature seems to have sunk into a calm and sweet repose. Beside the sea shore there stands a man alone. Complacently he watches the smoke of burnt sacrifices ascend in a mysterious spiral to the home of his pagan gods. Pythagoras, that ancient philosopher and mathematician, now renders thanks to Zeus, who dwells within the central fire, for the relation of one of the world's greatest truths.

It is a beautiful myth, teeming with all the beliefs and superstitious of past ages and the hopes of modern science. Earth has seen no stranger sight. There he stood, both the victim of blinded ignorance, worshipping he knew not what; and the master of an eternal truth. With this simple Pythagorean ratio, man broke once for all, into the council of Olympus; and snatching the thunderbolt from Jove hurled the councilors to destruction as creatures of man's childish fancy. He has pierced the night's deep darkness, and mapped out the stars as they travel in eternal space; turning to the earth beneath him, he has weighed its very atoms. Strange indeed when mathematics worshiped at the shrine of Mythology.

True, mathematical progressive science

has been bound with two great shackles.—blind superstition and skeptical philosophy. As the clanking of the chains of a Russian convict band can be heard long before the prisoners are in sight, so the clatter of superstitious ignorance, or worse confounded learning, has often preceded the calm but noble science. These two, opposite as they claim to be, nevertheless differ, so to speak, only in their algebraic signs. For while the so-called philosophers endeavored to expose the credulity of his more simple neighbor, he swung clear past into a credulity more ridiculous, and vastly more bewildering. It may be well enough to tell philosophers, who have already talked their minds into a hopeless muddle that the world, the soul and God are only illusions of the senses; but if you tell it to the man whose hands are hardened with toil, whose very muscles ache perhaps from digging through the first of those flinty illusions, you will touch no chord of sympathy. He is made to believe ludicrous things with regard to the moon and its composition, but he has too much sense to deny its existence.

Plato took great pains to exclude mathematics from philosophy because mathematics assumed its first principles. And now as we review it, what has philosophy done without mathematics? Zeno, the Eleatic said that the world did not exist, and that

matter and motion were impossible. Yet Zeno surely walked. Euclid set great store by his doctrine of ideas, yet his most brilliant pupil ridiculed it not unsparingly. Aristotle's turn, and he a greater weight would rather have a smaller one because it was easier. Descartes was forced to leave unilluminated doubt, and exclaim; "I think, therefore, I am." Which is very nearly a mathematical assumption. Kant said that there are innate ideas, for mathematics is built on them, and mathematics, he was compelled to admit, he could not assail. Yet multiply examples, for Hume carried out Plato's idea, and, by assuming nothing, pushed philosophy to absolute skepticism. If these princes in the realm of thought have shown by their contradictions and mistakes, the imperative necessity of final appeal, such as mathematics furnishes; why should we speak of those men who, impelled only by an insatiable desire for notoriety, and possessing neither knowledge nor judgement, have juggled with things sublime. We would not take the extreme view that there is absolutely no science that is not mathematical; we have no desire to speak against true metaphysics; but we would most emphatically deny the right of these men to the supreme place in the world of science which they claim for themselves simply because they assume nothing, affirm nothing, decide nothing, and prove nothing.

The vast majority of these have been, in the field of metaphysics, what one possessing no experimental knowledge would be in mysteries of theoretical chemistry; and, while they claim superior powers of mind because of their skeptical assertions, in reality they have taken a very childish view of things. Probably any one of us

could plot the parallelogram of two simple forces, disregarding all friction and all other hindrances; but it took a master genius to harness the mighty Niagara.

Mathematics wages no war with facts. Facts are like the sea shores that guided the ancient mariners. But as the compass, under the fact-like-stars, guides from shore to shore over unfathomed seas; so mathematics guide from fact to fact over depths perhaps unfathomable and has proved its value by revealing connections before unseen. As it would be indescribable folly to stop to analyze every drop of water in the sea, or having failed, to deny its existence; so it seems strange that any man should rail at mathematics for assuming as true what has carried safely the most heavy burdens it has been called upon to bear.

What navigator, failing to find the port in the exact spot he expected it, throws away his compass, burns his charts and exclaims in disgust, "I will be guided by the winds." None! But very unphilosophically, perhaps, he simply says, "I made a mistake."

Said Tycho Brahe to his most distinguished pupil, John Kepler, when he explained to him his phantastical conception of the solar system: "First lay a solid foundation for your views by actual observation, and then by ascending from these, strive to reach the cause of things." It was a lesson that that great genius never forgot. So that when he set about to calculate the paths of Mars although his mind was permeated with the idea of circular orbits, and his imaginative powers still clung to his childish dream of hollow spheres, starting from facts and reasoning to facts, he deduced the truth that has made his name immortal.

In all chemical discussion the divisibility of matter or the atomic theory, has been a subject of unlimited dispute. So long as it was only a matter of words, the most brilliant minds took some one position, and some another; but when it became a question of the logical conclusions from the facts as they really were, and not as they might be imagined, the atomic theory became the dominant belief of all intellect men of science. Dalton's discovery of definite and multiple proportion did not establish the theory beyond the possibility of a doubt, neither has any other known fact done so, but the legitimate mathematical conclusions drawn from them point so unceasingly in that direction as to entrench the belief beyond the power of any volley of cunning words, any charge of unscrupulous speculation to shake it. Nevertheless, if it could be proved mathematically that atoms could not exist, those facts that now seem to point so unmistakably toward this theory, would be seen to point just in the opposite direction, and all scientists would admit that the trouble was not with the facts, but with their interpretation of them.

If any one doubts that statement let him look for a moment at some known examples. The ancients based their belief that the earth was flat on the fact that the sun seemed invariably to rise in the East and set in the West. "More than that," said they, "we can calculate the moment at which it will rise." But now that Astronomy has revealed the true motion of the earth, we see just what they saw, but it sustains a vastly different theory. All the facts used to prove that the earth is the center of the solar system, prove that the sun occupies that position just as conclusively.

The only formidable opposition the

Copernican conception of the solar system had to encounter was that offered by Tycho Brahe, and the credulity of the church. Credulity and not faith, for they did not found their objections on what was revealed, but on their traditional opinion of that revelation. They had not learned to know God's voice from man's. It was a most shameful sight, when Galileo kneeled before the church-men and swore that his beliefs were false when he knew they were true. But science regrets that scene no less bitterly than does the Church.

But Tycho Brahe was a true scientist, as well as a good church-man. His objection was founded, not so much on superstition, as on scientific fact—technically speaking, the annual parallax of the stars, which he was unable to discover. That is to say: If we are really in motion and the star at rest, it must seem to travel around each year in a "little orbit of 186,000,000 miles in diameter." Yet, insurmountable as this seemed, it led to the discovery, not only of this very thing but also of the aberration of light, both of which have established the Copernican theory almost beyond a doubt.

It is no wonder that Tycho Brahe with his instruments failed, for at this problem our most nearly perfect methods of the present day almost stand aghast, teaching the inexpressible accuracy with which truth must be sought.

Newton, it is said, first raised the question why an object fell to the ground. But, being a true scientist, he knew that he must first find out the law by which it fell, if he was ever to make anything like a reasonable speculation as to its cause. Here is just the point at which science differs from credulity on the one hand and from

its negative—unfounded philosophy on the other. He cannot be said ever to have found out just why the apple fell. It was sufficient glory for any man to have discovered the law of all such motion. But, some one may say: "This is an age of inductive philosophy, and mathematics is essentially deductive." It is true that this is an age when men "Go forth, under the open sky, and list to Nature's teaching." But they listen if perchance they may catch some chord of that sublime harmony, the swelling and re-enforcing vibrations of which they may measure out on some human instrument. While applied mathematics could hardly be imagined without induction, induction without its less conspicuous, but equally great counterpart, would be as a parabolic comet in the sky—making distant unknown worlds shine with a brilliant illumination while it passed; but coming we know not whence, and going we dare not imagine whether. Science is a gallant ship laden with jewels and spices from a distant land. The pure white sails are induction, catching the winds that nature blows; but underneath mathematics is the rudder, guiding to the port of man.

Come with me and behold mathematics in one of her moments of splendid triumph. Uranus had wandered from his path but 2' of arc, about the length of a yard stick as seen a mile away. But starting from just these facts and reasoning by mathematics alone, Leverrier wrote to Galle: "Direct thy telescope to a point on the ecliptic in the constellation Aquarius, in longitude 326° , and you will find within a degree of that place a new planet." And, in a few short minutes after the search was started, Neptune was won.

What could show less credulity than that? It is in such moments as these that the scientist, standing on the threshold of the infinite, looks far out into the vast unknown, while his voice instinctively echoes the key-note of all true science:—"O God I think thy thoughts after Thee." And while in some path-ways science cannot tread:

Think you that the grandest strain of music,
Which no human harp has sung,
Beats in less harmonic measure
Than the notes of mortal tongue!

Think you, when the angels sing together,
Praising Christ the risen Lord,
They will move in more disorder
Than the stars that do his word!

WM. McELWEE, '97.

The Ethics of Pleasure.

Life's voyage is not always illumined by sunbeams from a golden sky. Dark clouds of sorrow and pain lower frequently upon it, and shroud the mariners in grief and despair. It may be hurricanes of dark memories drive the sailors ashore and bury them in quicksands of misery and self-abasement, there to grovel and cower among the ruins of reckless adventure, murder, and suicide. Or, perhaps, present calamities enthrall them in Atlantic gulfs of despondency and shame, and surging billows of vice and crime rise and beat against their crafts dashing them onward and ever onward into the vortex of ruin. Or, perchance, dread forebodings of the future cloud the horizon of the seamen, and veer their vessels into unknown and turbulent waters, there to be driven about and tossed to and

fro by raving tempests of doubt and superstition and fear. These are pictures, darkly drawn, of ten thousand times ten thousand who sail out of the quiet harbor of Innocence year by year, ensigns flying to the breeze, yards dressed—"Hope in the prow and Pleasure at the helm," bound for that imaginary and illusive port, *Summum Bonum*. Ere they make an independent start they are warned by veteran pilots and captains to beware of hidden rocks of deception and floating icebergs of sinful amusement, and are admonished to pilot their ships through the calm and peaceful waters of Temperance and Virtue: but the roar of the surf deafens their ears and they hear not, neither do they understand. They subordinate virtue, health and abiding happiness in their wild, mad, chaotic rush in pursuit of what the world calls Pleasure—Pleasure that passes like fleeting dreams.

All mankind desire, and set out in search of pleasure, but, in various and diverse channels "Anthony sought for happiness in love; Brutus in glory; Cæsar in universal dominion; the first found disgrace, the second, disgust; the last, ingratitude; and each destruction." How different is the course of others, who through faith and patience have sought for happiness in spheres of usefulness for themselves, their generation and their God! Joseph in returning kindness for hatred to his jealous and villanous brethren; Nehemiah, in rebuilding the ruined walls of Jerusalem, Paul in bonds and imprisonments for his Masters' sake, are illustrious and immortal examples of this latter class, the first of this noble trio became prime minister of Egypt; the second, gov-

ernor of Jerusalem; the last, a standard for Christian manhood; and each, a pillar of strength in the church of God which stands firm and immovable for all ages.

It is a law universal and continually operative, that man largely elects his own destiny. He may make of this world a palace, or a prison, a heaven or a hell. He may surrender his body to be a temple of the Holy Ghost, or to be a pandemonium. He may labor and exalt in the Sanctuary of Hope and Virtue, and all the while his divine nature is being strengthened, fortified, and sanctified, or he may revel and rejoice in the worship of Mammon and Bacchus while his heart is being poisoned and his character undermined.

The love of pleasure is natural and praiseworthy within circumscribed and well defined limits. Look back over the past, or glance abroad through the present and we find this to be universal. The ancient Assyrians and Greeks observed tri-monthly holidays, annual revels and great national festivals at longer intervals. The patricians and plebeians of republican Rome had their field days; even the slaves had their saturnalia when their privileges were limited, only by their capacity of enjoyment. In ancient Etruria every new month was ushered in by a day of merrymaking in honor of a tutelary deity. What civilized or semi-civilized nation of today does not celebrate specified days in recreation and gaiety? The press answers back: There is none, no not one. Pleasure of a rational kind is helpful and stimulates energy. Amusements of unquestioned character give fresh vigor for the prosecution of the

serious engagements of life. Why not encourage them when they tend to elevate and broaden character, when they tend to develop the social instincts and whet the mental faculties? We must not overlook the importance of happiness. If pleasure is not "our being's end and aim," it is yet certain that we cannot attain the end of our being without enjoyment?

Man was made to rejoice and be glad and not to pine and fret. God made him capable of knowing all the phenomena of nature by means of the five senses; and his mind has the power to enlarge upon and elaborate in infinite variety and form the knowledge derived through the medium of the sensorium. Truly he is monarch of all he surveys. The cardinal function of the senses is to convey pleasure and not pain. By the sense of sight we have aesthetic views of beauty, grandeur and sublimity. For the organs of smell, the vital alchemy at work in the flowers yields a profuse and infinite number of perfumes. For the taste there are myriads of delicate flavors. The sense of hearing is regaled by countless consummate harmonies; and the sense of touch is attended by the most exquisite sensibility and the acutest discernment. These are all ministers of pleasure and high priests of blessing to mankind so long as they are kept to their appropriate ministry; so long as they are bedded in character and ballasted by education; "but, whenever the soul turns to them as the source of its highest pleasure, and seeks for the multiplication and extension of these pleasures as the chief end of life, then the whole being is prostituted and absolute, unmixed evil is the natural and inevitable result." Shall we, therefore, regard the senses as masters of our

beings, instead of servants? Shall we not rather remove the shackles that hamper our freedom and bind us to their worship? May we not barter our birthrights for carnal pleasures, as nations have done in generations gone by; nations that have perished miserably because of their sensuality. Let us profit by a knowledge of their wreck and ruin. Let us not be deceived by the siren songs and whited forms that decay on every hand, and cry: "Lo here," or "Lo there is the elysium of happiness." They promise amusements and so-called pleasures, but in them are swords of moral defilement and barbed arrows of disgrace and social ruin.

Imagine, for a moment, the plane upon which barbarism bases its imperial pleasures. Conceive the whole teaching of history and the benign heritage of culture swept away. Should we then recline in enchanted castles, free from every care? Would there be a panacea for every ill and an antidote for every sorrow? Let facts, unwavering in their veracity and unassuming in their character, make answer. Do we not shudder when we hear of the barbarity of the Caesars, who permitted the combat of human beings with ferocious beasts, to cater to the amusement of the populace? Little less brutal were the gladiatorial shows of ancient Rome, and but few steps removed from these sickening exhibitions were the knightly tournaments of the middle ages. While to be a successful warrior was the highest ambition in all ancient nations of note, as it still is among many barbarous people. In the Norseman's heaven the time was to be spent in daily battles with magical healing of wounds. We ask: Are these superstitions dying out? Is the world becoming better? The reply

comes: Yes. The bones and sinews of barbarism are broken. Society has made great progress. The bells of a Christian civilization have been chiming through the years—ringing out the old, ringing in the new. Nations are learning that this world is not merely an arena for the gratification of the senses; but that it is a Mount Pisgah, from which the spiritual Canaan may be surveyed—the Canaan whose fountains of joy never fail, and whose waters never turn bitter to the taste, the Canaan in which there is unclouded sunshine, in which there is undisturbed happiness. People are learning more than ever before to seek pleasure in books, travel, friendship, education, and in a thousand other commendable and legitimate channels; but above all, in religion. "The pleasures of sense," some one has said, "will surfeit but not satisfy—but the pleasures of religion satisfy and never surfeit." They, and they alone, will stand the test of the dying hour. Then may all nations and tongues soon learn to seek these pleasures that will live beyond the grave, and that will be found to honor and praise and glory, when:

Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the judgment book unfold.

JAMES A. McDONALD, '98,

New Education for Woman.

As the corner stones of a palace are shaped with care and labor, so is perfect womanhood attained by training and culture. Like Michael Angelo, busy with his sculpture, cutting here and trimming there, ever watchful lest some trifle be neglected,

so ought womanhood to be moulded. Woman should not enter life unprepared for its duties. At the present time those who honor womankind have not much sympathy with the prejudice, not quite obsolete, against learned woman.

That ancient philosopher, Socrates, taught the Athenians that as they secured the best training possible for any domestic animal they owned, so ought they to choose carefully the means of culture that would bring their children the greatest profit. Thus it ought to be with woman that the learning she obtains will be what will profit her the most.

A wrong spirit seems to be manifested when woman is so prone to shirk the responsibility placed upon her by nature and willingly goes forth to fill an unnatural place in the world. In the beginning God created man. Male and female created he them. And when the curse fell upon them in the garden of Eden, to each did appoint a peculiar work. A man's life is a contrast to that of a woman. They are the complements of each other. He is the artisan of life, she the artist. Woman was not made to be a co-partner with man, but to be a helpmeet unto him.

In many cases the adorning of the body seems to be uppermost in the mind to the forsaking of that adornment of a quiet spirit. One reason why the good old-fashioned education of our grandmothers is no longer popular is on account of the absorbing passion for gold. By circumstances a woman may be forced to go out into the world in order to earn bread for loved ones. But when she follows the craze for money making which is so universal in America merely for the show she may thus be en-

abled to make, then it is she is out of her sphere. She seems to follow man in the mad search, like the alchemist of old for the formula for making gold.

How then ought a woman to be educated? She ought seriously to prepare for some life-work. She ought to want to act in the great battle of life. She cannot be a copy of man reproducing his work. Their occupations are different, their vocations one.

It then becomes an important question how a woman shall be educated. We believe that she has the right to take her place in the class-room; beside her sturdy brothers: that she has the ability to dig out Latin and Greek roots with them: that she may learn to converse with them in French and German, that she can study with them the same mathematics, philosophies and sciences. We certainly admit the fact that the study of any dead language gives the mind power to think and the solution of the most obscure problems in mathematics sharpens the intellect.

But here we pause and ask if this is the kind of development a woman most needs. And why this discipline be considered essential to a woman's life? The training of her mind, the broadening of her views, the building of her character should accord with her place in society.

Why then should the acquiring a classical diploma be regarded as the only distinction of an educated woman? In the brief time allotted to mankind to live, so few years can be spent in preparation for more active life. It then becomes a weighty question how a woman shall be educated.

When we consider a woman reaches

mature life before she can obtain a standard college education, having spent her days in the achievement of this one object, we ask if it pays. Her energies have all been exerted in this direction and her time has been scarcely available for anything else. And perhaps through some petty ambition she has ruined her health for life. When she comes to the time she feels her education is completed, she has learned to reason but is unable to apply that wisdom.

A woman should have more practical education. In early childhood and youth the foundation should be laid for perfect health. This is the first requisite. The physical life is the basis of every higher development. In her body every organism differs from a like organism in man. Even the muscles, the tissues, the nerves are unlike in structure. Woman is formed on a more delicate scale than man. Altho she does not require so much strength, she needs more vitality and a greater power of endurance. She ought also to pursue a thorough course in hygiene and thus she will have obtained theoretical knowledge as well as physical strength to live.

A woman should learn why we live and how to live. She should know her place in society, in the church and in the home. She should also possess a knowledge of morals by the study of ethics, that science of goodness and righteousness.

In the culture of the mind, mental efficiency for her work ought first to be given to women. She should be trained for that and have everything else subservient to that. Instead of the absorption of so much knowledge, she should have more cultivation of power.

She ought to understand intelligently the sciences that pertain to her work. For the simplest work in the home is made up of forces and principles a student puzzles his brain over. The unideal work in the kitchen comprises secrets of applied chemistry. To comprehend well the choice and serving of foods there is also needful a knowledge of physiology and other physical science.

Since woman is to be "a corner-stone carved after the similitude of a palace," her education should contain beauty. Even tho she may have no aptitude for music, her ear should be cultivated to enjoy the harmonies of Mozart and Beethoven. Perchance she does not have sufficient talent to copy from masterpieces of art, yet she ought to learn to appreciate the beauty of Raphael and Rubens.

Another desire a woman should have is that she may cultivate a sweet, pleasing voice which Shakespeare describes as, "ever soft, gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman."

The ability to entertain is a talent a woman seldom attempts to improve. It has always been that as woman was, so was society. Social life was within doors and around the center, woman, revolves society. When weary mankind seeks recreation it is in the companionship of others. Here he is led out of himself and compelled to think of his brothers and in the communing of spirits is felt the larger life of Humanity. Here should be the happy intercourse of true conversation, springing up from real thought. And in the expression of the feelings is used the language of music.

Woman must prepare for this prominent interest. She can well follow the example set by her English sisters who have time reserved that they may make social development a part of their course. Being thrown on their own resources they acquire by experience what will be useful when they become social queens. And if woman lacks the ability, the sympathy, the culture to draw and inspire those around her; she has forever laid down the scepter of the social empire and perhaps driven man to his club.

While due care is to be given to the things of this world, it ought not to be done to the neglect of things spiritual. A woman ought to possess practical, living religion. Early should she learn to reverence, to love and to serve her God. It has been said, "a woman without the love of God in her heart is like a flower without perfume."

The whole culture of mind and soul should be followed by the production of a character, well-rounded. This is the one aim of all true education; this the source of all strength: the secret of all beauty. If the purpose of education has been fulfilled, a woman will possess strength for usefulness and beauty for inspiration.

When woman comes to the time she feels she is "finished," she ought, as well as man, to prepare for some life-work. A woman ought each day to breathe in the right spirit and conception of her calling. It is only then she will feel its importance. There ought to be a restoration of the patterns of old-time womanhood. The dignity of every profession is judged by the amount

of serious preparation made for it.

When a woman earnestly begins to prepare for her work, she possesses a trained mind and an understanding of natural sciences. Having, too, added flavor to the pursuit of her other studies by learning the elements of her profession, she enters the University of Domestic Science and Home Economics and pursues her course there with diligence. She soon becomes a graduate of the University, having learned well the art and science of being a good housekeeper and a true homemaker. She is now a lady, the true Anglo-Saxon loafward, who is able to make thrift, comfort and peace reign supreme.

Now she is ready to fulfill what was the dream of her childhood when she was "queen of the May" and which was strengthened into a purpose with mature life, to be queen somewhere. It has ever been the longing with woman to have power over man, that power highest of all since it comes from sweet affection.

And when that comes and Ahasuerus-like he asks. "What wilt thou, queen, what is thy request? it shall be given thee." What will the answer be? Will it divert his energies, thus spoiling his life, or will it strengthen him for his work as ye strive together for the kingdom that perisheth not? Oh queen, what is thy request?

MARTHA D. SPEER, '97.

Echoes of Commencement.

The Forty-fifth annual Commencement of Westminster College opened as usual with

a concert by the graduates of the Musical conservatory. The program was as follows:

PROGRAM.

- 15th Rhapsody.....Liszt,
Miss Sowash.
(Accompaniment on 2nd Piano, Miss Frampton..
Soft Floating on the Air.....Root.
Mrs. Hahn, Miss Turner, Messrs. Hahn
and Freeman.
Andante in F.....Beethoven.
Miss Stunkard
Commencement March.....Bartlett
Misses Miller, Duncan, Kyle and Turner.
*Concerto—GMinor—Andante and Finale.....
Mendelssohn
Mr. Trainor.
Break! Break!.....Anderton
Mrs. Hahn, Miss Kyle, Mr. Hahn.
The Fishermen.....Gabussi
Messrs. Hahn and Freeman.
Valse DeConcert.....Gillet
Miss Frampton
Bella Figlia (Quartette from Rigoletto). Verdi
Mrs. Hahn, Miss Turner, Messrs. Hahn
and Freeman.
*Concerto—D Minor—First Movement...Mozart,
Cadenza by Clara Schumann.
Miss McCreary.
*Orchestral Parts on a 2nd Piano by Miss Kimball.

The annual sermon to the Christian Associations of the College was preached in the First Church Sabbath morning at, 11 o'clock by Rev. D. C. McKay, D. D., pastor of the U. P. Church at Greenville. Prov. 4:23, "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."

THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

The baccalaureate sermon was preached by Rev. R. G. Ferguson, D. D., presi-

dent of the college. An audience beyond the capacity of the Second U. P. church assembled and listened with eager attention to the forceful words of President Ferguson. It was a timely discussion on the living subject of Christian ethics.

Text—Ps. 19:6. "The law of the Lord is perfect."

CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

Music—Adelphic Orchestra.

Roll Call.

Music—Piano duet.

Misses Frampton and Sowash.

Music—Philo Mandolin Club.

Class Poem, Miss Margaret Stunkard.

Music—Class Quartette.

Advice to Undergraduates, Miss Emma Elliott.

Music—Piano duet,

Misses Caldwell and Elliott.

Class Prophecy, Miss Laura McClure.

Music.—Class Song.

JUNIOR ORATIONS.

Invocation, The Rev. James A. Reed, D. D.

Music—"Caprice Hongrois," *Ketterer.*

Miss Kimball and Miss McCreary.

"A Plea for the Civil Sabbath,"

Elizabeth Duncan, Dunbar.

"The Ethics of Pleasure,"

James Alexander McDonald, Providence, R. I.

Music—"Stay With Me,"

Conservatory Ladies Quartette.

"International Morality,"

Eda Belle Nichol, Indiana.

"The Spirit of War."

Harry Phythyon, Burgettstown.

Music—"Their Sun Shall No More Go Down."

—*Tuckerman.*

Conservatory Ladies Quartette.

"Social Aims," James William Scott,

Andes, N. Y.

Music—"Etude op. 10, No. 12," *Chopin.*

Miss Kimball.

The Judges were Mrs. H. C. Swearin gen, of Allegheny; The Rev. W. R. Jamison, of Frankfort Springs, and the Rev. W. W. Lawrence of Bellevue. In rendering their decision they gave the first prize to Miss Eda Belle Nichol and the second to James A. McDonald.

SMOKING THE PIPE OF PEACE.

After the Junior Contest the audience repaired to the College Campus to witness the parting ceremony between the Senior and Junior classes. The camp fire was burning brightly. Rufus McKinley was the orator of the Senior Class. His address sparkled with keen witticisms, suggestive reminiscences a little pleasant boastfulness, an appropriate allusion to the kindly relations existing between the classes, and fitting words of farewell. L. K. Peacock, as orator for the Juniors, responded in a happy vein. Time and again he dropped into classical poetry, recounting the struggles between the classes in humorous measure and glorifying the victories of '98. At the conclusion of these addresses the "Pipe of Peace" was smoked around the dying embers of the camp fire.

On Tuesday morning, a reunion of Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. meeting, was held in Philo Hall. Short talks were given by members of the Alumni.

MEETING OF ALUMNI.

The Alumni held an interesting meeting Tuesday afternoon, the principal business of which was the selection of the following as members of the Board of Trus-

tees; subject to approval of the Synods. For four years—J. W. Grove and S. B. Donaldson, both of Pittsburg; for three years—J. K. McClurkin, D. D., and Judge John D. Shaffer of Pittsburg; for two years—J. C. Taggart, D. D., of East Liverpool and Hon. J. N. Martin of New Castle; for one year—D. G. McKay, D. D., of Greenville, and E. N. McElree, D. D., of New Wilmington. The officers for next year were elected as follows: A. B. Stevenson, Esq., President; Dr. J. W. Elliott, Vice President; Mary H. Cowden, Secretary; W. J. Shields, Corresponding Secretary. Rev. John McNaugher, D. D., made an earnest plea for contributions to the Alumni Endowment fund.

On Tuesday evening the Alumni Reunion of the class of '82 was held. Rev. J. A. Reed, D. D., of New York city, was the orator for the class. The class history was read by Prof. Dodds of Pittsburg. Mrs. Swearingen sang during the evening, as did also Rev. J. D. Barr.

SOCIETY CONTEST.

March—"King Carnival"—*Rosey.*

Essay, "Rational Education."
GEORGE H. SEVILLE, Bellvue.

Essay, "Credulity and Applied Mathematics."
WM. McELWEE, New Wilmington.

Selection—"Maritana"—*Wallace.*

Debate—Question—*Resolved, that the United States and the several states should establish courts of compulsory adjustments for disputes between employes and private corporations which possess franchises of a public nature.*

Affirmative—WM. STEWART, West Sunbury,

Negative—JAMES A. CHAMBERS, Eastbrook.

Gavotte—"Wild Rose"—*Geo. Ebel.*

Oration, "Kindred Spirits."

HAROLD M. IRONS, McDonald.

Oration, "Faith Triumphant."

JOHN C. HANLEY, EAST LIVERPOOL, O.

Selection—"The Brownies"—*Theo. Tobani, op. 303*

Declamation, "The Light from Over the Range."

R. R. LITTELL, Service.

Declamation, "The Tell Tale Heart."

WILBERT H. McPEAK, Cannonsburg.

Waltz—"Rob Roy" from *De Koven's Opera*
—*Wiegand.*

DECISION OF JUDGES,

Medley Overture—"Mother was a Lady."

—*R. Rickert.*

The judges: President Johnson, Geneva college; Judge Wilson, Beaver, and President Marsh, Mt. Union college, rendered the following decisions; Essay, McElwee; Debate, Stewart; Oration, Hanley; Declamation, Littell.

NOTES.

Miss Birdie Clingan, '92, of Pittsburg, arrived on Tuesday evening.

R. D. Nicholls, '95, was the guest of E. V. Weller, '97.

H. E. Barr, '92, was here as the guest of his brother, Rev. J. D. Barr, '88.

J. G. Berry, '87, with his family are attending the commencement as the guests of Miss M. D. Shaffer.

Rev. W. W. Lawrence, of Bellevue, formerly stationed at Portland, Oregon, arrived Monday to act as a judge on the Junior contest. He was the guest of Rev. S. M. Black.

The Holcad.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

Editors.

ELIZABETH DUNCAN, '98 EDITOR IN CHIEF
 GEO. H. SEVILLE, '98 ASSISTANT
 EDA NICHOL, '98 LIT' DEPARTMENT
 HARRY N. HOLMES, '99 LOCAL
 FRANCIS McDOWEL, '98 ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD
 LYNN BREADEN, '98 MUSIC, ART AND EXCHANGES.
 HARRY PHYTHYON, '98 BUSINESS MANAGER
 ESTELLE SPENCER '99

Publishers Notice.

THE HOLCAD is a monthly of ten issues a year, published by the undergraduates of Westminster College.

Entered at the Postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second class mail matter.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni, or any who are or have been connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Address all communications to THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

TERMS One copy per year, \$1.00. Single copy 15c.

WE are sorry that through delay in receiving material we have been compelled to send out this number at so late a date. We feel confident that the offense will not be repeated this year.

AMONG the many new students this term, surely there are some whom the muses will inspire to write something for the "HOLCAD." We want more subscribers and more contributors among the students in Westminster and the contributors, if contributing interesting reading matter, will mean more subscribers, while a larger circulation will doubtless be an incentive to

some to invoke—the muse on our behalf.

BE slow in making friends. On entering college, it is well to get your bearings before becoming too intimate with anyone. Here, just as in every place, you will be judged by your associates and the ones to whom you feel drawn on first acquaintance may not prove to be the ones with whom you wish to be classed. So it is well not to be hasty in choosing chums.

PROF. BARNES' short talk in Chapel the other morning was both pleasing and helpful. We take this as the only way of showing our appreciation. It is by such a personal interest as this that teachers exercise their greatest influence upon students. Not only was the sentiment that he expressed to be admired, but also his fine command of English.

LET us urge upon each student the advisability of laying out for himself a course of reading. Many of the students who read could make their reading more effect by systematizing it. Many other students read scarcely any thing. They could easily spare a half hour each day and this time would, perhaps, contribute as much toward their real education as any other one thing. A wise selection from the best novels, biographies, books of travel, and science (if one is interested in some such study) with a dash of poetry, would tend to broaden the mind and enlarge the view. The professor of English would, no doubt, gladly

aid the student in making out such a course.

‘A SINGULAR LIFE,’ by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, is a story that impresses the sympathetic reader very deeply. The book tells of a young minister who, in laboring for the lowest class of the people of a seaport town, follows so closely in the footsteps of his master that the rough, but loving fisherman call him the ‘Christman.’ It seems to us a very sad reflection on the lives of Christians to-day that a person who really lives Christ should be thought singular. Yet is it not true that in most communities the person living the unselfish, unworthy life shown in the Gospels and Epistles would be thought eccentric? There is great need of a more exact conformation in the lives of Christians to their great example.

Locals.

College opens with an unusually large attendance.

Mr. Harry Phythyon has been elected President of the Senior class.

The class of '98 has decided to wear caps and gowns.

Lawrence Swogger, Will Purvis and Mr. Rainey are additions to the class of '98

Mr. Walter Marshall is ill with typhoid fever and unable to return this term.

Walter J. Stewart, '99, attended the wedding of Harry Stewart of Sharon, Sept' 2nd.

The Glee Club, noted for its rendition of "The Cradle Song," will soon be re-organized.

The Adelphic and Philmoth Halls have been renovated and now present a very attractive appearance.

Prof. C. C. Freeman has received the degree of Ph. D., from his "alma mater," Allegheny College.

During the summer Miss Kraeer lost her glasses. The cause of the loss was what was once a lamb.

Westminster needs to be congratulated in obtaining Mr. Stannard, of U. of P. at coach for the foot ball team.

The friends of Miss Beulah Stewart rejoice in her improved health and hope to have her among us soon.

We are glad to note that the Misses Gail and Zeue Moore have returned to this college again.

Miss Grace Acheson gave a very creditable reading in chapel Sept. 14. She is one of Prof. Cumnock's graduates.

Mr. L. K. Peacock and M. M. Edmundson expect to have a "husking" Oct. 2nd. All are cordially invited to attend.

Rev. Smeallie is one of the latest arrivals in town. Miss Annabel Smeallie has again entered college and will complete the course.

Professor Margaret McLaughry attended the Christian Endeavor Convention, which was held this summer at San Francisco.

Why did the fresh co-ed the other day mistake the professor's calendar for a piece of music? Probably because they both have to do with time.

We are sorry to miss Miss Rena Miller from the senior ranks this term. She will return next term in time to delight us with her Junior oration.

Breaden McElree expects to spend this year in the Chicago University, making a special study of Latin, German and Greek.

H. G. Byers, assistant in Physics last year, spent much of his time the last summer working in the Chemical Laboratory at this place.

Miss Hodgen has been granted a leave of absence for the fall and winter terms, but expects to be with us again in the spring. At present she is pursuing her art studies in New York.

Ask Prof. F—— if he knows why one night recently a certain other Westminster professor's slumbers were rudely disturbed by the sound of pebbles on his window pane?

A new interpretation of the name of our college periodical, though hardly with its usual signifi-ance—"Hall-cad"; perhaps better suited to certain Friday night callers.

One of the many College bicyclists, Mr. Nelson, met with quite a severe accident on Tuesday evening. He happened upon a stone in the road and fell, receiving some painful face wounds.

Miss McCune, of Bellevue, will take charge of the art department during Miss Hodgen's absence. She comes to us highly recommended, and will begin her work on Tuesday, September 28.

A Camera Club has been organized. Any one can become a member by the payment of twenty-five cents to Miss Mayme Turner, Treasurer.

Prof. J. J. McElree has returned from the University of Chicago whither he had gone to resume his studies. During the summer he was tendered the presidency of Amity College which he refused.

A pleasant dinner in honor of Dr. Barr and his wife, who sail for India Oct 25; was given in the First Church on Wednesday, Sept. 22. A number of substantial presents were left at the parsonage, both for Dr. Barr and for the pastor.

It is generally supposed that a spirit of rivalry exists in all college classes but this is not the case at Westminster as three of her classes announced class meetings at the same time and place.

The new students were much pleased with the hospitable manner in which they were received and welcomed to the town, by the members of the Christian Associations.

Following the Bible injunction, "Six days shalt thou labor and do thy work," McPeak confined his labor to six days. The seventh he rested and reflected. The result is we have Wilburt with us again. He will be graduated with the class of '99.

Mr. Lloyd Davies, the famous backstop for Westminster, spent a few days with his friends the first of the term. He will enter college after the holidays. He is travelling now as the advance agent of prosperity.

The announcement of the Westminster Lecture Course this year certainly presents a very fine line of attractions. This course is conducted by the Philomath and Adelpic Literary societies and is worthy of the support of all. The following is the list of entertainments:

Oct. 12—Russell H. Conwell. Subject "Acres of Diamonds."

Nov. 5—John Temple Graves, Subject, "The Old Woman and the New."

Nov. 29—Dr. Edward P. Elliott, Impersonator, Subject, "Dollars and Sense."

Dec. 16—The Welsh Prize Singers.

Jan. 27—The Temple Quartette Concert Co.

Feb. 15—Robt. J. Burdette. Subject, "A twice Told Tale, or The Rise and Fall of the Mustache."

March 10—Dr. Eugene May. Subject, "With a Bicycle Through the Yellowstone National Park."

Chapel exercises on Tuesday morning were conducted by Dr. McCrory of the Third U. P. Church, Pittsburg. His address afterwards was unusually witty, and was thoroughly enjoyed by the students. May many more such visit us this year.

That the spirit as well as the body of last year's third preparatory class has passed into this year's Freshman is demonstrated by their challenge to the Sophomore to contest for the silver cup in the relay race.

We infer from the conspicuous absence of several of our Professors at the late reception that they had already had sufficient introduction to new students in the class room.

Rev. J. Q. A. McDowell, an alumnus of this college, now pastor of the 2nd United Presbyterian Church of New Castle, delivered an interesting lecture here on the 9th of September interests of the Christian Endeavor Societies of Lawrence County. His subject was "Greed for Gain, a Menace to Good Citizenship."

The following passage was under discussion.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison house begin to close
Upon the boy,

But he beholds the light and whence it flows

He sees it in his joy;

The youth who daily further from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,

And by the vision splendid

Is on his way attended;

At length the man perceived it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

Prof. McL— "When does man lose all recollection of a previous existence.?"

Mr. D— "Well I think about the time he gets married,"

Prof. "What's your name?"

New Student: "I haven't one."

The opening reception given by the Christian associations of the College for the benefit of the students, new and old, was quite a notable success this term. The attendance was unusually large and though the introductions were at times confusing, and names occasionally refused to suggest themselves at the proper moment, the evening passed in a pleasant manner. The excessive warmth of the atmosphere furnished a never ending topic for conversation.

Rev. J. H. Veazey, while in the HOLCAD room, received subscriptions from over one hundred new students. The following is a partial list:

SECOND PREP.

Walter G. Hawkins, Wilkinsburg; J. Gault, Worth; Miss Pauline Pierce, Sharpsville; Herman G. Boyles, New Castle; Archie W. Peake, Wilmerding; Gilbert F. Zelenker, Zelienople; Miss Mary Berry, Clokey; Walter F. Moore, Hickory; Thomas Murray, Pittsburg; Mary Wilson, Washington; Leo McCague, Coraopolis; Edna Ramsey, Coraopolis; Robt. N. Greer, Allegheny; Reed Veazey, New Wilmington; C. S. McCogney, Coal Valley; Jno. J. McAleese, Pittsburg; Allan Newmyer, Pittsburg; J. T. Degleman, Allegheny; Eugene Jolly, Coraopolis; Frank Houston, New Brighton; Lewis D. Richmond, Nevada Dean, Pittsburg; Robt. M. Greb, Bellvue; Margaret McNall, Imperial.

THIRD PREP.

Alvin J. Hazlett, Tarentum; Miss Florence Thompson, Hugh Snodgrass, West Middlesex; May Maxwell, Butler; Ralph E. Maxwell, Butler; Roland G. Deevers, Wilmerding; Nettie Rodgers, New Bedford; Wm. E. Brooks, Philadelphia; Wm. B. Ramsey, Sharon; Anna B. McClelland, Jos. H. McClelland, Mt. Jackson; Margaret Gealy, Plain Grove; Jas. E. Nelson, Plain Grove; Vincent Whalen, Youngstown.

FRESHMEN.

Florence Kyle, Johnstown; Wm. Ewing, Indiana; Erwin Cummings, McConnells Mills; Wm. G. Wright, Oneonta, N. Y.; Ben A. Allison, Mercer; Wm. S. McCormick, Mercer; Clara Littell, Pittsburg; Mellie Thompson, Detroit, Mich.; A. H. Baldinger, Allegheny; Walter Melard, Churchill B. Melard, Mercer; Wm. Dickson, Sewickley; Bessie McCarroll, Hickory; Madge Conway, West Sunbury; Wm. B. McCarry, Fifth R.; Sam'l M. Lake, Saltsburg; Chas. Anderson, Murdocksville.

SOPHOMORES.

Scott Aiken, York; John Nelson, Allegheny; May Snodgrass, West Middlesex; Clyde Humphrey, Slippery Rock; Wm. G. Cook, McDonald; Pearl Andrews, Butler; Thos. R. Taucyhill, Millersburg, O.; John E. McCalmont, Ingleside.

UNCLASSIFIED.

Romaine Russell, Atta Russell, C. Malcolm Laing, Pittsburg; Althea Mattox, Lyda Gibson, Clask; May Carson, New California, O.; Nellie Wallace, Pulaski; Bonnie Jewell, New Lebanon; May Balph, Butler; Mabel McClure, Sandy Lake; Lizzie McBane, Mt. Union; Misses Gail and Zena Moore, Peoria, Ill.; John B. Cochran, Mercer; F. David Scroogs, Cannonsburg;

Athletics.

Mr. John Donaldson is a prominent competitor for this year's eleven..

Washington and Jefferson this year lose Inglis and Duffy from their track team.

Mr. Long, manager of the track team, and Mr. Holmes, physical director, are already looking after the team for next year. This good work is to be highly commended.

New outfits for the football team have been secured, consisting of mink skin suits, blue stockings and new shoes, head gear, etc. The team now is fixed out in first class shape, and with good, honest practice there is no reason why Westminster should not hold as high a place in foot ball as she does in base ball.

Athletics in Westminster college have received a great impetus. Not for many years have we seen so much activity in this line. Men who never before were known to go off a walk may daily be seen on the football field, then after the practice taking

the run. This is accounted for in the most part by the great effort put forth by Prof. Barnes and Captain Peacock. The coming of Mr. Stannard of U. of P. to coach the team is also an inducement to the boys to go out and learn the game.

Westminster baseball players this year made very enviable records for themselves after school closed. Wilhelm with Greensburg; McKim and Edmundson with Wilmerding; Marshall, Phythyon and Marshall with Mars, and Davies distinguished himself at Uniontown and Conneaut Lake. The boys have all returned to school with the exception of Davies, who will be in for the winter term, and Chambers, who is teaching, but will be here in the spring term. Besides the regular team, there are a great many new boys in who are showing up very well.

The foot ball schedule as completed so far, is as follows.

Sept. 29.—Grove City College at Mercer.

Oct. 2.—Thiel College at New Wilmington.

Oct. 9.—West Virginia University at Uniontown.

Oct 16.—Geneva College at Beaver Falls.

Oct. 23.—Western Univ. of Penn. at New Wilmington.

Oct. 30.—Hiram College at New Wilmington.

Nov. 6.—Geneva College at New Wilmington.

Nov. 13.—Grove City College at New Wilmington.

Nov. 20.—Grove City College at Grove City.

Games are also arranged (dates unsettled) with Mt. Union college, Pittsburg Athletic club, Waynesburg college, Indiana State Normal school and Oberlin college.

Director Holmes is now busy taking measurements, and classes will be formed in the gymnasium in the course of a few weeks.

Music and Art.

Never before has Westminster had such reason to be proud of her art department; though it has long been a prominent feature of the Institution. The exhibit during Commencement was made in the room, recently fitted up by the College Y. W. C. A. All who visited it were rewarded even beyond their highest expectations for the upward climb. The china and paintings were displayed to the best advantage, and the effect was charming. A few of the paintings deserve especial mention. One, a copy of Rosa Bonheur's, by Miss Hodgen, with sunlight sifting through the branches upon the backs of the cows lying in the shade, was particularly beautiful. Another, by Miss Barr showing unusual artistic ability, represented a mandolin and a roll of music before a rich old rose drapery. The lights and shades of the drapery were particularly fine. Most of the china decorating was the work of the Missess Lake, McBride and Wilson. This part of the exhibit was of the same high grade and especially pleasing to china-lovers. Many were the warm words of appreciation in behalf of Miss Hodgen as an instructor and in behalf of her recognized ability as an artist.

The program given below introduced the faculty of the Conservatory to Westminster students. The performance was highly creditable to the College and was listened to with the greatest appreciation by all.

- Handel. "Where'er You Walk" (Semele.)
 a. Bendel. "Dornroeschen Op. 140."
 b. Schubert. "Impromptu Op. 90, No. 4."
 Buck. "Where the Lindens Bloom."
 Grieg. "Papillon." (Butterfly.)
 a. Bradsky. "Thou Art Mine All."
 b. Salvator Rosa. "Canzonetta."
 c. Welsh air. "All Through the Night."
 Adams. "The Holy City."
 Kullak. "Valse Caprice Op. 115."

Alumni and College World.

W. C. Work, a former student of Westminster goes to Monmouth this year.

R. W. Veach, '96, enters the Auburn Theological Seminary this year.

W. M. Anderson, '90, came with his wife for a visit to New Wilmington recently.

Mr. William Brown, '96, still finds time to visit our village quite occasionally.

Mr. A. B. Dennison, '96, has gone from Allegheny to Xenia to pursue his course in Theology.

Miss Mary Kuhn, class of '96, has returned to Lexington, Ky., where she is teaching.

Miss Nellie Sloss, '96, is teaching this year in the Freedman's Mission School at Chase City.

Mr. J. B. Miller, '96, will study medicine at Philadelphia and enters upon his studies this fall.

Mr. John Cooper, '96, enters the Union Theological Seminary of New York City this year.

Miss Edith Taylor, '95, has returned to Austin, Texas, to resume her work at Tillotson college.

Mr. H. B. McElree, '96, left last week for Chicago where he goes to study at the University.

Messrs Porter and Phillips, '97, have found use for the chemistry they learned here. They have secured positions at the furnace at Sharon.

Mac. Wilson, class of '94, who was graduated in June from Princeton, spends this year preparing boys for college at an academy in Connecticut.

Mr. H. G. Byers, '95, now a student at John Hopkins University, spent his vacation here and employed his time very profitably in the Chemical laboratory.

Mr. Wenner, a last year's student, who was associated with Mr. McDonald in carrying on the Normal school here during the summer is now teaching at Fredericksburg, Va.

At the Indianapolis Christian Union Convention Westminster was very well represented and many old acquaintances were renewed. Dr. Ferguson, Dr. Freeman and Prof. Ramsey of the faculty were present.

Mr. Leonard Wright, '96, who last year occupied the chair of Latin and Greek at Knoxville College, has been transferred to the department of Agriculture there. Mr. Wright left last week to enter upon his new duties.

Miss Edith Winn, who was connected with the music department of Westminster for some time, has recently returned from Europe where she had been studying music. While in Europe Miss Winn contributed several stories for the *Etude*.

The U. P churches of New Wilmington have listened with pleasure this summer to sermons by Rev. Huber Ferguson, '91, Rev. D. S. McNary, '90, Rev. W. M. Anderson, '90, Rev. T. W. Swan, '84, and Rev. T. R. Lewis, '79.

Miss Sarah McElree, '86, who had been engaged as teacher in the Allegheny High School for a number of years is resting in New Wilmington with the hope of regaining health sufficient to enable her to resume her work. Miss McElree was the first lady to do work on the Holcad staff.

Since the last issue of the Holcad Miss Alice Elliott, '96, and Mr. Reed McClure, '91, were married. Others who have been married are Miss Martha McElwee, '88, Miss Bessie Robertson, '95, Mr. Carl Cromwell, Mr. W. B. Anderson, '94, and Miss Blanche Heidelbaugh.

New Wilmington has been a resort for many of Westminster's Alumni this summer, among, whom were, Miss Sarah McElree, '86, Mrs. Etta Keed Ray, '90, and son, Mrs. Daisy Barnes Dunn, '88, and daughter, Rev. Huber Ferguson, '91, and family, Miss Mary Reed, '00, Rev. T. R. Lewis, '79, and family, Miss Lenira Mealy, '89, and Mr. Arch Robinson, '89.

Westminster was represented at the Christian Endeavor Convention in San Francisco by Dr. M. M. Gibson, '60, Pastor

of the 1st U. P. Church there, Rev. Dr. M. M. Patterson, '70, Dr. D. G. McKay, '72, Miss B. May White, '91, Miss Estella McMillian, '86, Rev. Percy H. Gordon, '82, Rev. A. H. Harshaw, '61, Rev. W. T. McKee, '91, and his wife, Mrs. Estella Gray McKee, '95, Miss Bessie Brewster, '87, Rev. J. B. Ricketts, '87, Rev. S. N. Warden, '84 and Profs. McLaughry, and Freeman of the faculty.

Prof. Jerome H. Raymond who is now president of the West Virginia University is only 29 years old and is the youngest college president in the United States. The success of Prof. Raymond is a lesson for students and shows what pluck will do even under the most adverse circumstances. He was left an orphan at the age of nine years but by hard work and patient study advanced to his present position and was chosen to his new office above sixteen other candidates.

It undoubtedly came as a shock to thousands of Princetons alumni and friends that Profs. Shields, Marquand and Rockwood, and Ex-President Cleveland should sign the petition for licensing the "Princeton Inn" which, while it has no "official" connection with the University is still owned by Princeton alumni and is the center of Princeton's social and convivial life. We thought Princeton especially careful of the morals of its students and such influences receive the patronage of the faculty there, the conditions at some of the other eastern Universities may warrant some of the severe criticism they have received of late years.

The class of '97 is already scattered broadcast through the land. Some of them have

not reported their whereabouts since leaving us. Miss Anna Caldwell is teaching near New Wilmington, Miss Emma Elliott is teaching at Emsworth, James Ferguson at Norfolk, Va. William McElwee at Dry Run Academy and Misses Margaret and Lida Lake, Margaret Pomeroy and Adele Porter are also teaching. R. E. Taggart has gone to Seattle, Wash., to study law. Chas. Trainor has returned home to Vicksburg, Miss. Miss Laura B. McClure is at the hospital in McKeesport learning the duties of a professional nurse, and Rufus McKinley will be engaged in the drug business at New Castle.

A great deal has been seen in the newspapers lately about the action of the committee appointed by the corporation of Brown University in censuring Pres. Andrews for promulgating his views on the financial question. President Andrews favors silver coinage and as this policy is not much in favor throughout the east the corporation felt called upon to take some action to prevent any further spreading of this radical doctrine by the President. Mr. Andrews placed his resignation at the disposal of the committee but since their action had met with the disapproval of other institutions of learning in the east they reconsidered their action and concurred unanimously in asking the President to withdraw his resignation. This he finally did and when the University opened on September 15th, and Mr. Andrews resumed his usual duties he was given an ovation by the students assembled at chapel.

Exchanges.

Recompense.

At dawn he toils the steep to gain the flower,
The lure that beckons from the height afar;
Noon wanes to eve, the bloom has fled, but lo!
High in the purple night there gleams a star.

In England there are no college papers.
In the United States there are about 200.

The Ohio State University is to have a new \$30,000 biological building.

Prof. Munsterberg, who is Germany's leading psychologist, has accepted the chair of psychology at Harvard.

"Every person has two educations, one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives to himself."

"It is faith in something, and enthusiasm for something that makes a life worth looking at."

What are we thankful for? That is the question
That sometimes puzzles e'en a dinner guest.
The rich are thankful for a good digestion,
The poor if they have something to digest.

The oldest college in the world is the Mohammed College at Cairo, Egypt, which was 1000 years old when Oxford was founded. It has about 11,000 students.

A college education is a jewel that cannot be dimmed by stern surroundings of poverty. It shines alike in poverty and affluence and its possessor is admired and respected by all.—Ex.

Let us dignify the lowliest duties by a noble nature. It takes a greater man to do a common thing greatly than to do a great thing greatly.

Helen Kellar, the famous blind deaf mute, has been selected to fill the position of Librarian in the new Library for the

blind in New York City. This structure will cost \$2,500,000 and will be the only library in the world to provide an entirely separate department for the blind. Miss Kellar is at present attending Harvard and is recognized as an unquestionably talented scholar.

There was a man in our town,
Invested all his health,
With madly avaricious aim
To win the goal of wealth.
And when he had his wealth attained,
With all his might and main,
He vainly lavished all his wealth
To get his health again.



Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain, free, whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Oldest agency for securing patents in America. We have a Washington office. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN,

beautifully illustrated, largest circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, terms \$3.00 a year; \$1.50 six months. Specimen copies and **LAND BOOK ON PATENTS** sent free. Address

MUNN & CO.,
361 Broadway, New York.

* *J. C. Bragdon,* *
* *Wood and Photo Engraver,* *
* *78 and 80 Fourth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.* *

WRIGHT, LESLIE & CO.,

Desire to call the attention of students and patrons in general to their large and complete line of goods for **SUITINGS, PANTALOONINGS, OVERCOATINGS and GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS** in General. Special attention given to clothes made to order. Call and examine our stock.

No. 75 Washington Street, New Castle, Penn'a.

Blank Books, Writing Tablets,

AND

All Kinds of STUDENTS SUPPLIES.

A LINE OF THE FINEST CANDIES IN TOWN.

John McKinley, M. D., Successor to McKinley & Haley,
NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

THE HOLCAD.

Vol. XIX.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., OCTOBER, 1897.

No. 2.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Thomas A. Edison.

Thomas Alva Edison was born at Milan, Erie County, Ohio, February 11, 1847. His father was of a roving disposition, engaging first in one trade and then in another. Soon after the birth of Thomas, Mr. Edison removed with his eleven children to Port Huron, Michigan. Here young Edison grew up and was forced by circumstances to go work for himself early in life, his schooling amounting to about two months. Notwithstanding this he received a good education. His mother, who had been a school teacher in New England, instructed him as much as she was able, and an intense curiosity about the world caused Edison to read every book he got hold of, no matter of what subject it treated. At ten he was reading Hume's *England*, Gibbons' *Rome* and some books on chemistry.

At the age of twelve Edison became train-boy on the Grand Trunk Railroad of Canada and Northern Michigan. One day while in Detroit he entered the public library. Hitherto he had been in the habit of reading everything obtainable, and having no one to instruct him, he concluded it was necessary to read every book in the world. Therefore he started to read the public library through. He began in a dusty lower shelf in one cor-

ner and read fifteen feet without skipping a book or a page in a book. Among these books he read Ure's *Scientific Dictionary* and Newton's *Principia*. The result of reading the *Principia* was that Edison became thoroughly disgusted with mathematics.

As a train boy Edison seems not to have been different from the ordinary train boy. One day, in after life, on being asked if he sold figs in boxes an inch thick, he replied that the bottoms were a good inch. However this may be, he seems to have satisfied his employers, for it was not long until he had four assistants under him.

When a boy Edison spent most of his time by himself, or hanging around some factory watching the workmen. It seemed to be by a peculiar good natured hanging around process of his own that he gained most of his information. He learned mechanics in the car shops, locomotive engineering in the round house and received some notion of electricity from telegraph operators. He obtained a book on qualitative analysis, and in the unused part of the baggage car he started a chemical laboratory. While hanging about the office of the Detroit Free Press he got an idea of type setting. He bought three hundred pounds of old type and started a newspaper in the baggage car called the *Grand Trunk Herald*. This paper was a 12x16 inch weekly, printed on one side only. The printing was done

by pressing the paper on the type by hand. The contributors were mostly railroad men. The Grand Trunk Herald was noted by the London Times as the only paper in the world printed on a railroad train.

After the battle of Pittsburg Landing Edison bought one thousand copies of the Detroit Free Press. He bargained with the telegraph operator to keep the office supplied with papers if a telegram would be sent ahead to have the news posted on the bulletin boards of the various stations. This speculation was so successful that he sold the entire lot so that the price reached twenty-five cents per copy.

Although Edison may seem to have been successful at everything he undertook, he was not without his failures or accidents. One day while out of his laboratory a bottle of phosphoric acid was overturned and set the car on fire. The conductor rushed in and threw the entire chemical laboratory and printing establishment out, and gave the young scientist and printer a good flogging besides. After this accident Edison started a newspaper called the Paul Pry, in Port Huron. The articles in this newspaper were mainly contributed by anonymous writers. Advantage was often taken of this to avenge an injury. One day a person who had just had a write-up in the paper caught Edison and threw him into the river.

Telegraphy became Edison's hobby as soon as he learned anything about it. He strung his father's cellar with wires, and put up a line between the house and the house of his chum. To get zinc for his batteries Edison paid the small boys three cents per pound for zinc, which they took from under their mothers' cook stove.

As a reward for saving the life of the

station agent's child from the approaching train Edison received his instruction in telegraphy. After this it was not long until he was one of the most expert operators on the road. While an operator at Port Huron an ice jam broke the cable across the river, thus breaking telegraphic connections. Edison ran out to a locomotive and began whistling signals. It was not long until he was whistling messages across the river.

At one time Edison tried shoemaking, but soon went back to telegraphy.

The first part of his life was spent as a tramp operator. He was continually moving from one place to another, sometimes to get higher wages, sometimes to see the country, but more often because he had been discharged. He was continually experimenting and neglecting his duty. At one place he was required to telegraph the word six every half hour to the Superintendent to show that he was awake and at his duty. Edison rigged up a wheel to do the telegraphing, while he followed his own desires. At Indianapolis he kept press reports waiting while he experimented on improved ways of receiving them. At Memphis, he was "fired" while working on duplex transmission. At Louisville he upset a quantity of sulphuric acid while he was getting some for his own use, and ruined the furniture of a fine banking establishment in the room below. At Cincinnati he would abandon the office on every pretense to go to the Mechanics' Library to read.

In 1868 Edison found his way to Boston. Here his hayseed appearance tempted his fellow operators to try to play a trick on him. They had him taking messages sent by an operator in New York, who was noted for his speed. Edison wrote out the long message accurately and was soon

taunting the New York man for being so slow.

The first patent obtained by Edison was on a machine for recording votes, designed to be used in the state legislature. This invention did not take, as it would prevent filibustering.

Having spent his money on a worthless patent, Edison was wandering about the streets of New York during a time of great financial excitement. He entered the plant of the Law Gold Reporting Company just as the entire establishment was about to shut down on account of an accident in the machinery which could not be located. It was not long till the skillful tramp had the difficulty remedied. As a reward for this he was given a paying position.

Soon after this, he invented an improved stock printer, for which he received \$40,000.

Ever since the failure of his first invention, Edison always thoroughly investigates the need and practicability of an invention before he goes to work on it. None of his inventions except the phonograph, have been accidents. He always sees the need of a new invention, and then goes to work on it. Sometimes it is years before he strikes the right combination. In his laboratory at Orange, are found, in cases and on the walls, skins of various animals and fishes, fibers of almost every kind of wood, various contrivances, and large piles of note books containing the results of various experiences, all waiting to be used when needed.

After an invention is perfected, he cares nothing for it. He says he would walk out of his way to avoid an incandescent lamp.

His only pleasure of an invention is what he gets out of it while working on it.

In no manner does he like notoriety. Although his credit is good for \$3,000,000, still he works from ten to fifteen hours per day, directing his workmen and experimenting on some of the many projects he has in his mind.

Among Edison's numerous inventions the most important are the well known phonograph, the incandescent lamp, the quadruplex system of telegraphy, by which four messages may be sent over the same wire at the same time, thus reducing the cost of telegrams, estimated in America alone to be \$15,000,000; the tasemeter, an instrument which in different forms measures degrees of heat, moisture, and—in the odorscope and microphone—of odors and sound so small that it is difficult for the human mind to conceive.

As a pure scientist, Edison's place is very low. He is an inventor, not a discoverer of new truths and mathematical formulae. He always looks from the commercial point of view. He is the means by which the modern discoveries in science are put to practical test.

Edison owes his financial success, not so much to his inventions as to their manufacture. He says the only hope of the inventor is to manufacture his inventions, as he has been fleeced time after time by unscrupulous men, who have infringed on his rights.

In personal appearance Mr. Edison is not very striking. He has a boyish face, and always dresses rather shabbily. New porters have often refused him admittance to his own laboratory. Although a good conversationalist, Edison seldom enjoys society. But it can not be expected that a man who has worked on an average of twenty hours per day for fifteen years on

problems which never enter the common mind, would find much pleasure in society.

R. R. RAMSEY.

The New Woman.

Next to the Christian Era, the world has seen no more important period than the nineteenth century. The events marking its history have been both numerous and vital. Within its limits a Napoleon has realized his ambition, has met a Waterloo, and has died an exile. It has seen a little western republic, the youngest of nations, grow into the most powerful, most prosperous and most glorious of nations. Monarchies have been overthrown, republics set up in their stead, and they in turn given place. It has seen the bonds of slavery forever loosed on both sides of the Atlantic. Religion has extended its guiding hand o'er the dark places of the earth. Neither the realms of the heavens nor the kingdoms of the earth have escaped the unerring eye of science. New worlds have been discovered. The thunderbolts of the skies have been made to do the will of man. A Niagara has been harnessed. Glistening bands of steel bind the uttermost parts of the earth, while at the touch of a small instrument the distance of the ocean is overcome. Where one hundred years ago the touch of civilization had never been felt, now the smoke from thousands of factories cloud the horizon, and the wilderness has been made to blossom as the rose.

But it is not so much from the events happening within its limits that this century derives its importance, as from what they signify. All these events have combined

to change the world. The world to-day is a vastly different one from that which ushered in the nineteenth century. Opinions are different, customs are different, life is different.

But perhaps the most important change of all is that which has taken place with regard to woman. When the beneficent Creator took from the side of man a rib, next to the heart we are bound to suppose, and made woman bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, he made her for a helpmeet, made her an equal, not an inferior. But man's views did not coincide with those of his creator; his treatment of women was such as would be accorded a beast of burden. While the world was yet young long before the theory of "survival of the fittest" was necessary to explain away a surplus population, woman, in the estimation of her lord and master, had sunk to the level of a drudge, a slave.

Centuries go by, and still woman retains her humble status in society. Greece has risen to the height of her glory, has fallen, and Rome rides the crest of the tidal wave before any hope comes to a down-trodden sex. From the Christian Era on, however, a change is gradually seen. The Middle Ages see woman an ideal creature, a thing to be loved and petted, to fight and to die for, but still not an intellectual equal. Other centuries roll by, and another change is seen. The eighteenth century makes its appearance, is ushered out, and at the close woman has begun to make her influence felt, in her own sphere, and in the world at large. But it was reserved for the nineteenth century, the century of change, to witness the full blossoming. And it is only in these last few

years, the closing ones of the century, that the new woman in all her glory has burst upon us.

What then is this new woman, this new creation of the century? In what does she differ from her of the past? She has been caricatured and ridiculed, but her character is not such as to deserve this. She is not the woman of masculine attire, not the woman of rough, ostentatious manner, not the woman of the polls, nor yet the platform speaker, not even the reformer, although this is included in her mission. She is the woman of pure ideals, high aims and noble instincts. Her dress is quiet, her manners simple. Her aim is not to attract public notice, nor yet to scandalize the opinion of the past. She is the woman of the home, her place is by the fireside. She is, indeed, eager to secure woman's rights, but not the right of suffrage. She has opinions, it is true, nor does she hesitate to express them, but not obtrusively. She has a decided individuality, which she makes felt wherever she goes, but it does not jar upon our sensibilities. She is educated, yet not pedantic. She cares not for conventionalities as such, yet she never oversteps the bounds of womanly propriety and modesty.

Where is the place of the new woman? We have said that she is the woman of the home, and in that all has been said. She is found, not making halls ring with political eloquence, nor swaggering along the streets, but by her own fireside, shedding forth motherly kindness and wifely comfort. Her mission is to make home bright, to send forth sons and daughters well able to cope with the difficulties of life. For it is the home that decides the character of the nation. It is the influence of the home alone that is powerful to avert evil.

We need the new woman, for the crying need of the age is purifying influences to do away with the evils around us. Drunkenness, immorality, social discontent, political corruption; all are throwing a stain on our flag which it will be hard to wash out. We need the new woman for it is her mission to do away with these evils. We need her for she alone can do it.

All honor, then, to the new woman. Honor is due to her of the past, but it is not until now that the ideal of woman is being realized. All honor to her who is coming, alive with noble aims and instincts, to purify our country, its drunkenness and immorality, coming to do away with political evils, and cure our social troubles.

The opinions which have so long rested on her brow, not like the laurel wreath of victory, nor the golden coronet of station, but the dunce-cap of narrow mindedness and bigotry, have at last been torn away, and now standing firm at the helm, the new woman is sailing on, sailing on to elevate the public ideal, shed light amongst all mankind, uplift our home life, purify our literature, refine our customs, and make the name of woman the most beautiful, most honored, and most sacred name that ever fell from tongue of man.

H. R. M., '99.

Physical Culture.

The history of Physical Culture, in one or the other of its various forms, extends from the time when history itself began to the present day.

In early times the Greeks had their Gymnasia, the Romans had their Thermae and indeed most of the ancients participat-

ed in athletic contents. Many of the leading nations held annually, great festivals or series of games in which all classes took a part, the successful ones being crowned with laurel and made the recipients of high praises from those in authority, and of great honor and respect from their fellow men. The modern system of prizes, fortunately for the ancients, was then unknown.

The Greeks held their national games every four years at Olympia in the Peloponnesus; all who could lay claim to Hellenic blood being permitted to contest. These games date from 776 B. C.

Among modern nations the Germans and Swedes were the first to advance the teaching of gymnastics as a national affair and as of importance to each and every individual comprising the state.

About 1774, Johann Bernhard Basedow made an unsuccessful attempt to introduce into the German schools, his system of training the body as well as the mind. Since then the Germans have made wonderful progress until at the present time they stand without peer.

The Swedes also have made great strides along the line of systematic physical culture, but their system is not used in this country so extensively as that of the Germans.

In all branches of human knowledge a certain order is requisite for beneficial results, just so it is with physical culture; to be benefitted we must be practical, we must be regular not irregular, systematic not spasmodic, we must have exercise that fatigues not the brain but the body. Do not think for a moment that we commend exercises which require no head work at all; on the contrary we need systematic bodily exercise calling into play the powers of the

mind as well as those of the body. It has been thoroughly proved by eminent men that suitable exercises do not tire the mind, but act as a healthy invigorant. To exercise the body and not the mind is to make ourselves animals, mighty physically, weak mentally.

To a close observer of baseball, football or in fact any of our games, it is plainly evident that the mental part of the game is a very important one. Reading may make a full man, but in it and of itself never makes a healthy man. If he does not practice information concerning the care of the body, which he receives by reading and from other reliable sources, then is he like the careless engineer who heeds not the danger signals placed in his path, but rushes on and on in his mad career until he is derailed as it were and cast upon the bed of sickness, a physical wreck. No amount of reading will make a ball player, oarsman, the racer or man of physical health, it is exercise alone that develops the player, the oarsman, the racer, and that makes the weak strong and the strong graceful.

Our colleges are at the present day setting the pace in athletics, but in them we find the attention mostly confined to baseball, foot ball and the work of the track team. Now in most places of learning there is a large majority of students who can not be heroes of the gridiron or of the cinder path. Slowly but surely has the attention of educators been directed towards this class. What and how shall we reach those, who are either unwilling or unable to take part in the more active games?

The German steps forward and tells us to take his system, use it in our public schools, use it in our high schools, and in our academies, then when the youth enters

college follow the same system in its more advanced form and his body will keep up with and aid his mental culture.

In the gymnasium of the day one man is supposed to watch over the health and physical development of all sorts and classes, while in other departments a certain standard for entrance is required. Why have we not established the same custom in regard to bodily health?

In regard to gymnasium work let us quote Director Lion: "In sorrowful hours when wrath, anxiety and sorrow rose in bitter billows in my heart, so that it seemed as if heart and head would burst, I have, by these exercises (the German-American system) dispelled my cares and found oblivion. Though but a few hours, yet these were not to be bought with gold."

In the graded gymnasium the pupil is first put at easy work and from this led on through series after series of exercises which develops not only the muscles, but the lungs, the brain and the entire nervous and muscular system.

That the brain is needed even in the simplest exercise is shown by our dumb bell drill of last winter. How often did we count the required number correctly, touching bells overhead, at chin and at the ankles? Watch the new and inexperienced members and you will see how hard it is for the inattentive to master the above exercise.

As students we do not wish to be led into the field of Athleticism, for that tends to develop bullies instead of gentlemen; single sets of muscles instead of the whole system; and to professionalize, a danger toward which many of our chief sports are fast drifting.

Our nation demands courageous men and women and as the first step to courage

is health, then it follows that the nation should provide means of physical training in our schools for those who will in a few brief years be at the head of the government and the homes of this country.

Physical culture enables us to endure great fatigue and pain; it makes us courageous and independent; it gives us a rare presence of mind and a cheerful disposition and makes according to Cicero, a weary body but a buoyant mind.

Physical as well as other kinds of culture, is after all only a means by which we are better prepared for life's work and for doing our part in bettering the condition of suffering humanity.

"Gymnastics must be practiced in accordance with the spirit of the age, and must be adapted to the needs of Heaven, earth, country and race."

W. J. S. '99.

THE first steamer crossed the Atlantic in 1819.

OBERLIN College, Ohio, was the first college in the United States to admit female students.

EDUCATION is the only interest worthy the deep, controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man.—Wendell Philips.

LEARNING without thought is labor lost, thought without learning is perilous.—Confucius.

AH! What would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.—Longfellow.

The Holcad.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

Editors.

ELIZABETH DUNCAN, '98.....EDITOR IN CHIEF
 GEO. H. SEVILLE, '98.....ASSISTANT
 EDA NICHOL, '98.....LIT' DEPARTMENT
 HARRY N. HOLMES, '99.....LIT' DEPARTMENT
 FRANCIS McDOWELL, '98.....LOCAL
 LYNN BREADEN, '98.....LOCAL
 HARRY PHYTHYON, '98.....ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD
 ESTELLE SPENCER '99.....MUSIC, ART AND EXCHANGES.
 MONROE WITHERSPOON, '99.....BUSINESS MANAGER

Publishers Notice.

THE HOLCAD is a monthly of ten issues a year, published by the undergraduates of Westminster College.

Entered at the Postoffice at New Wilmington P., as second class mail matter.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni, or any who are or have been connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Address all communications to THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

TERMS: One copy per year, \$1.00. Single copy 15c.

EDITORIAL.

That our students are too negligent in reading, even that of current events, is made painfully evident in the several impromptu classes of our societies. Surely such a state of affairs has no right to exist, and would not if such ignorance were looked upon as unpardonable

We are sorry that our new students missed hearing a certain short talk that Dr. Ferguson made in chapel one morning last year. Perhaps some of the old students have forgotten it, and for

the benefit of new and old, we would like to emphasize one idea that he expressed. It isn't pleasant, to say the least, on chapel night or any other night to pass down stairs in the face of a battery of idlers, who are gazing at one out of mere curiosity. Rather, it is decidedly unpleasant and we hope you will think better of it in the future.

Yes, we have been **Gum Chewing.** having advice and advice and advice, and isn't it about time we are putting some of it at least into practice? How about that odious habit of gum chewing? We have tried the experiment (as some one has advised) of standing before our mirrors and gazing at our distorted features, but the charm remains. At least, perhaps just before its final adoption, a medical authority comes to the front with the distressing news that wrinkles, those age-betrayers, are produced largely by this same indulgence. If this theory does not have the effect of bringing about total abstinence from this most offensive of habits, we ask, what will?

There have been a few cases of **Hazing.** hazing in college this term but they have been mild and comparatively harmless. Hazing is decidedly out of style and has been indulged in for the same reason that leads many of the young collegians to smoke a pipe, carry a cane or engage in some prank. In many minds, the idea of going to college is connected the idea of pipes and sprees and hazing and scrapes, and a boy often thinks that he must make his life concur with picturesque tradition if he is to get the most enjoyment out of college. But

there are customs such as hazing, stealing edibles, and damaging college property, that deserves to die, that have become out of harmony with the enlightenment of this year. Early in the new century, the dictionaries will probably print "obs," after the verb, haze, showing that the word, with the custom, has been relegated to antiquity.

We sincerely hope the attendance at the first two foot ball games on the home grounds is not a sample of what it will be all through the season. If so, it indicates a woeful lack of college patriotism. The athletic teams are a very necessary and important part of a live college and probably every student is glad when the team is a winning one. But it is very obvious that a team requires money for its maintenance, whether it be winning or not. And it is hardly necessary to add that a manager cannot well be expected to supply, from his own purse, the money to support a team merely for the amusement of himself and perhaps a hundred spectators. The townspeople who are certainly benefited by the presence of the students in town, should show their appreciation of this fact by turning out to the games. The students, who are in still closer touch with everything in connection with the college, should all be present at every game unless it be absolutely impossible to attend. With a very few, perhaps, it is a question of money, but with only a few, we think. Extra edibles consume more money probably than would suffice to pay for twice as many games as held here. For some in college it would be a new experience to attend the games but we hope every one will

take this exhortation to heart and come out to every game.

A new year has started and new faces are seen in the Senior seats, beaming with dignity. Although the year has but began, although Senior oration night must be undergone by some yet, and many an exam must yet be passed, already there comes floating through the mind of the new Senior, visions of Commencement Day, white dresses, Senior party and hosts of other things every Senior is privileged to enjoy. But on every rose there is a thorn—and the thorn this time is that graduation oration, which must be given before the much prized sheepskin can be carried away. All sorts of plans are proposed by means of which this may be avoided. Some even dare to think the powers that be err in not doing away with graduation essays and orations, and substituting an address by some prominent speaker.

And seriously why would this not be advisable? Other colleges in many parts of the country do this, and have more successful, more interesting commencements than if they were conducted on the old plan. It would also relieve the Senior of an irksome task which in the hurry and bustle necessarily going with graduation he, and especially she has not the time to fulfill properly.

Of course the valedictory and salutatory would not be omitted, and with these any disappointment at not seeing the student's familiar faces again on the platform, would in a large measure be overcome.

Every phase of college life has its importance. The class room sharpens the mental faculties, the Christian associations bring

out the moral side, the social life tends to polish the exterior, athletics develop the body. But perhaps nothing effects such a general culture as society work.

For the woman as well as the man is it valuable. For him who looks forward to medicine as his profession as well as the young man who has chosen the law, does society work bring results which at many periods in after life do not come in amiss.

If this were more generally realized, it would be a good thing for the general class of college students. It seems that the larger the college is the less attention is paid to this line of work, other things absorbing the attention. In Westminster college society work is both good and bad, a rather paradoxical statement, but true. That good work can be brought out of the societies has been made evident time and again. But that its value is not realized has also been made plain, especially in the spring term. It is for the most of the time carried on listlessly and without care. Performances are given perfunctorily, as something that must be done, and the sooner it is out of the way the better, excuses are granted freely, parliamentary laws are disregarded, and the constitution is a mere figurehead.

However, it is only at the worst that this is true. This year they have started in with greater enthusiasm, and the signs are that society is going to be what it should be during the coming year.

LOCALS.

What's the use?

Miss Laura McClure, '97, is spending a few days in town.

Dr. Greer of the Allegheny Seminary,

visited his son Oct. 4th.

Mehard positively refuses to settle for any more football cards.

Miss Margaret McNall made a visit to her home on October 6.

Greenville player to Wilhelm: "Prof., how long have we to play yet?"

Dr. Ferguson attended a meeting of the Board at Pittsburg, on Sept. 28th.

Miss Edna Ramsey spent Sabbath, October 3d, at her home in Coraopolis.

Senior, translating in Anglo Saxon.—
"Each horse because of the elephant, flies."

Miss Bessie Stewart was the guest of ———, at the convention held in Mercer.

W. L. McConnell, '96, stopped off on his way to Ann Arbor to visit the football eleven.

Miss Thompson of New Castle, was the guest of Miss Smeallie Tuesday evening, Oct. 12th.

Prof.—"What is a product?

Jr.—"The sum of a quantity after it is multiplied."

Mr. Chambers, who is teaching at Eastbrook, attended the lecture given by Russell Conwell.

It is reported that the faculty, on returning home from six o'clock dinners, prefer to go alone.

Rev. Smeallie preached a very interesting sermon in the chapel the first Sabbath evening of October.

Miss McCune, the art teacher, was compelled to secure rooms in town as the Hall was already full.

General Clark has sold his residence, west of town, and has moved with his family to Neshannock Falls.

Prof. Mc.—“If an artist should paint a picture of a river, what would you call it?”
 Sr.—“A water color.”

Skroogs has developed a fondness for grapes that is simply remarkable. As a matter of fact, almost reckless.

Miss Sara McKinley and Miss Gail Moore were among the visitors from this place, to the Pittsburg Exposition.

Jolly and McAlese spent a very pleasant hour (?) after church Sabbath evening, Sept, 9th, waiting near Mrs. Moore's.

Prof. M—: “What is the meaning of Oxonian?”

Student: “A very strong man.”

Mr. Richard Clark, a former student of this college expects to move with his parents to California in the near future.

Several of the students were present at the reception given by his parents to Dr. A. Elliott and wife, on Monday evening, October 11.

It was reported officially that those who attended the convention at Mercer, “had a very delightful time both going and coming.”

Mr. Zundel, of New Castle, spent several days the first of the month tuning the pianos of the conservatory and other pianos in town.

Beginners in basket ball should be careful not to become so interested in the game as to be unconscious of their surroundings.

Miss Gail Moore is quite a football

enthusiast. She is securing the announcement cards and keeping an official record of all games.

Rev. Mealy gave an address to the Y. M. C. A. at their last meeting in September. His talk was very interesting and full of good advice.

Rev. Dr. Barr gave an address at the first meeting of the missionary society, held in the chapel. He leaves for India the last of this month.

Don't read your neighbor's HOLCAD. Just hand a dollar bill to our business manager and secure the pleasure of having one all to yourself.

Mr. Hardy, State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. addressed the Christian Associations of the college, in the chapel, on the evening of October 5,

Friday evening caller at the hall: “I think I shall have to go.”

She: “It isn't customary for the gentlemen to go until the bell rings.”

Rev. Swearingen, '92, assisted Rev. McElree at the communion services held Sept. 26. His chapel speech was of a high order. Would that we had more of the same kind.

Shipler and Berry, practical electricians to her majesty, claim to be able to make a short circuit, and they are so confident of their ability, that they are willing to bet two to one that it will work.

The authorities of New Castle and Mercer are making a still hunt after the individuals who borrowed dippers in Cascade Park, and milk stools from barn yards in the neighborhood of Mercer.

Dr. Ferguson attended the meeting of

Synod held at Beaver Falls the first of the month. At this meeting a movement was made toward furnishing Westminster college with a semi-centennial endowment fund.

"Are you not Miss——?"

"Of course mistakes may happen in the darkness, but it is to be hoped that those making them will not lose heart and allow some other one more ready to go in ahead of them."

Jr.—"Well, Prof., what about the music of the universe?"

Prof.—"Oh, that is all theory, theory. You know they say you can hear the wheels running in your head; well it is all the same thing. All theory."

If anyone in or near the village misses any of the live stock he may do well to see Professor Ramsey or some member of his Zoology class. They were out one pleasant afternoon recently, on the lookout for any animal from infusoria, to elephants.

A reception was held in the 2nd United Presbyterian church on the evening of October 14th in honor of the Rev. and Mrs. McClure, who soon leave for India. Both are well known among the students who hold them in high esteem and are sorry to lose them from their circle.

The first lecture of the course was delivered Tuesday evening, Oct. 12, by H. Russell Conwell, in the Second U. P. church. His subject was "Cuba's appeal to the United States." Having traveled through Cuba since the rebellion, Rev. Conwell spoke of what he knew. His lecture was highly entertaining and thoroughly enjoyed by all. The next attraction on the list is John Temple Graves on Friday, November 9.

ATHLETICS.

Prof. Holmes is still busy taking measurements in the gymnasium. Regular classes will be organized as soon as he completes his labor.

The football management has introduced something new in the line of announcements for the games. The cards are printed in the colors of the contesting colleges. After the game these cards are secured and the score put on them and then kept as souvenirs of the game.

The first class game of the year was a game of ball between the Freshmen and Juniors. Marshall and Kuhn, Degelman, Wilhelm and S. McKim were the respective batteries. The feature of the game was S. McKim's attempt to steal second base. The game resulted in a victory for the Freshmen by a score of 6 to 5.

The annual relay race and fall field meet occurred Friday, Oct. 8. The relay race was won by the Sophomores, who also broke the college record, winning the race in 8:16. The members of the Sophomore running team are as follows: McCalmont, Porter, Frazer, Shoemaker, Ferguson, Sloss, C. Smith, H. Smith. In the other events the showing made was very good. Following is the result:

100 yard dash.—Won by Degelman. Time, 10:2-5.

Quarter mile bicycle race.—Won by Neville. Time, 38.

One-half mile run.—Won by McCalmont. Time, 2:40.

Mile Bicycle Race.—Won by Neville. Time, 3:05.

220 yard dash.—Won by Gailey. Time, 25.

The football season opened at Westminster Oct. 5, with a game with New Castle. The game abounded in kicks by the visitors. Westminster secured a goal in the first half, and New Castle in the second. Both sides kicked goal, leaving the score 6 to 6. The following is the line up:

Westminster, 6.	New Castle, 6.
Anderson.....	Center.....Teynolds
Marshall.....	R. G.....Lagan
Scott.....	L. G.....Havice
Boggs.....	L. T.....Newell
Donaldson.....	R. T.....Mayne
Ewing.....	L. E.....Hazen
Taggart.....	R. E.....Smith
Whalen.....	{ F. B.....Nessle.
Witherspoon.....	{
Berry.....	{ Q. B.....Butler
Phythyon.....	{
Edmundson.....	R. H.....Edmunds
Peacock.....	L. H.....Klingensmith

On Oct. 9, our eleven went to Washington to play the strong W. and J. eleven. The game, although not going our way, was a very fine one. Westminster showed up in fine style, especially in breaking W. and Js'. boasted interference. The New Wilmington Globe has the following to say in regard to the result:

"The defeat is not looked upon by the local team as discouraging from the fact that this is but the third game and that the team is composed almost entirely of new players. The Washington county kickers are all veterans in the business and scored against one of the strongest teams in the country. Taking all these facts into consideration, we feel hopeful of the future."

The line up was as follows:

W & J., 16.	Westminster, 0.
Cope.....	Center.....Wright
Core P.....	R. G.....Marshall
Hall.....	L. G.....Scott
Theurer.....	R. T.....Donaldson

Reed.....	L. T.....Witherspoon
Eicher.....	R. E.....Taggart
Edwards.....	{ L. E.....Kuhn
Core, K.....	{
Long.....	Q. B.....Berry
Crookstown.....	R. H.....Peacock
Phillips.....	L. H.....Edmundson
Matthews.....	F. B.....Whelan

The second team in their first game covered themselves with glory by defeating the strong team from Greenville. The result and line up was as follows:

Westminster, 2nd, 24.	Greenville, 0.
McCollam.....	Center.....Myers
McMahan.....	R. G.....Wasser
McGaughey.....	L. G.....Christy
Littell.....	R. T.....{ Powell
	{ Hayes
W Stewart.....	L. T.....{ Soebert
	{ Turnes
Seville.....	R. E.....Robinson
Tannhill.....	L. E.....Horn
Seaton.....	Q. B.....Conway
Grier.....	R. H.....Shodic
Mehard.....	L. H.....Richardson
McPeak.....	F. B.....Emory

MUSIC AND ART.

The Chorus and Notation classes are well attended and great interest is taken in the work. Prof. Peterson shows excellent qualifications as a musical director.

Miss McCune, of Bellevue, Pa., the new art teacher, has entered upon her work. She is a graduate of the Pittsburg School of Design, and comes well recommended.

Miss Estelle Frampton, one of last year's graduates in music, is engaged in teaching vocal music in the schools of Hickory township, Mercer county, Pa. She has in all 295 pupils.

New Wilmington people are soon to have the pleasure of hearing Miss Edith Winn. She expects to give a recital here in the near future, and will be assisted by elocutionist and some local talent.—New Wilmington Globe.

ALUMNI.

Miss Margaret Pomeroy, '97, is teaching at Salem, Utah, near Salt Lake City.

Mr. H. G. Edgar, '96, has returned to the Seminary at Allegheny for another year's work.

Mr. C. T. Littell, '95, visited friends here before returning to his studies at the Seminary.

Rev. John W. Gealy, '93, was here to attend the communion services recently held in the Second church,

Mr. J. J. Kuhn, '94, was ordained and installed a minister on Oct. 18. He will preach at Atlantic where he has received a unanimous call.

Mr. A. G. Boal, '96, has been keeping very quiet of late but we finally learned that he will enter the Seminary in the near future.

Rev. J. Q. A. McDowell, '78, who was recently given the degree of D. D., by the board of trustees, lectured here during the first week of the term.

Rev. W. R. Reed, '93, now located in Egypt as a missionary is recovering his health but his wife is still confined to the hospital with typhoid fever.

Mr. R. A. Taggart, '97' has entered college again and will take a special course in chemistry. It will be gratifying to the friends of the college to know that he will play on the football team again.

Dr. A. H. Elliott, '02, and Miss Clara McConnell, another former student, were married September 30. They expect to make their home at Emsworth where the doctor has built up a large and flourishing practice.

W. L. McConnell, class of '96, spent a couple of days with us before going back to Ann Arbor where he is studying in the law department of the University of Michigan. Mr. McConnell is well pleased with the showing of our football team and this is no mean praise as we all know he has had some experience as a football manager himself,

Rev. H. C. Swearingen, '91, assisted Rev. Dr. McElree in the communion services recently held in the Second U. P. church and preached four sermons while he was with us, all of which were thoroughly enjoyed by the congregation. Rev. Swearingen was accompanied by his wife whom the alumni will remember as Miss Belle H. Comin also of the class of '91.

Rev. Barr, father of Rev. J. D. Barr returned to his work in India where he has served as a missionary for 35 years. Among those who went with him were Mr. Reed McClure and wife, and W. B. Anderson and his wife. A reception was held in Philadelphia which all the departing missionaries attended before leaving for their several stations.

COLLEGE WORLD.

The curriculum at Monmouth has been rearranged and the "major and minor" system of study has been adopted.

Senator Hoar is authority for the statement that the private gifts to first class educational institutions for the last twenty years have averaged nearly \$12,000,000 per year.

A course in sugar engineering will be inaugurated at Tulane university. This is intended as an education not for the planters but for the manufacturers.

Columbia has been accused of lacking in the true college spirit so prevalent in other universities and colleges, and on account of its situation in the heart of a great city where the interest of the students is dissipated by other surroundings, perhaps this accusation is not without some foundation; but now, since it has acquired a location removed from the tumult of the metropolis and the students live in closer touch with her, Columbia will foster that loyalty to her that the dormitory life of the other universities brings to them.

Columbia University, during a life of upward of 140 years has had a somewhat nomadic existence. Of late years she has been situated on Forty-Ninth street in New York City, but at last has found a permanent home on Morningside heights, an elevated tract of land overlooking the Hudson river and the city. Here the old university begins a new life full of great promise. Her new buildings are spacious and handsome; substantially built and designed to meet the requirements of a large and growing modern university.

It was thought by the projectors of the new university that President Andrews would be its President but since he decided to continue at the head of Brown University Ex-President Potter of Union and Hobart colleges has been secured.

On account of the failure of the Lehigh Valley railroad to pay dividends for several years the revenues of Lehigh University have been seriously curtailed and the legislature of the state has appropriated \$150,000 to tide her over her difficulty for awhile. The John Hopkins University has suffered in a similar way by the embarrassment of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad but the citizens of Baltimore generously came

to her assistance and no serious interruption of her work has been incurred.

Since the Columbia University has removed to its new quarters, perhaps the most important projects in the line of higher education to occupy the attention of the people are the proposed university at Peoria which a millionaire in that city promises to found, and the new Cosmopolitan university founded by the Cosmopolitan Magazine. In this last university there are to be no charges for tuition in any department and the Magazine will provide the funds necessary for its maintenance until the wealthy men of the country recognize the value of the institution and come to its assistance.

EXCHANGES.

Among the attendants of Chang Yenn Hoon, the Chinese representative at Queen Victoria's jubilee, are two young men who were educated in the Chinese school in Hartford, Conn.

The Michigan Agricultural college has had the honor conferred upon it of being selected by the Department of Mines and Agriculture of New South Wales as the place to send a representative for special training in agriculture.

"Will you please pass the hammock?" Blank amazement until some one starts the spoonholder down the line.

ONE THING MORE.

We have boiled the hydrant water,
We have sterilized the milk;
We have strained the prowling microbes
Through the finest kind of silk;
We have bought and we have borrowed
Every patent health device,
And at last the doctor tells us
That we've got to boil the ice.

"Where, oh where is the snap course in mathematics?" cries the innocent Freshman, and the old student answers "Where?"

WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

FACULTY.

THE REV. R. G. FERGUSON, D. D.,
President and Professor of Mental and
Moral Sciences.

MORGAN BARNES, A. M.,
Professor of Greek Language and Literature.

MARGARET McLAUGHRY, A. M.,
Professor of English Language and Literature.

J. J. McELREE, A. M.,
Professor of Latin Language and Literature.

C. C. FREEMAN, A. M.,
Professor of Mathematics and Chemistry.

R. R. RAMSEY, A. M.,
Professor of Physics.

M. LUTHER PETERSON,
Director of Music.

LINNIE HODGEN,
Instructor in Art.

INA M. HANNA, B. S.,
Professor of Botany.

H. H. HOLMES. Physical Director.

Six Courses of Study—Classical, Scientific, Literary, Preparatory, Music and Art.

Musical Conservatory and Ladies Hall.

Three Terms in the College Year, Fall Term began September 8, 1897.

Address REV. R. G. FERGUSON, President, New Wilmington, Pa.

THE HOLCAD.

Vol. XIX.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., NOVEMBER, 1897.

No. 3.

Literary Department.

Excelsior.

The poet's pen has painted, in glowing colors, the picture of an Alpine youth, who bore amid snow, ice and storm a banner with the strange device, 'Excelsior.'

The bright light from happy homes; love's entreaties, the tempest, the warning voice of priest and peasant tempted him to give up the quest but to every temptation he replied with the one word 'Excelsior.' Even in death his icy hand still grasped the banner.

"And from the sky serene and far
A voice fell like a falling star, Excelsior."

The watchword of this youth is the watch word of every real, earnest life. We are ever grasping after something higher; ever striving to reach our ideals, but as we advance step by step towards that ideal we discover that it is on too low a plane and by our act place it again far beyond our reach. Thus ever unsatisfied we reach onwards and upwards towards the unattainable.

The child thinks that the goal of his ambition will be attained when he enters school, when that is but the beginning of ambition. Slowly he climbs up the hill of learning until the doors of the College or University open before him. His ambition carries him on. Long hours are spent in

study. Weary body and weary mind warn him to pause and rest but with the answer 'Excelsior,' he toils on until the coveted honors are gained.

Still unsatisfied, the eye of the mind trained to clear vision by the months and years of study looks down through the years and sees yet greater heights to scale, and with the cry of 'Higher yet' he starts out into the world filled with that buoyancy and hope of youth that makes nothing seem impossible.

Well is it for him if his eye is so keen as to be able to discern, through the mists that gather about it, the highest summit of success—a perfect character—and realizes that education is only a means to the attaining of this end, that behind his finished ideal there must needs be years of conscientious, heroic effort.

Silently, without sound of hammer or sledge the building of the temple went on. Silently, imperceptibly the building of character is going forward day by day and the thoughts we think and the words we utter are the material with which it is builded.

Too often youth expects to build gorgeous palaces and lofty towers with never a thought of the foundation upon which they must rest, not realizing that each new lesson, every experience of another's upon his own adds something to the invisible

building.

As an ambitious sculptor let him stand before his half formed character and ply the shining tools of mental gifts—cut away an unsightly side of selfishness and smooth into graceful curves the angles of ill temper. Let him have no traces of unbridled ambition, or vain desires. Let the sharp corners of discontent become symmetrical and be lent harmony by never-tiring Faith until unfinished, yet, tho' the pale critic, Death, shall say "tis done."

There must needs be much laborious work and sharp chiseling before the hidden angel stands revealed." But shall we ever attain unto our high ideals? It is the work of a life time but who of us would wish to do a piece of work so well that we should be entirely satisfied with it. If we could see no need of improvement we might be sure that we had attained the limit of our powers.

Do the best we can still there will be many faults, but if we have earnestly striven to do our best the Great Master workman will take our lives as complete—perfecting them himself and in the perfection that he gives will enable us to attain to our highest ideals.

Oh the little birds sang east, the little birds
sang west;

And I said in undertone, all our life is
mixed with death,

And who knoweth which is best.

Oh the little birds sang east, the little birds
sang west.

And I smiled to think God's greatness flows
around our incompleteness

Round our restlessness His rest."

The Value of Attention.

The spirit of carelessness is innate in man. The little child regards not the

soothing flattery of its mother when its angry passions reign in freedom, nor does it hear voices of admonition when frenzied with pleasurable entertainment. The half-grown lad keeps his ears full of dust and cobwebs, and listens not to the still small voice of conscience, nor to the loud calls of superiors advising him. Learn to do well. In middle life and old age there is such a scramble for wealth and high office and petty distinctions, that men become irritable and incapable of an attentive and serene frame of mind. But nothing is more important than the concentration of our thoughts upon what immediately concerns us. Let cannons belch forth their thunder all around; let Jupiter rumble through the heavens with his chariot and shake earth and sky; "let earthquakes move the world and hills mid seas be hurled;" but remain buried in your subject, indifferent to these opposing attractions, and for you will come up, instead of the brier, the rose, instead of the thorn the fig tree. It isn't a question of luck or chance that determines and settles our position in life. It isn't a question of wealth or wealthy friends that will mould and fashion our careers. But a question it is of our own adaptability for service, of our own concentration of mind along particular lines. Show us a man who is ever on the alert, whose ears catch every phrase of a lecture, every refrain of music, whose eyes discern the minutest details of every panorama, and we can confidently brand that man "a genius."

But the lack of attention is woefully evident in every department of life. The student reads a book and builds an air castle at the same time. People listen to a sermon with donkey-like ears, but couldn't

give an outline of it seventeen minutes after the benediction is pronounced. And all this is their own fault. The gold-seamed and silver-veined quarries of knowledge have less fascination for them than a spider's web in a corner, or a fly on a window pane. The luminaries in the firmament of public speakers dazzle our eyes with their brilliance and intoxicate our ears with their eloquence, but they signally fail too often in blinding us to all else, but their subject. Is it the fault of the speaker always? A thousand times, No! Is it the fault of poor ventilation? Nine-tenths of the audience rooms of the world cry with terrible earnestness: No! Is it because we believe there is no new thing under heaven worthy of hearing or seeing? Impossible. The reason supinely lies in our own minds. The canker-worm of gaunt indifference eats up the prop of our ambition, causing some of us to wither and wane, when we ought to blush and blossom with vigor. How often we all sigh and sorrow because we do not pay more attention to the hearing of lectures, or the reading of a book, when called upon unexpectedly to speak. How often have we sat waiting for a wave or two of thought to dash upon us and drive us off the shoals whereon tempests of inattention have stranded us. These times would be exceptions were we morally attentive at all times; were our ears and our eyes and our hearts in tune with every voice and movement and emotion round about us. There would be laid a wide and deep foundation for future intellectual empire.

Over the head of military announcements there is always written the word, "Attention" in glaring capitals, and we need the same word, engraven with the point of a diamond upon the nerve centres

of our auditory and optic organs. We need to feel the letters of this great word burrow and burn in our hearts when thieves of time intrude themselves; we need them to rouse us to arms for self defense, for self advancement, for broad service. We need them to excite us to wakefulness when our eyelids are heavy and our eyes dim at important epochs. Why, it was while Adam was fast in slumber that Eve was taken out of his side, and it is a blessing to the world that he did fall into a deep sleep. Sleep is necessary and inevitable and a blessing in proper proportions, but it is surely a vain thing to seek sleep continually, for there is not much hope of a sleepy man ever becoming a fountain of benediction to his generation. The mountains were tunneled, canals built, and lakes filled in by men who were wakeful, and not by drones. Yes, attentive, wakeful men have unlocked the vaults containing the secrets of the ages; they have brought lightning from the cloud and directed its course across continents and under the stormy billows of the ocean, they have penetrated into the heart of the earth in theory if not in practice, and eulogized upon its composition. Wakeful men did these miracles; men who riveted their attention upon the signs of the times.

For every person, high or low, in life's arena, there is opportunity for grand career. Cincinnatus left his wooden plough to be dictator of Republican Rome. Lincoln exchanged his crude log cabin for the White House. Garfield ascended step by step from the deck of a canal boat to the presidency of the United States. Think these men were inattentive? Then you fail to see the secret of their lives, the motor power that led them onward and upward in the path of progress. Consider how attention wrought

in behalf of science. The falling of an apple led to the discovery of the law of gravitation. The patting of a cat's back in the darkness gave birth to the use of electric light. Teverrier's observation of a minute displacement of the planet Uranus led to the discovery of Neptune. Examples of a similar nature loom up before the telescope of every person's memory, and thrill with the crucial importance attaching to most trivial things. And yet we do not learn well the lessons history and memory marshal before us in cubic phalanx. We mingle in the concourse and look to the stars for instruction, indifferent to the great small things over which we thoughtlessly tread and which cry in the language of the gold to Brahma as he walked over the earth where it was hidden. "Here am I Lord; do with me as thou wilt." Let us listen to the voices that call for recognition, be they ever so humble, ever so faint, and even we in our humility, may yet place a royal diadem upon the brow of public weal.

J. A. McD., '98.

Strength From Union.

It is sunrise. The glorious arms of radiant light are flashing backward and forward, each throwing its feeble beam into some dark corner of the old earth. Some little face in an obscure nook of the great city, a face drawn and white with suffering perhaps, laughs with pleasure at the sunny playfellow or a rosy country child is wakened to a long day of delight by the rays of light across his face. Perhaps some sad soul is lightened, perhaps some careless soul reads itself by the light from God's great lamp. Who can tell what endless good one little sunbeam may do? Who then can meas-

ure the work of a million sunbeams joined together all working in God's great plan, each one separately yet all in unison?

But man heeds not nature's teachings. He says to himself, "I must look out for my own interests for no one will do it for me. True. But foolish man, thy brother's interests should be thy own.

Alexander founded a kingdom, the greatest the world has ever seen. He had a strong will and ruled his subjects as with an iron rod. But at his death the different elements of his kingdom returned to their natural places. What else could we expect? They had nothing in common. A nation may be formed of many races, but they cannot live happily together unless they are formed into a strong union. A nation whose motto is "One from many" may and will abide but one whose motto is "Many from one" must and will fall.

A master builder set out to build a great cathedral. Great loads of marble were brought for the structure, for it was to be strong as well as beautiful. The stones for the foundation were as strong as could be had. But the careless workmen in their hurry left out the mortar between some of the foundation stones. It was not noticed and the great building arose majestic in its beauty. But the winds blew and the floods came and the grand cathedral fell. It was not a real union. Alas! too many kings, too many emperors have left the mortar out of their government. Too many churches lack mortar in their congregation.

Union is strength. Their can be no strength where each element stands by itself, where internal revolution is eating like a cancer at the heart of power. Power in its first sense is not derived from numbers.

Too often the multitude assails, too often the mob attacks and overthrows power. The arch that sustains the weight of the great building is oftentimes small but it must be a union.

O soul be lifted up. The secret of strength is not in the multitude, but in eternal union. Man does not always recognize it but he will when he comes into that everlasting kingdom where the saints sing together.

F. S., '00.

A Lesson From The Coal.

Ages upon ages ago, long before man appeared upon the earth to mark and scar its gray old features with his vandal hand, the pleasant hills and valleys of Pennsylvania were all preceded by one vast half tropic swamp, where now the graceful pine and gnarled oaks are seen, the giant club moss rose, and the proud tree fern spread its branches far and wide. And through this tangled wood the prehistoric saurian crept, and, perhaps, some monster mastodon, penetrating its fastnesses, stood awe-struck, half comprehending the barbaric beauty of the scene.

But, century after century passed, and tree by tree the giant forests fell, and the black slime closed over the decaying branches, and hid them as it seemed, forever. And then the hot sun dried the swamp, and in some mighty upheaval it was cast beneath the sod, there to be covered over by the sands and shells and wreckage of a million years.

Thus, as it seemed, the mission of the coal was ended. Under the waters it lay passively, while overhead oceans were pas-

sing by, and kingdom after kingdom rose to the supremacy of the animal world, only to be overcome and supplanted by the next higher, till at last the germ of reason, in the pigmy man, subdued the animal world, and announced itself, the final and supreme work of evolution.

Meanwhile another great convulsion changed the sea to land again, and over the buried coal another forest grew, and the birds sang, and the little brooklets rippled between the trees, with never a thought for the history beneath them.

But this new creature, man, was an inquisitive being, and the trees and rivers and meadows did not satisfy him. He must mar nature's beauty with his inharmonious creations. And not content with the bright, sunny surface of the earth, he must dig down into the solid rock, and strive to find the secrets hidden there. And, as he searched, he came upon a hard, black, lustrous substance which, when he had examined, he found was what he needed, and he took it home with him, and then it warmed his cold, hard heart anew and made him love his fellow creatures.

Thus did the old coal forest carry out its mission and brought a lesson with it. For even as the coal, although so deeply buried that it seemed it never could arise, yet lost no portion of its original energy, but kept it safely until it was needed, so every man, although he seems entirely hidden underneath the debris of the earth, still should guard faithfully the faculties which God has given him, until some one needs them; for every life upon this earth has its own mission somewhere, and if the way seems long and the goal hard to reach, still is the end certain if we but do our best.

So, when you sit beside your fire these

chilly evenings, think of the old coal forest in the swamp and persevere, looking neither to right or left but only toward the goal, with a steadfast heart, letting nothing by the way distract you from the end.

"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

J. S. S., '98.

The "Animal" In Man.

It is the duty of science to teach us to admire or at least to wonder at the foul things of this earth. 'Tis true they tell us of the stars, the moon, the sun, all of which we love, before we learn to love them more. But they also tell us of the slimy creatures of the sea and reptiles of the land and soon we learn to love them too although we shun them. The practical man will pass by on the other side and go on his way rejoicing, but the student of nature will stop, ponder, and proceed better able to meet the duties of life. It is no disgrace to belong to the animal kingdom and to have certain characteristics in common with the bird, the bee and the ant. But it would be a misconception for us to think that man is unlike all other creatures of this earth because he was made in the image of his creator. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard" is the injunction of the wisest man that ever lived, inspired by the author of all nature. If there is not something in common with the sluggard and the ant, there is some incongruity in the passage. We are wont to think of the animal spirit in man as that which prompts him to deeds of violence and revenge. When we see an angry man we immediately picture in our mind the ravings and roaring of the lion or the tiger. Like the one who has so

successfully tempted him we see him going about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour.

When a man is crazy there is some excuse for his beastly actions; but when a man is angry (or perhaps provoked) and kills another, there is no excuse for his actions not even when he is drunk. This statement might not stand in the Supreme Court, where too often truth is stranger than fiction. But while it is the characteristic of some animals to roar, to rave, to rend, it is not at all common to all animals. Who is afraid when the cat purrs around his feet, wanting to be friendly; or when the less cultured dog jumps upon his breast leaving foot prints on the bosom of his shirt.

Dost thou reason that these animals have no soul and therefore we are not obliged to respect or protect them. Be careful lest thou who hast a soul shall by such a mistake lose it. He that hates a dog how can he rightly love a man? He that loves not his neighbor how can he be saved? When you meet an animal be cautious lest it shall show you more courtesy than you shall show to it. It is our duty to imitate the ant and bee in the manner in which they do their work. But we must not do it in a zigzag fashion like the running of the ostrich, and hide our heads in the sand when we do not succeed. Let us learn that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points and then say nothing, but saw wood. If the beasts and birds, both wild and tame, were our judges on that final day, would not many of us have reason to tremble? But he who put the words into the mouth of Balaam's faithful beast still slumbers not nor sleeps and has our actions for and against these creatures recorded in his book. We are to be wise as serpents

and harmless as doves if we would have the true animal spirit. Then will that great student of human nature, William Shakespeare, speak truly of us "What a piece of work is man. How noble in reason. How infinite in faculty. In form and moulding how express and admirable. In action how like an angel. In apprehension how like a God." The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals.

D. A. L., '99.

Jack's Gypsy.

It was the last day of Jack Clifford's vacation. For two short, glorious weeks he had been basking in the sunlight of Miss Drew's countenance at the small summer resort whither he had gone in search of rest. The first week he had not realized the real nature of the luminary, but had classed her with the many other meteors that had crossed his path as summer girls. How blind he had been. Now that his vision was clear he was quite sure that without her his life would be a long, black night. Even now, as he thought of hurrying away in the morning to his work in the busy city, perhaps never to see her again, the shadow seemed to be creeping towards him. Fate was truly most hard hearted; the opportunities of walking and talking alone had been numberless the first week when he had not appreciated her; now, for two whole days he had been on the watch constantly for a chance to converse with her alone for only a short half-hour, but in vain. As the end of the season began to draw near, the resort seemed to making a last effort to be gay. There had been picnics, fishing-parties, dances, msicales, tennis tournaments and every other possible form of fun, yet each one was singular in that the usual chances

for dual conversations were lacking. Yet Jack was not slow.

And that evening there was to be a bazaar given in the hotel for the benefit of some poor cottagers who were unable of themselves to maintain their dreary existence. Miss Drew was to be in charge of a booth of some kind, but would not tell him which one it was, nor would she allow him to find out by asking, on penalty of her severe displeasure. That made Jack's ire rise and he said to himself that the bazaar could go to the deuce; he wouldn't go near it, but would stay at home and pack up. And as for Miss Margaret Drew, she was trying to play with him and he had had enough of that sort of thing. He would not attempt to see her to bid her a last fond adieu. He remained in this frame of mind until about nine o'clock that evening, when he was packing. As he took up his dress suit to fold it, a vision of her who had bewitched him flashed through his mind. He could see so plainly those dear, brown eyes, whose first glance had taken him captive. And then he decided that after all it was a very cute idea to have him come and hunt through the many rooms and alcoves and halls of the hotel until he find her. He was quite sure he should know her, even through the most complete disguise.

He dressed quite leisurely that he might not have to wait long, after he should reach the hotel, for her to be released from her duty and set free for him. But, as he walked the few squares from the cottage where he roomed to the hotel, doubts and fears came over him again.

"Fool," he exclaimed to himself bitterly, and sank his teeth deep into the cigar he had been lazily smoking, "if she loved

you, would she not have helped provide an opportunity for you to tell her your love? For she knows very well I love her. How could she help seeing it in my eyes?"

The stars made no answer but only twinkled down on him brightly, whether encouragingly or not, only they themselves knew.

When he reached the hotel, he was pounced upon by the reception committee who were supposed to see that every one who came should spend plenty of money, even though they bought things of which they had no earthly need. In every booth he looked eagerly for her face and finding it not went hastily on. Meanwhile he was watching his chance to escape from the member of the committee detailed to escort him through the mazes of the bazaar. At length he succeeded in freeing himself from her protecting care and was going on by himself, when he suddenly realized that he had been at that booth before. Had he then been all through the rooms? No wonder he had succeeded in getting rid of his guide. But stay—surely they had brought the conservatory into use. He was right; on the door hung the legend, "Gipsy Camp" and on guard stood a little boy to allow only so many in at one time.

"Are the gypsies at home, Tommy?" Jack asked, hoping there might only be one.

"They've all gone to get cream but one. Might see if she'd tell your fortune. She's the queen, and hasn't been telling fortunes this evening," the young doorkeeper said.

Jack thrust some money into the boy's hand and said not to let any one in for a quarter of an hour. The boy promised and said, with a grin. "You must expect a long

fortune." Then he opened the door and Jack stepped into the gypsy camp and looked around for the queen.

A group of Chinese lanterns fastened to the ceiling cast a dim light, somewhat resembling, in its effect, the light of the moon. The tent stood among greenery and before the open door a kettle was hung over a pan of charcoal. On a low stool beside the fire, sat the queen of the gypsies, clasping her knees and singing softly and meditatively, a lullaby. It was one that Jack had liked and had asked her to sing often. She had not heard the door open and for a moment, he stood in the dim light and watched her with hungry, loving eyes. What a beautiful gypsy she was! Dressed all in red and gold, which contrasted well with her black hair and dark brown eyes, with heavy bands of gold around her throat and arms, her fingers glistening with jewels, the glow from the fire upon her clear complexion, a dreamy half-smile slightly parting her lips,—no wonder that Jack's heart beat faster as he looked at her. He was still standing by the door and before stepping forward, he rattled the door knob that she might not be startled.

Going to where she had risen and was standing by the door of the tent, he knelt on one knee and said, "Will you not, O Queen, condescend to tell me my future? I know it is not your custom but to-morrow I go on a perilous journey and would know what awaits me."

Then, in the low, monotonous voice of the fortune-teller, she began to tell him of business successes that awaited him after he had made the journey home in safety, of a time when he would be great, but he interrupted her now, and asked eagerly, "Is

there naught of love in the future for me?" I see nothing in the lines of your palm that indicates love, she answered, half-sadly.

"Then look in my eyes, Miss Drew, and see there my love for you. I know that we have known each other but a short time, but what of that? I am certain that the only difference time can make is to strengthen my love for you. Won't you look at me please, and let me read what the fates have in store for me?"

Then, indeed, she looked at him, with eyes so heavily laden with tears that Cupid had to splash two or three out on her velvety cheek to let the love light through. And when Jack was kissing away the tears, and kept forgetting to address her as 'Queen' but called her just plain, simple 'dearest', or 'Margaret' or 'Peggy' or 'darling', then she confessed that she had thought he was going to let circumstances spoil everything.

"But why didn't you help me to get a chance?" he asked her reproachfully.

"Oh! then I'd not have been sure it wasn't a summer flirtation" she answered.

"And are you sure now, my Gypsy?" he asked, as they rose to go. "No, I don't think I am, really and truly, you know. Tell me again. It was not because he told her again in such a multitude of words that it took so long, but there were so many interruptions on account of the punctuation, and as they emerged from the conservatory, they found the rest of the gypsy band telling fortunes outside the door, which had been faithfully guarded by the wise Tommy.

"DINKIE."

Have you sent in that subscription to THE HOLCAD yet. If not do it now.

The Holcad.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

Editors.

ELIZABETH DUNCAN, '98	EDITOR IN CHIEF
GEO. H. SEVILLE, '98	ASSISTANT
EDA NICHOL, '98	LIT' DEPARTMENT
HARRY N. HOLMES, '99	LOCAL
FRANCIS McDOWELL, '98	ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD
LYNN BREADEN, '98	MUSIC, ART AND EXCHANGES.
HARRY PHYTHYON, '98	BUSINESS MANAGER
ESTELLE SPENCER '99	
MONROE WITHERSPOON, '99	

Publishers Notice.

THE HOLCAD is a monthly of ten issues a year, published by the undergraduates of Westminster College.

Entered at the Postoffice at New Wilmington P., as second class mail matter.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni, or any who are or have been connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Address all communications to THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

TERMS. One copy per year. \$1.00. Single copy 15c.

Anthony Hope, as he calls himself, or Mr. A. H. Hawkins, is now on his first visit to America.

His first readings were to a New York public from the "Dolly Dialogs," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "A Man of Mark," "The Heart of Osra," and others of his writings. Harpers' Weekly says of him: "He has furnished excellent entertainment for American readers, yet his books are not quite of the sort which necessarily inspire a strong personal interest in the writer of them, and that makes one wonder how his American tour will turn out. The popular novelist was welcomed in Pittsburgh Oct. 29, and made a very favorable impression. Pittsburgh has also recently been

you, would she not have helped provide an opportunity for you to tell her your love? For she knows very well I love her. How could she help seeing it in my eyes?"

The stars made no answer but only twinkled down on him brightly, whether encouragingly or not, only they themselves knew.

When he reached the hotel, he was pounced upon by the reception committee who were supposed to see that every one who came should spend plenty of money, even though they bought things of which they had no earthly need. In every booth he looked eagerly for her face and finding it not went hastily on. Meanwhile he was watching his chance to escape from the member of the committee detailed to escort him through the mazes of the bazaar. At length he succeeded in freeing himself from her protecting care and was going on by himself, when he suddenly realized that he had been at that booth before. Had he then been all through the rooms? No wonder he had succeeded in getting rid of his guide. But stay—surely they had brought the conservatory into use. He was right; on the door hung the legend, "Gipsy Camp" and on guard stood a little boy to allow only so many in at one time.

"Are the gypsies at home, Tommy?" Jack asked, hoping there might only be one.

"They've all gone to get cream but one. Might see if she'd tell your fortune. She's the queen, and hasn't been telling fortunes this evening," the young doorkeeper said.

Jack thrust some money into the boy's hand and said not to let any one in for a quarter of an hour. The boy promised and said, with a grin. "You must expect a long

fortune." Then he opened the door and Jack stepped into the gypsy camp and looked around for the queen.

A group of Chinese lanterns fastened to the ceiling cast a dim light, somewhat resembling, in its effect, the light of the moon. The tent stood among greenery and before the open door a kettle was hung over a pan of charcoal. On a low stool beside the fire, sat the queen of the gypsies, clasping her knees and singing softly and meditatively, a lullaby. It was one that Jack had liked and had asked her to sing often. She had not heard the door open and for a moment, he stood in the dim light and watched her with hungry, loving eyes. What a beautiful gypsy she was! Dressed all in red and gold, which contrasted well with her black hair and dark brown eyes, with heavy bands of gold around her throat and arms, her fingers glistening with jewels, the glow from the fire upon her clear complexion, a dreamy half-smile slightly parting her lips,—no wonder that Jack's heart beat faster as he looked at her. He was still standing by the door and before stepping forward, he rattled the door knob that she might not be startled.

Going to where she had risen and was standing by the door of the tent, he knelt on one knee and said, "Will you not, O Queen, condescend to tell me my future? I know it is not your custom but to-morrow I go on a perilous journey and would know what awaits me."

Then, in the low, monotonous voice of the fortune-teller, she began to tell him of business successes that awaited him after he had made the journey home in safety, of a time when he would be great, but he interrupted her now, and asked eagerly, "Is

there naught of love in the future for me?" I see nothing in the lines of your palm that indicates love, she answered, half-sadly.

"Then look in my eyes, Miss Drew, and see there my love for you. I know that we have known each other but a short time, but what of that? I am certain that the only difference time can make is to strengthen my love for you. Won't you look at me please, and let me read what the fates have in store for me?"

Then, indeed, she looked at him, with eyes so heavily laden with tears that Cupid had to splash two or three out on her velvety cheek to let the love light through. And when Jack was kissing away the tears, and kept forgetting to address her as 'Queen' but called her just plain, simple 'dearest', or 'Margaret' or 'Peggy' or 'darling', then she confessed that she had thought he was going to let circumstances spoil everything.

"But why didn't you help me to get a chance?" he asked her reproachfully.

"Oh! then I'd not have been sure it wasn't a summer flirtation" she answered.

"And are you sure now, my Gypsy?" he asked, as they rose to go. "No, I don't think I am, really and truly, you know. Tell me again. It was not because he told her again in such a multitude of words that it took so long, but there were so many interruptions on account of the punctuation, and as they emerged from the conservatory, they found the rest of the gypsy band telling fortunes outside the door, which had been faithfully guarded by the wise Tommy. "DINKIE."

Have you sent in that subscription to THE HOLCAD yet. If not do it now.

The Holcad.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

Editors.

ELIZABETH DUNCAN, '98 EDITOR IN CHIEF
GEO. H. SEVILLE, '98 ASSISTANT
EDA NICHOL, '98 LIT. DEPARTMENT
HARRY N. HOLMES, '99
FRANCIS McDOWELL, '98 LOCAL
LYNN BREADEN, '98
HARRY PHYTHYON, '98 ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD
ESTELLE SPENCER '99 MUSIC, ART AND EXCHANGES.
MONROE WITHERSPOON, '99 BUSINESS MANAGER

Publishers Notice.

THE HOLCAD is a monthly of ten issues a year, published by the undergraduates of Westminster College.

Entered at the Postoffice at New Wilmington P., as second class mail matter.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni, or any who are or have been connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Address all communications to THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

TERMS: One copy per year, \$1.00. Single copy 15c.

Anthony Hope, as he calls himself, or Mr. A. H. Hawkins, is now on his first visit to America.

Hope. His first readings were to a New York public from the "Dolly Dialogs," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "A Man of Mark," "The Heart of Osra," and others of his writings. Harpers' Weekly says of him: "He has furnished excellent entertainment for American readers, yet his books are not quite of the sort which necessarily inspire a strong personal interest in the writer of them, and that makes one wonder how his American tour will turn out. The popular novelist was welcomed in Pittsburgh Oct. 29, and made a very favorable impression. Pittsburgh has also recently been

avored by a visit from that noted writer and traveler, Marion Crawford, whose writings have created for him an audience that embraces literary people the world over.

As we have said before, we would
Help! be very much pleased to have more literary material contributed to the
Help! "HOLCAD" by the students. No one will deny that the paper could be made more readable than it is and we think the only way to do this is to have it represent the brains and thought of the young men and women of Westminster. Some seem to have the idea that the staff should write everything that the magazine contains. A veritable mistake; there would be too much sameness if all the articles were to come from two or three persons. Stories and poetry are the sort of stuff we lack most and what we really ought to have to make more interesting the literary part of the HOLCAD. There can be no manner of doubt that writing tends more than anything else to broaden one's vocabulary, bring the mind under control when effort is required, and have in usable shape the knowledge one possesses. Thus for the benefit resulting to the writer, if for no other reason, there should be a willingness to take the necessary trouble and time to help on the college publication.

We think that not enough use is made of the college reading room. It contains the best magazines and papers published and can be made very useful in one's education and in keeping one's self posted on the affairs of the day. While it is all right to be learning the manners and customs and

the thought of the classic Greek and Roman world, or be delving for the treasures of nature in the sciences, yet to keep one from getting musty there is needed a knowledge of the world "up to date." In no other place can this be gained in such concise, correct and complete form than in the "Review of Reviews," for instance, or in the "Forum," the "Literary Digest," or in many other periodicals that may be found in the reading room. Yet a very small percentage of the students take advantage of the opportunity of improving their minds. It certainly is not a good sign when a supposedly educated person must remain silent, because uninformed, when a subject of the day is broached.

Is there is anything more worthy
Loyalty. of admiration than loyalty? Anything more attractively beautiful even to a disinterested observer? It may be loyalty of a friend to a friend. Suspicions perhaps assail the one, the world looks very dark, but after the clouds are gone, what a grand memory lingers in the hearts of both of the value of loyalty.

Perhaps it is loyalty to one's conviction. How much respect do we have for a person who boasts of a certain attitude and then when the test comes, when opposition faces him, takes no stand in his own behalf? Better not to have convictions, than even to appear disloyal to them.

Society loyalty is a recognized essential feature of every society worker. Without loyalty we are nothing, or worse than nothing; mere lifeless pieces of mechanism moving about in an aimless course, ever railing at the fate that elicits from us any service, grudgingly rendered as it is. There can be

no pleasure derived in such a state of affairs. There is certainly very little profit.

If we wish to interest others we must show ourselves interested. A little intense earnestness can often go farther, accomplish more, than a great deal of that spasmodic enthusiasm, which by and by ceases altogether.

We don't live up to our ideals.

Ideals. Of course not, else they would not be ideals. But that is no reason why we should not have as high ideals as possible, nor why we should not make every effort in our power to approach the standard. We need not be afraid of becoming perfect. The earthly life is usually just a few years too short to attain that state. Students often seem to make the great mistake of having unworthy ideals. They leave out everything religious, everything that might indicate a tender conscience; some, even, do not seem to be aiming at a more highly developed mind and body. When we stop to think of it, how utterly senseless it does seem not to be caring and striving more for the best life within our reach. Think of the music that Wagner and Mendelssohn and Chopin composed, music that ennobles the soul of the hearer; is it as popular as many a soulless jangling air of the present day? Think of the uplifting beauties of Milton, of Scott, of Shakespeare; do we not often prefer the parody to the poem? There is one sentence in Porter's *Intellectual Science* that seems to express in a few words the true ideal for a student: 'Indeed, it is not till the reason and conscience rule so completely over the whole man as to transform and elevate even his individual and casual associations, that the

education of the man is complete, and his character has attained that harmony and perfection of which it is capable.'

The resumption of the daily "beau parade" has led us to wonder whether it has always been thus. Was the post-office a trysting place

away back in the sixties, as it is to-day? Was it a custom then, as now, to "go for the mail" whether there is the remotest chance of a letter being received or not? Probably so. Each year a new class comes in, picks up this habit with many others and, by the time it leaves Westminster, it has done its share in perpetuating this practice. In co-educational institutions, the tendency to "pair off" seems inevitable and, since the only opportunity to call is one evening a week, it is a mere matter of necessity for those who have very bad "cases" to walk from the post-office to the Hall. How many "dates" have been made on their way from the after-dinner mail? How many times has this walk been taken advantage of by Cupid? How many little incidents that do not usually find their way into class histories have those flagstones on the way to the Hall witnessed? They wonder, no doubt, why they are trod so much more lightly by two than by one and what causes the difference between "the gait going" and "the gait coming." It is small marvel that, listening day after day to the conversations of the strollers, the poor flags are thin and worn. When Saturday night comes and the last youthful wooer hastens back to his room to dream of her, his footsteps bring from them the stony-hearted exclamation, "At last! For one day at least I shall have

peace and rest from my troubles, for 'there shall be no privilege of gentlemen's company to religious meetings on the Sabbath.' "

One of the highest aims in a public speaker should be to raise the standard of morals in the minds of his audience. In order to do this his own conception of his subject must be high; he must be able to present thoughts, new and old, in such a light, that they will take hold of the mind, and leave a lasting impression. He should be able to handle his subject with great tact, his illustrations must be new and telling, and he must be able to give expression to his ideas in such a way that the contrasts will be striking, and at the same time not too suggestive.

Much might be said in favor of the recent lecture, on "The Old Woman and the New." The speaker showed marked literary ability and gave expression to his thoughts in the best English.

However, there was nothing new in the way the subject was treated. No new thoughts were brought out and the audience left, feeling that little or nothing had been added to their knowledge of the subject.

Where he failed most was in his presentation of his ideal. His description of what she should not be certainly detracted from the healthful influence of the model being he would fain set forth for our admiration. To refer to "The Heavenly Twins" "The Yellow Aster," and books of like character as being worth reading even, was not a point in his favor.

While we would, by no means, condemn the lecture as a whole, yet we do

maintain that it was not discussed with the ability with which such a subject might be handled.

Locals.

Rev. Dr. Mealy preached in the chapel Sabbath eve Nov. 7.

Brooks, '01, visited friends in New Castle over Sabbath Oct. 31.

D. McKim spent Halloween at home returning Tuesday.

Prof. Freeman visited his brother over Sabbath, October 31.

Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack!

"That is what she said."

Mr. S—e has after much searching, found a pearl of great price.

Miss Lizzie McBane made a visit of several days to her home recently.

Berry and Scroogs attended the Grove City-Geneva game at Grove City.

Mr. E. V. Weller, '97, spent a few days in town the first of the month.

For information regarding the Klondike regions inquire of J. W. Mehard.

The brother of the Misses Dean and Richmond visited them over Sabbath recently.

Miss Maude Slemmons and Sannie Stewart have become enthusiasts in photography.

Miss Beulah Stewart was able to attend and enjoy the Hallowe'en party at the Ladies Hall.

Query, during these days previous to that momentous Tuesday evening—Say, do

you know my girl?

Messrs. Degelman, '99, and '03, attended the P. A. C.-Washington and Jefferson game Oct. 30.

Mrs. Conway and Miss Bessie Breaden, of West Sunbury, were the guests of Miss Madge Conway recently.

We think that with a few more private lessons Miss R. will be sufficiently skilled to coach the girls in foot-ball.

If Miss McK—'s fish stories are to be on a scale with her catches, we surely can expect some interesting tales for the HOLCAD.

Invitations are out for the Sophomore-Senior banquet to be held in Philo hall, Tuesday evening, November 16.

The solemncholy days are here.

The saddest of the year

For, 'tis time to wear wool underwear

And its scratching makes us swear.

The wedding invitations of Miss Amanda Sowash and Mr. Strangeway have been recalled on account of the illness of the groom.

Mr. Will Clark and a representative of the "Globe" called at the Hall Oct. 15. Judging from the after developments they must have had a cool reception.

M. T.—"O how I wish I had a pickle."

Her Friend—"I wish I had one too."

M. T.—"Why, you don't need one. You're not in love."

Miss Rena Miller '98, who has been ill with pneumonia, writes to assure her friends that she is much improved and expects to return next term.

Prof. Morgan Barnes attended the meeting of the general committee of the Y. P. C. U., held at Pittsburg the last week of Octo-

ber.

The recital given by Mr. Ernest Gamble, was one of the best we have had for a long time. He expects to travel this winter with Madame Nordica.

In order that the music in chapel might be improved the entire chorus class was placed in the Junior seats and now act as the choir.

A number of students, desiring to avail themselves of the efficient instruction of Prof. Morgan Barnes have organized a class in French which meets three afternoons in the week.

McPeak, '99, celebrated his first anniversary in a very fitting manner. He closed the performance by the use of No. 120 in Bible Songs, third verse please.

Purvis, '98, desirous of giving his memory a better chance to exercise itself, proceeded to burn his laboratory manual and now relies entirely upon his memory.

We hear that Miss A, whom we all know to be especially fond of the chase, has an engagement with Mr. B. in the near future for a pleasure expedition of the kind in which Nimrod delighted.

What is the matter with the present Junior class? Has the glorious immemorial custom of banqueting the Freshmen during their first term been relegated to the past? In behalf of the Freshmen, we trust not.

The class in Zoology under Prof. Ramsey having completed the work assigned in the text book are going to spend the remainder of the term at laboratory work in connection with the study.

The ladies of the Chrestomath society gave "A Gibson Evening" on Friday even-

ing, October 22, in Chapel hall. It was something entirely new to a New Wilmington audience and was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

We sympathize with the unattractive maidens, who we hear have been doing their best to cope with their more popular sisters, but who fail on account of their lack of necessary materials, and are obliged to employ burnt matches in place of more effective expedients.

Prof.—(to Prep. who has come into the class room and failed to close the door.) "Close the door, please."

Prep.—"Humph, the door wasn't closed when I opened it."

The second lecture of the course was delivered by John Temple Graves on Friday eve Nov. 5. His subject was "The Old Woman and the New." He paid a very high tribute to the "Old Woman" and likewise to the "New" of his description. The next attraction is John Elliott Nov. 29 on "Dollars and Sense."

The reception given by the ladies of the hall on Hallowe'en was one of the most enjoyable that they have ever held. The decorations far surpassed those of former years, each room being trimmed in one of the class colors, while the manner of entertainment gave each one something to do and by so doing removed the usual dry time experienced by some guests.

Many of the students accepted the kind invitation extended them by the young people of the first church and attended the pumpkin social at the home of Mrs Poppino the evening of Nov. 4. Prizes for the recognition of profile pictures of the guests were won by Miriam Morse and James Scott. The house was decorated with jack-

o-lanterns, the speeches savored of pumpkin, the songs were of pumpkin and the refreshments were pumpkin (pie.)

At the union meetings of the Christian Associations, on Tuesday evening Oct. 19. Robert Cooper, delegate to Northfield from the Y. M. C. A., gave his report. Two weeks later Eda Nichol and Myrtle Cooper, from the Y. W. C. A. gave theirs. The reports were all carefully prepared and well delivered. Each year, as our delegates return from Northfield, they bring with them renewed inspiration and zeal to the home Associations.

The farewell reception, tendered the outgoing missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. Reed McClure, by the 2nd. U. P. Church was well attended. These young people were so well known here that every one was desirous of bidding them farewell and God speed in their chosen life work. Music by the choir, addresses by Dr. McElree representing the church, Dr. Ferguson, the college and Lydia Pomeroy, the Christian Association, were the features of the evenings entertainment Mr. and Mrs. McClure responded in brief but appropriate words. Rev. Dr. Barr, a worker in the field which they are going was present and made a short address. The rest of the evening was spent in social enjoyment, an important part of which was the delicious refreshments served by the ladies of the church.

The reception was fraught with sad but pleasant memories for Mr. and Mrs. McClure and all present.

Athletics.

Basket ball will soon be the order of the day. Class games however will not start until the winter term.

The list of football fatalities here is as follows.

McGogoney leg broke.

Degleman knocked down, "counted out."

Jolly "counted out."

Edmunson two ribs loose.

Marshall and Boggs ankles sprained.

First team got their bumps twice, yes twice.

Waynesburg Nov. 13. Grove City
Nov. 20. Youngstown Nov. 25.

The games played since our last issue are as follows.

Westminster 2nd. Rayen School.

McCollam	C.	Truesdale
McMehan	R. G.	Shellar
McGogoney	L. G.	Hartman
Wright		
Littell	R. T.	Rogers
Stewart	R. T.	Muter
Phythyon		
Smith	R. E.	Jeanott
Tannyhill	L. E.	Welch
Grier	R. H.	Abrey
Mehard	L. H.	Bartley
McPeak	F. B.	Nutt
Seaton	Q. B.	Way

Rayen won the game by a score of 40. The work of Phythyon won him a position on the 'Varsity eleven, which he is holding at the present. McPeak, Greir and Mehhard also played a good game. The Rayen boys played a nice, clean game and won it squarely. The next game was Westminster vs. W. V. U. at Morgantown. The boys had a nice trip and got quite a little information. However, the University got the game by a score of 180.

Anderson	C.	Donley
Marshall	L. G.	Smith
Scott	R. G.	Krebbs
Donaldson	R. T.	Cole
Taggart	R. E.	Osborne

Kuhn	L. E.	Welch
Berry	Q. B.	Anderson
Edmundson	R. H.	Whitam
Peacock	L. H.	Noble
Whelen	F. B.	Yeager

At last we got a game with people of our own class and proceeded to win it. Out of regard to the feelings of the Thiel boys, Captain Peacock did not run up a big score. Although there were several times when we had the ball that we would have scored if we had got a little better start or their men had not tackled so soon. The line up was as follows:

Anderson	C.	Seitz
Donaldson	R. T.	Bissle
Marshall	R. G.	Blakely
Scott	L. G.	Kammer
Witherspoon	L. T.	Hamilton
Kuhn	L. E.	Marks
Edmunson	R. E.	Berman
Peacock	L. H.	Reyfass
Taggart	R. H.	Mowten
Phythyon	Q. B.	Packard
Whelen	F. B.	Johnson

The great game of the season took place at Grove City Oct. 30, and notwithstanding the fact that we were their guests, and should at least have been permitted to see our goal once, they would not permit it at all, but got us on their gridiron and then proceeded to roast us. The line up was as follows:

Wright	Center	Cam
Witherspoon	R. G.	Crononwett
Scott	L. T.	Thompson
Donaldson	R. T.	Ernit
Stannard		
McMehan	L. G.	C. Hamilton
Edmunson	R. E.	Simcox
Kuhn	L. E.	Dovey
Berry	Q. B.	K. Hamilton
Phythyon		
Taggart	R. H.	Brandon
Ewing		
Peacock	L. H.	Shannon
Whelen	F. B.	Brown

year in the interest of the fund. During his absence, the duties of the presidency devolve upon Dr. Montgomery. The college expects also to erect a new library building soon. About one-half of the necessary funds has already been subscribed for this work.

The geological expedition sent out by Princeton University to Patagonia in Feb. 1897, has returned, bringing with it the evidences of a successful trip. Collections of various kinds, and interesting to all students of science were made, and many new facts relating to the geography of that region were discovered. The expedition was aided in its work by the courtesy of the Argentine government, which placed every possible convenience at its disposal.

The 36th annual meeting of the Synod of Pittsburg which was held in Greensburg last month was addressed by Prof. John McNaugher, D. D., and President Ferguson, in the interest of an increased endowment fund for Westminster. As a result, a commission was appointed to co-operate with a similar commission appointed by the First Synod of the West in carrying out the work. The semi-centennial of the college occurs in 1902 and an effort will be made to have the work accomplished by that time.

The wide-spread movement which in late years has attracted the interest of college authorities away from classical education in the direction of a fuller scientific instruction seems at last to be meeting with a reaction in favor of the classics. Williams college is probably at the head of the new movement. The directors of this college have apparently recognized the opportunity that a first-class college now has to

establish a world-wide reputation as a classical school. Their new policy of greatly increasing the entrance requirements and incidentally reducing the number of students by the difficulties of the examination has attracted wide attention and called out very favorable comment generally, and especially from the more authoritative sources. Hereafter the substitutes for Greek and Latin will have to be of a very substantial character if any are allowed at all. The standard of scholarship has been raised in all the departments. The Professors of Greek and Latin will admit no applicant on certificate unless he has had four years instruction in the latter language, and three in the former.

At some of the new universities a system of student self-government has been given a trial. At most of these there have been good results from it, but the Northwestern University at Chicago has abandoned the system as worthless. For several years a student's council organized by the students has had the privilege of advising with the faculty before any action was taken touching student interests or affecting their personal freedom. For two years a student's court has also been in existence to try all cases of cheating at examinations and to recommend punishment or pardon as the culprit deserved. On account of the inefficiency of this plan the annual election of members so these two bodies will not be held this year. The professors claim the cause of its failure is fundamental. A student court will not convict a fellow collegian who is prominent and popular, nor deal severely with offenses growing out of class rivalry. Hereafter, faculty rule will be enforced and the boys and girls must remain quiet.

Exchanges.

Do not fail to read the exchanges in the
100'ing room.

At Carlile Indian school there are enrolled 898 students representing 61 different tribes. Their graduating class this year numbers 26.

"The Free Lance" is one of our most interesting exchanges. The literary productions are especially fine.

Considered as a poem a gas bill always contains too many feet and there's something wrong with the metre.—*Ex.*

One of the Preps has discovered that the X rays were well known to the Romans. Caesar often speaks of them—"qua ex re."—*Ex.*

On the fly leaf of a school girl's psychology text book appeared the following lines:

"If there should be another flood,
For refuge hither fly;
Though all the world should be submerged
This book will still be dry."—*Ex.*

He who knows not, and knows not he knows not—he is a Freshman. Shun him.
He who knows not, and knows he knows not—he is a Sophomore. Honor him. He who knows, and knows not he knows—he is a Junior. Pity him. He who knows, and knows he knows—he is a Senior. Reverence him.—*Ex.*

PERPLEXITY.

He stands before the cigar store
and fingers something nervously
Like Hamlet, he is not quite sure
If it's toby or no toby.—*Ex.*

THEN AND NOW

The maiden of the Puritans
Sat by her wheel all day
And worked the family to assist
Which was the olden way.
The maiden of the present time
Sits on her wheel instead
And spins away from her household work
Till time to go to bed.—*Ex.*

SQUELCHED.

At a table in a hotel
A youth and maiden sat.
They didn't know each other,
But what of that?
The youth picked up the sugar
With a smile you won't often meet,
and passed it to the girl, saying.
"Sweets to the sweet."
She picked up the crackers,
And scorn was not lacked,
As she passed to him, saying
"Crackers to the cracked."—*Ex.*

OLD STORY,

Would play each day,
No hurry,
Time spent, merriment,
No worry,
At last, time past,
Great Sorrow,
Must cram for exam
To-morrow.
Burn light all night
All "aloney."
Passed it, know "nit."
"Thanks, Pony."—*Ex.*

When * You * Travel

Buy Your Ticket Over The

Pittsburg & Lake Erie Railroad



Double Track Route.

8 Fast Trains Daily each way be- 8
tween New Castle and Pittsburg

Through trains for Pittsburg
leave Wilmington Junction

W. N. Y. & P. R. R.

8:01 a. m., 3:06 and

6:11 p. m., cen-

tral time.

Quickest Route,

Cheapest Tickets,

Finest Service.

New Castle to Cleveland, Toledo,
Detroit, Chicago, Buffalo, Albany and
Boston.

L. A. Robison, G. P. A., (Pittsburg.
W. K. Richards, T. P. A.,)

F. G. Blackford, Ticket Agent,
New Castle, Pa.

You are Invited . .

To call and see our new stock of Stylish
Fall Suits, newest shapes in soft and Stiff
Hats, new Fall Caps, latest things in White
and Colored Shirts, new collars, cuffs and
neckwear. Suits made to order on short
notice. A fit guaranteed. A large and
stylish line of samples to select from. Call
and see us, and you will be made welcome.

J. F. WILLIAMS,

Clark Block,

NEW WILMINGTON.

That * Tired * Feeling

Is not experienced
when you ride the

»»»» *Strauss Tire* ««««

—ON—

YOUR MOUNT.

It is the Fastest, Easiest Riding and
the hardest to Puncture. Repair-
able by anyone.

Your Dealer Can Supply You.

THE NEWTON RUBBER COMPANY,

Newton, Upper Falls, Mass.

THE HOLCAP.

Vol. XIX.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., JANUARY, 1898.

No. 5.

ANTS.

The little ant, which we may take on our hand, is fashioned very differently from ourselves and is only an insect; yet it does a great many things which seem almost human. Ants makes nests and burrows which are real houses and cities, and clear roadways to and from their settlements. They perform their toilet, as well as that of their friends and helpless infants of their city, with great care. They can dispute and hold communication with their fellows; they fight both singly and in armies; they keep domestic animals, having beetles and other animals living in their nests, and some provide food for their city by keeping herds of *Alphides*, or plant lice, as we keep cows.

In one ants-nest there may be from fifty thousand to two hundred thousand ants, and although each one is free to build, hunt, fight or go where it will, there seems to be no confusion; some invisible bond makes each one work for the good of the whole, and this is is all the more curious as there is no leader or governor among them. In all the different kinds of work which has to be done, feeding the queen-mother, nursing, carrying and feeding the young, providing

food for the city, and fighting their enemies, all work peacefully together, without any apparent government, yet without confusion or disorder.

If you catch an ant and put it under a microscope, you will be surprised to find how much there is to learn about it. First, notice the ringed abdomen, common to all insects and the very fine stalk by which it is joined to the rest of the body, allowing it to bend easily in all directions. Next notice the three-ringed thorax bearing the six legs. On each side of this are three minute breathing holes, called spiracles. Even with the naked eye you may be able to see the tiny spur on the third joint of the leg. The spur is larger on the two front legs than on the others, and has on its edge fifty-five elastic teeth, while a set of similar teeth on the leg itself face it, and can be rubbed up against it. These are the toilet brush and comb of the ant. Whenever she has been doing any dirty work she will pause and use them to rub off the dust or mud which has clung to the delicate hairs and bristles of the body. There she will pass the brush and comb through her mandibles, and so clean them afresh for more work.

But it is the head of the ant which is most remarkable. You will be struck at once with its curious triangular shape, its

large size, and its flatness, while the small eyes and bent antennae, are very different from those of other insects. It seems strange at first that such active, intelligent creatures as ants should have such small eyes as many of them have, and that those of the workers are smaller than those of the males and females which do not work. But we find that it is the antennae chiefly which guide the ant in the work. What the true history of these antennae is, we do not know, for though it is almost certain that ants use them for feeling and smelling and perhaps also for hearing, there seems to be some other sense in them by which the ants can tell another of danger, or food, or work to be done.

Next to the antennae are the mandibles, which do the greater part of the work to which the antennae guide them. Looking in the face of the ant you see the toothed jaws resting against each other. These serve at the same time for pinchers, tweezers, scissors, pick axe, fork and sword.

In all the different species the workers or neuters, have all the care of the household and defense of the nest. Victor Rendu says of them "Alone, they decide on peace or war; alone, they take part in combats; head, heart and arm of the Republic, they insure its prosperity, watch over its defense, found colonies, and in their work show themselves great and persevering artists."

The nests of ants are known by the name of ant hills. They vary very much both in their form and the material used in making them. Each species of ant has an order of architecture peculiar to itself. The Red

Ant, one of the most common in our woods, constructs a little rounded hillock with fragments of wood, bits of straw, dry leaves, remains of insects, etc. The ant hill is at first simply a hole hollowed out in the ground; but the ants do not cease to hollow out chambers and galleries as long as they live in it. The earth and rubbish are carried out and used to build the upper part, which rises at the same time that the excavation grows deeper. It is a labyrinth bored in all directions and contains corridors, landings, chambers and spacious rooms which communicate with each other by passages. All the corridors lead to a large central space loftier than the others and supported by pillars; it is here that the greater number of ants congregate.

The group of Mason Ants contains a great many varieties, the Ashy-black, the Brown, the Yellow, the Black, the Miner, and the Turf ants belong to this group: All these employ a mortar, more or less fine in raising their hillocks. The Jet Ant excavates wood, hollowing out its labyrinth in the trunk of a tree with great skill. The Red Ant plies the trade of either mason or excavator.

The masons work only when they can profit by the dew or rain to make their mortar. After sunset or after a rain they go out, roll up pellets of mud and stick them on their house where it was left unfinished. The sun, rain and wind consolidate and harden the building thus made. In some nests, besides the principal entrance there are masked doors used in times of danger for the escape of the ants.

The domestic life of the different species is nearly the same. The females live together in harmony. They lay, without ceasing to walk about, white eggs of a cylindrical form and microscopic dimensions. The workers pick them up and carry them to special chambers. In about a fortnight after the egg is laid the larvæ appears; its body is transparent; a head and wings can be seen but no legs. The mouth is a retractible nipple, bordered by rudimentary mandibles, into which the workers disgorge the juices they have taken into their stomachs.

From their birth a troop of nurses is charged with the care of them. Hardly has the sun risen, when the ants just under the roof go to tell those which are beneath by touching them with their antennæ or shaking them with their mandibles. In a few seconds the outlets are crowded with workers carrying out the larvæ to place them on the top of the ant hill that they may be exposed to the heat of the sun. When the larvæ have remained for some time in the same place, they are taken away from the direct action of the rays of the sun and placed in chambers near the top of the hill, where a milder heat can still reach them. But the care which the working ants bestow on the young does not consist only in nourishing them and procuring for them a proper temperature; they also have to keep them extremely clean. With their palpi they clean them, brush them, distend their skin, and thus prepare them for their metamorphosis.

At this time the larva of the ant spins

for itself a silky cocoon, of a close tissue, and of a gray or yellowish color; the larva of the *Poneræ* does not surround itself with a cocoon before changing into a pupa. These are at first of a pure white, but they very soon assume a brown color which increases in darkness until it becomes almost black. They possess all the organs of the adult enveloped in a membrane so thin that it seems iridescent. The pupæ remain motionless until the insects emerge with the help of the workers. The workers tear the covering from the pupæ with their mandibles and thus watch over the newly born ant for some time. They feed it and help it to walk and do not leave it until it can dispense with their services.

The males and females lately hatched do not enjoy the same liberty as the young neuters. They are confined to the ant-hill where they are kept in sight until the day of the general departure. This is usually about the end of the month of August. The males come out first, agitating their iridescent and transparent wings; the females, less numerous, follow them closely. Suddenly the troop raises itself in the air and disappears. The males soon afterward perish, and the females return to the old home or with the assistance of a few workers form a new colony. From this time they no longer need their wings; the workers keep for them special subterranean chambers where they are kept in sight by the sentinel. At certain hours only are they to be met with in the upper stories. When they wish to walk a company of guards presses upon them from all sides to

keep them from advancing too quickly. The workers heap upon the queens all sorts of attentions—they caress them, brush them, lick them, and offer them food continually. On the least appearance of danger the workers take hold of the queens and drag them away through secret passages to a place of safety.

When an ant is hungry and does not wish to leave its work it tells a foraging ant as it passes, by touching it with its antennae; the foraging ant approaches it immediately presents on the end of its tongue some juice it has disgorged for this purpose.

Ants are very fond of a peculiar liquid secreted by the plant lice. These are the ants' cows. Each little insect has on its back two slender tubes. When an ant is hungry for milk, it goes up to one of these cows, and presses it gently with its forelegs. Presently from one of these little tubes comes a tiny drop of sweet milk which the ant swallows.

The ants take good care of their cows; much better than some men do of theirs. They clean them and keep them warm. In winter they take them into their own underground dwellings, and in spring put them out to pasture. They also keep beetles and other insects in their dwellings for pets, just as we keep cats and dogs.

EDITH THOMPSON, '99.

Chemistry at John's Hopkins.

The Johns Hopkins University, although not twenty-two years old, has already gained the chief place among American educa-

tional institutions with no close rival save the one newly appeared in the west—Chicago. At the same time its fame has been so extended in foreign countries that it is there known as *THE American university*. It has gained renown in many lines. With it are associated such names as Sylvester and Craig in Mathematics, Newcomb in Astronomy, Rowland and Ames in Physics, Gildersleeve in Greek, and Martin in Physiology. We might continue to name those who have contributed to the glory of what we may justly call "*The American Oxford*."

In no line however has it gained higher or more deserved position than in Chemistry and it is of this branch of its work that I have been asked to write.

That a clear understanding of the case may be obtained it is necessary to outline the course somewhat after the style of a college register.

The work of the University is divided into two parts, undergraduate and graduate courses. The former consists of two years study—one year in general elementary chemistry and one in analytical work and organic and inorganic preparations. Each course is accompanied by four lectures weekly.

The opening course is given by Prof. Remsen himself. He puts great stress upon starting right and getting a correct idea of the subject. The laboratory work is conducted by Drs. Randall and Gilpin.

The second year or Major course is under Prof. Renouf, who is called collegiate professor. The work is very much the same as that pursued in our best colleges.

Greater interest is manifested in the graduate department. The teaching force is such that nothing save good work can be done. It consists of Professors Remsen, Morse, and Jones with Drs. Reese and Randall as assistants.

There is a large reference library of chemical journals and books from which the student may take such books as he needs and keep them over night. Each one is expected to leave a receipt for the books taken and though no watch is kept, it is a very rare occurrence that any book is missed from its place during the day.

The office or store room is in charge of Mrs. Stewart. She is a native of Virginia and woe betide the unlucky wight who falls into her ill graces or who tries to return a platinum crucible which she may consider unclean. There is no course leading to a doctors degree, and as Prof. Remsen puts it, one has only to obtain that broad knowledge which indicates the possibility of a career of usefulness. The reason for the embarrassment which one invariably exhibits when asked when he expects to obtain his degree will appear from what follows.

A student from any other institution is questioned as to his previous training and placed wherever he seems fitted to go. Let us suppose he is ready to begin the regular graduate work. He will first spend three months or more under Prof. Renouf pursuing a technical course in qualitative analysis, including some of the rare metals, and some inorganic preparations. He then passes under Dr. Morse for a quantitative course. The time usually depends largely on the in-

dividual but usually costs a hard year's work. During the same time he attends lectures five times weekly, on various phases of the subject. He is also expected to carry a course in at least one other subject.

Having completed the analytical work and passed an examination in the same, he is assigned a short course in physical chemistry under Dr. Jones, and is expected to attend lectures on the subject twice weekly throughout the year.

He then passes to advanced organic preparations under Prof. Remsen himself. An examination closes this portion of his work and he is ready to attack the great problem of his course—his thesis work—provided that he has previously satisfied the following requirements, aside from those already mentioned.

An oral examination in French and German must be passed at least one year before the candidate expects to come up for his degree. A first subordinate, which is a two years course in some allied subject or of one year's work if it includes laboratory exercises.

A second subordinate, which is one year's work in some other subject.

These courses must be followed in work in advance of that done previously.

Selection is freely allowed but the subjects usually taken are Physics and Mathematics, or Geology and Mineralogy.

The thesis work is an investigation carried on under the direction of some one of the instructors. It must be of such a character that it will add something to the sum total of knowledge of the subject of chem-

istry and this addition must be of a positive nature—negative results are not allowable.

In this fact lies the uncertainty. One may work industriously on a subject for a whole year and get absolutely no results and if such be the case he must simply undertake another line of work and try again.

It may be said however that in such unfortunate cases the student will often be given a fellowship which means a present of five hundred dollars a year.

Now our student is supposed to have completed his thesis. It is written up and presented to the Board of University studies. If approved, he is allowed to present himself for a written examination which extends over two sessions of three hours each. He then goes before the Board and stands an oral test which is said to be terrible only in prospect, very long, if judged by the student and very pleasant in retrospect. He is then formerly presented to the world as a full fledged "Doctor of Philosophy" and you will agree that he has earned something.

Now when one or two possible questions are answered this letter shall have severed its purpose. Why is "The Hopkins" so noted as a 'graduate' school? Let us consider a moment. We have here about five hundred students and one hundred instructors while in Princeton, for example, there are about fifty instructors to one thousand students. Among our instructors are those who stand as and are authorities in the subjects they teach.

The requirements are what is technically called 'stiff.' Out of 2976 applicants

only 784 have succeeded in obtaining degrees. Only two degrees are given A. B. and Ph. D. Included in the latter figures are those who have taken only A. B.

Here are gathered some hundreds of students who have passed the period of boyishness but who have all the vigor and enthusiasm of young manhood and are eager in the pursuit of a chosen subject.

The very spirit of the place is work. The laboratories are open from 9 A. M., to 5 P. M, but it is usual to find students waiting for the Janitor to open up the building which he does about eight o'clock, and every evening about six one can hear Billy going around to the different labs and calling, "Clear out now, you've been here long enough." He is good natured, however, and will wait awhile for a fellow who is slow in going. Instances are known of students working in the early morning or at night without permission. On Saturday morning "Journal Meetings" are held where all the latest developments are discussed by men who know of what they speak, and one is kept in touch, as it were, with all the leading chemists of the world. There is no stiffness or reserve in the association of teachers with students, and personal contact with such men as Prof. Riesen and Dr. Morse is certain to have a bracing and stimulating effect. There is no restraint as to hours or lines of study. All these factors, together with every incentive to original research, go to stir up enthusiasm and where that is there must be progress.

A question of interest to students of Westminster may be in regard to steps preparatory to coming here. Indeed I feel that it will be because the faculty here knew Westminster well through Graham, Swan, Adair, Thompson, Hoykins, Freeman, Barr and possibly others. She has no reason to be ashamed of the position they have held here. Of course when one of the students ask the name of your college and you reply, "Westminster," they invariably say, "Oh yes, Western Maryland. You need not feel hurt on that account for you will find yourself beside and on equal footing with graduates from Yale, Princeton, U. of Va., and similar places.

Your course is well adapted to fitting you for work here. And under its present excellent management will place you at once in graduate work if you have done thorough work in it.

It is possible, however, to do much more than that with your present laboratory facilities. You may complete Volhard's analysis and do much quantitative and organic work and under Prof. Freeman's care can easily complete a year's graduate work.

You are to be congratulated upon having in every way better opportunity for advance in chemistry than you would have in almost any other institution of the same class.

H. G. BYERS. '95.

Hard study is not injurious unless it is in the line of how to avoid as much work as possible. Too much study along this line is extremely hurtful.—Ex.

A Letter of Interest to Seniors.

44 Wiggins Block,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

EDITOR OF HOLCAD:—Several days ago I chanced to meet Victor Schwegler, a brother of the illustrious Philosopher, Albert Schwegler, whose History of Philosophy every student of Westminster at some time has held in holy horror. It is needless to say that I was at once interested in the aforesaid person. He is at present engaged as police librarian in the city hall. One is moved to pity as he watches him go about in his shambling gait taking down and putting up the classic lore, for he is a dwarf, being not more than four feet in height. I at once drew him into a conversation that may be interesting to the alumni of Westminster.

He attended the gymnasium (i. e. a Latin School) with his brother, but because of the lack in his physical powers did not enter the University, but entered a school of pharmacy. Being possessed of a roving disposition, soon after graduation he embarked for the U. S. He remained for a short time in Pennsylvania, but later came to Cincinnati, where he has been living ever since. For a number of years he kept a drug store but for the past ten years has been in the employ of the Police Department. In speaking of his brother he said that he was born at Meihelbach Feb. 10th, 1819. After his preliminary education he entered the University at Tuebingen, one of the best equipped schools in the world, for the study of Theology. He finished

1 A, this being the highest grade given. He showed so great a capacity and such readiness to acquire knowledge that the kingdom of Wurtemberg voted him a stipend, that he might increase his store of knowledge by travel. This opportunity was only afforded to the most apt pupils. He made a tour of Italy and on his return wrote a history of Italy, also "The Apostolic Age." It was because of this work that the pope prohibited the Catholic clergy from reading his books. He followed these works by others in quick succession. He was again awarded a stipend by the state and this time went to Greece. Returning, he wrote a history of Greece and also a history of Philosophy.

It was not without some difficulty that he attained his early education. His mother assisted him from the pension allowed her because of the death of her husband, who being a minister in that country entitled his widow to a pension. During the last illness of his father Albert occupied his father's pulpit. He was then but nineteen years of age.

He showed great eagerness for knowledge in his very earliest years. His mother oftentimes snatching the book from him and hiding it. He was five feet eleven inches in height and quite robust. My informer said: "He frequently turned me over his knees and spanked me for not getting better marks in school."

He told me never to drink beer, as was the custom among Germans, because it made the mind sluggish. It was his custom when exhausted to drink a glass of wine. He did not use tobacco in any form.

Oftentimes he would remain the entire day in his study without food or drink. It was his custom to get shaved every morning. It was during this operation he died, apoplexy being the cause superinduced by overwork. He was but 38 years of age when his master mind was called to rest.

JAMES R. MAGOFFIN, '94.

There is a little college
And I really must acknowledge,
That its faculty do some things queer.
The Sophs. they gave a feast,
Of their turkeys they were fleec'd
While the president was standing by, quite near.

He had said before that night
That he was able quite,
To keep the boys from doing any harm.
But the Juniors, with a howl,
Made a dash and got the fowl
And the Doctor didn't even wave his arm.

* * * * *

Now their speeches they'd stopp'd hunting
And the banner and the bunting
Had hung upon the walls to give them grace.
And some of them were standing
Fore the door, upon the landing, [race.
When the Sophs. and Seniors up the stairs did

The guards raised chairs on high
But the rushers all passed by, [prank.
Then the doctor thought that he would stop the
So he yelled to them to stop,
But the colors 'gan to drop
And were stolen—insubordination rank.

Of course, you will acknowledge
That to make a rush in college
When the faculty forbids is not the thing.
Just to show no class we favor
And to add to turkey, flavor,
Of punishment, we'll give to a you a string.

Twenty marks, and in addition
You shall not obtain admission
To the Junior's oratorical display.
You shall not presume to train
In the Gym, nor feed your brain [stray.
In the reading room. No Looks your way may

His Smiles.

In his roly-poly Freshman days
When he goes home at vacation,
The family wonder at his ways
At all he does, at all he says;
But he grasps his new situation,
And gives everyone a spade or ace
In mock superior style.
Smiling at each astonished face
A calm, benignant smile—

For he feels that he knows everything,
He knows just what he says
Since he's joked with men
And smoked with men
He knows the world and its ways!

But when he becomes a Sophomore
And he goes home in vacation,
He thinks it's all a colossal bore
That's been before, and, what is more:
He just hates such low ostentation.
The memory of the Freshman fool
The Sophomore now riles,
So he smiles, according to the rule,
Such very weary smiles—

For he feels that he's above all things,
He's so extremely "blase,"
Since he's smoked with men
And joked with men
He's sick of the world and its ways!

And in his lofty Junior year
When he goes home in vacation,
All things ridiculous appear,
At laughs will sneer, laughs at a tear,
Sees but paradox in creation.
And with much sound philosophy
His hours he beguiles.
When others greet him graciously
He smiles his cynic's smiles—

For what is the use of anything?
Who's serious nowadays?
When one's joked with men
And smoked with men
He laughs at the world and its ways.

When last his Senior year comes round
And he goes home in vacation
He meets each man in that man's bound
Nor thinks unsound another's ground
If with his it's at variation.
Nor does he try to laugh or jeer
Or attempt to reconcile
A no with ayes. His smile's no sneer,
It's quite a serious smile—

For he feels he knows scarcely anything
He's past his frolicking days;
Now he'll joke with men
And smoke with men,
Now he'll learn the world and its ways.

Track Athletics.

The time has come when the track
men must look forward to days and months
of training, in preparation for the Inter-
collegiate Field Meet!

Of course, this means strict attention
to diet, and manner of eating.

Good, wholesome food, well masticat-
ed will result in good digestion.

The training man must eat what he
knows agrees with him, for what is one
man's poison is another's sauce.

The athlete at once thinks of the pre-
liminary indoor work, for the strengthening
of the body, before the outside training be-
gins.

Provisions will be made shortly for
special attention to indoor athletics. High
and broad jumping, hurdling, pole vaulting,
shot putting, running, etc., will be practiced.

An indoor meet is being planned for.
Let all the classes get out their men, and
there will be a hot contest toward the close
of the term. Last year the Sophomore class
won this meet. Now, let one of the other
classes arise in its might and vanquish
the victors.

For the Inter-collegiate meet, Track
Manager Roy A. Long has an important
work before him. But the manager is
equal to the occasion. Already he is laying
plans for a successful team. Westminster's

fair name must be upheld.

At the last meet she won second place by a very narrow margin. With all the winners in school and with a host of first class material, the blue and white boys will be a formidable company.

But we can't win on paper. Every man must do his level best. This means hard work, yet it means also great pleasure.

Training is not the hideous, disagreeable bugbear, some would have us believe.

It is not abstinence from all appetizing food.

It does not mean a diet of brown bread and water, with a pououd of rare beefsteak for dessert.

Training is rational. Good common sense must be used in all.

The body is trauiued to obey the will. Subjected to great strain or great excitement, the body must be under, the mind on the top.

Muscles are to be hardened, courage cultivated, staying powers developed, and concentration of energy attained.

For the bright eye, the clear brain, the calm conscience and the elastic step, we need the clean thoughts, pure imaginations and noble life, that only the well rounded, self controlled trained man possesses.

Let us have more systematic, hearty work on the part of each interested, and success awaits us all.

Westminster has started in this race to win, with confidence in our powers. Let us press on, for if the blue and white boys are ever to win first place, now is the time!

Count the Cost.

When the sun is slowly sinking
From the great celestial dome,
Seems to me the shadows gather
Sadly round my valley home.

I can see the mountain grandeur,
Where his rays are falling still,
I can see that lofty summit
Seenuing now a golden hill.

But it's lonely on the mountains.
There the owl—that bird of woe—
Sits and ponders in the twilight,
Nightly piping "Ho-o-a Ho-o."

Will we mount to mountain summits?
It is grand to cast the eye
Over fields and towns outstretching
In the valleys lying by.

But it's lonely on the mountains.
There the owl—that bird of woe—
Sits and ponders in the twilight,
Nightly piping "Ho-o-a Ho-o."

The Fiction number of the Free Lance is worthy of attention.

The articles in the historical series in the College Chronicle are very interesting.

Po-ny,—A beast of burden used by students when traveling in unknown lands.—Ex.

A college is not a place where jewels are unearthed, but where those brought to it are polished.—Ex.

Better is he that taketh four studies and joineth a literary society, than he that taketh five and hath no time for lectures."

The Holcad publishes an article on the "Value of Attention," which is full of sound truth that can be adopted by all of us.—Western University Courant.

The Holcad.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

Editors.

ELIZABETH DUNCAN, '98 EDITOR IN CHIEF
 GEO. H. SEVILLE, '98 ASSISTANT
 EDA NICHOL, '98 LIT' DEPARTMENT
 HARRY N. HOLMES, '99 LIT' DEPARTMENT
 FRANCIS McDOWEL, '98 LOCAL
 LYNN BREADEN, '98 LOCAL
 HARRY PHYTHON, '98 ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD
 ESTELLE SPENCER '99 MUSIC, ART AND EXCHANGES
 MONROE WITHERSPOON, '99 BUSINESS MANAGER

Publishers Notice.

THE HOLCAD is a monthly of ten issues a year, published by the undergraduates of Westminster College.

Entered at the Postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second class mail matter.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni, or any who are or have been connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Address all communications to THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

TERMS. One copy per year, \$1.00. Single copy 15c.

It is a pity the New Wilmington council has not adopted a system of street-lighting that would be as efficient as the single lamp at the college door. The front campus blazes splendidly, now, at nights and no more may the gallant escort escape the notice of the watchful proctors. This is as it should be. If it is wicked and harmful for ONE young man to accompany a young lady home it is for ANOTHER, and if he evades the law, his sin is so much the greater. Doubtless, if the lower light is kept burning the practice will BE utterly abolished.

To what extent we should allow ourselves to be influenced by the opinion of others is often a difficult question to decide. It is easy enough to say that we should do right and eschew evil, but how about matters which it seems almost impossible to place on either side of the dividing line? Many acts seem neither right nor wrong but simply a matter of convenience. In these we are apt to be governed by circumstances and by other people's words or actions. Yet if we could see the results of all that we do or say and the influence on others, we would probably perceive that even the seemingly least important deeds, or words, or glances even, sometimes are productive of important consequences. As others influence us without knowing it themselves, so we exert an unconscious influence in turn, and so in deciding how far other's actions shall sway ours, we are not deciding for ourselves alone but for still another circle of beings.

Does it not sometimes occur to you that we live our lives too hurriedly? We plan the day's work (if at all methodical) and often never think of leaving a half hour for quiet thought. Indeed many persons have practiced thinking so little that it is a matter of very grave doubt whether they would know how to spend such a long period of time in such a manner. Often the day is so filled with duties and pleasures that time has to be stolen from the sleep-hours for their accomplishment. Many things for which we find time, might, with great profit be omitted; though we think they add to

our enjoyment, it is a vast mistake. The more quickly we learn to discern the true relations of things, to give less time to the trivial affairs, to find more time for the development of our better natures and for the maturing of our minds, the sooner we do this, the larger will our lives become, the more real good will we get out of life.

The time has come for another Junior class to pour forth words of wisdom into the ears of a patient audience. It is well that only a few are permitted to speak on each evening, otherwise the poor listeners could not by any means digest all the good things. A dozen or so Seniors, belated a year through procrastination, will also be given a chance to air any choice ideas they may have been able to find in the well-stocked library. Many are disposed to say of Junior orations, "What's the use?" It is usually a thorn in the flesh to the student who has to prepare, commit and deliver one. Often it is a mere matter of necessity, a duty performed because inevitable; hence, prepared amid the busy performance of more interesting tasks, it does not represent either the individuality nor the real ability of the writer. The novelty of Friday night Junior orations, as a means of entertainment has been worn off these many years and now the audience are often simply desirous of hearing the music, curious to learn the different subjects, or critical during the first few sentences, only to relapse into inattention, unless the speaker chance to be an extraordinarily good one. Of course,

there is use in the custom but does it warrant its continuance?

Many are the errors in English, even among students. If a person does not take pains to correct these errors while in college, it is scarcely probable that he will ever attempt it. If all mistakes were due to ignorance, the students, though greatly to be pitied, would not merit the reproach that justly is heaped on those who sin through carelessness. How often do we hear some one say, "I FEEL BADLY about it," when he might just as sensibly say he felt "sadly" or "gladly" about something else! This error has been traced even to college professors, and is therefore the more worthy of careful attention.

Another word so often misused is "guess" in the sense of "think," as if one were trying to solve an enigma of some sort every time that he had an idea. Apropos! the word "idea"—why do people find so much trouble in pronouncing it properly? It is so very simple—no silent letters, every letter with its natural sound, the accent on the second syllable; and yet almost every day you may hear "i' de a" or even (though we hope not often) "i dee."

"Like" and "as" are by many persons used interchangeably, though properly each has a distinct usage. One can say with propriety, "He looks LIKE me;" but when it is necessary to use a verb in the dependent part, the connective becomes "as"—"He looks just AS I did yesterday."

Some people seem to have a great fondness for the word, "funny." So many

things that happen are "funny." If you were to analyze some of the happenings, "strange" might prove a more applicable word, but otherwise you might be led to think of that person as one with the most optimistic of minds.

The most learned people will occasionally become entangled in the use of troublesome pronouns, but with just a little thought a great deal of trouble can be averted. For example, a student speaks of a single person as "one," "he," or "she," as the case may be, and in the very next clause refers to the same person with the pronoun "they." A moment's reflection would convince one of the absurdity of having a person change from singular to plural during so short an interval.

We learn in the grammar that the verb "to be" is always followed by the nominative case, but if we are to judge the truth of the statement by much of the conversation we hear every day, we might say that it was a very good rule, but failed in its application. "Yes, it's her." Surely we know better than that, but yet you have no doubt heard it, hundreds of times.

It is the season for "colds," and the number of afflicted persons is great, and now when you stop to think about it, don't you nearly always hear the malady spoken of "the" cold instead of just simply "a cold," as it is in reality, and should be called?

How often we hear this: "I will try AND do this," when we knew that "try" should be followed by the infinitive, or "Be

sure and tell him," when "Be sure to tell" alone is correct and sounds so much better.

"Wait on me. I'll be there in a moment" is very common. When will people learn that you can "wait on" a man only by serving him, but that you can "wait for" or await him as long as you will?

It is not merely for the sake of an editorial that this is written, but because it is by such seeming trifles as these and plenty of others, that we are judged, and therefore it is highly important that we seek to improve ourselves

LOCALS

Miss Sara McKinley is out of college on account of illness.

Miss Genevieve Smith spent her vacation visiting friends in Key, Ohio.

Prof. Barnes teaches the beginning class in German this term.

Pres. R. G. Ferguson has been elected a director in the New Wilmington Bank.

The Misses Kyle spent two days with friends in Pittsburg during vacation.

Junior Orations are in order again and will occupy the next three Friday evenings.

In Miss K's astronomy, the "great Dipper" would doubtless be re-christened the 'noble Spoon.'

Many of the basket-ball players are taking extra exercise on Saturday and Monday afternoons.

The Seniors have ordered their gowns

and will make their appearance as soon as the moon changes.

Miss Acheson, of Youngstown, attended chapel Friday Jan. 14. She expects to organize a class in elocution.

Mrs. Maud Anderson, of Philadelphia, is at the home of her mother, Mrs. Haney, ill with typhoid pneumonia.

Rev. McKee, of Youngstown, has moved with his family to this place in order that his children may attend college.

The Y. M. C. A., and the Y. W. C. A., of the college, gave a social in Adelphic hall the first Friday evening of the term.

Dr. Ferguson was chosen chairman of the Inter-Collegiate Association which met in Monmouth the last week in December.

The Philomath and Chrestomath societies will have a joint meeting the first Monday night they can secure. All are invited to attend.

Miss Estelle Spencer, Music, Art and Exchange editor of the Holcad, is obliged to quit college for this term on account of her health.

Mr. Long and Mr. Mehard have not been taking their usual amount of exercise lately. We fear that their health will suffer from this neglect.

Warning to Mr. C.—A break-neck pace is not always the fastest notwithstanding the fact it may be good for the body once in a while.

Among the old students who have been out for a term or two and returned we notice Will Clark, Mr. Jordan and the Misses

Berry, McCullough and Haley.

Dr. Scott made a few New Years resolutions and has decided to live a new life. We simply wish to warn the doctor to watch his gait and not get to going too fast.

If Edmundson and McKim had gone straight home on the night of the twelfth instead of going back to say good-bye they would have escaped a very severe ducking.

Owing to the prospect of a very severe winter it was thought best by the powers that be, to curtail the office hours for the girls at the hall, consequently they are now from 6 to 6:30.

G. Edwin Shiras, artist and lecturer, gave a chalk talk in the College chapel Monday evening Jan. 17. He came under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. His subject was "Picture Building."

Mr. McLean made his first appearance in the Philo Mandolin and Guitar Club at the joint meeting of the Philomath and Chrestomath societies on Monday evening, Jan. 23. We are glad to see him help along this important factor in college spirit.

The Senior German class composed mostly of offending Juniors unceremoniously after due deliberation failed to attend an examination about to be held in Miss McLaughry's room. It is to be hoped that they shall receive their just reward in order that they may not be tempted to repeat the offense.

The improvements made during vacation, although not extensive fill long felt wants and are heartily appreciated especially

the light in the boys dressing room in the gymnasium, likewise also the search light in front of the college which will prove a terror to all evil doers. The steam pipes in the Science Hall were also covered with asbestos.

Peacock and Boggs, wonderful to relate, spent holiday vacation in New Wilmington. They report a very pleasant time and the living sumptuous, Peacock having helped to eat two turkeys in one day. Boggs spent most of his time making his Senior Oration all W-right while Peacock was frequently "at home" making up time lost during the football season.

Mr. T. P. Shira stopped off to see us while we were all away for the holidays vacation. Mr. Shira will be in college again next year and as "Jim" Chambers will also be back the prospects for a good football team for next fall continue to get brighter. "Jim" will probably be here for the spring term too; and help along the game of baseball.

Among the new students this term are Miss McKee, New Wilmington; J. E. Murray, Washington; J. H. Mark, Brooklyn; John Wright, New Wilmington; W. W. Dicks, Eastbrook; Charles T. Hoffman, Evans City; Jos. F. Grubbs, Pittsburg. Robt. McCutcheon, North Washington; John F. Malone, New Haven, Conn., J. M. Graham, Volant; G. W. Patterson, Moravia; Miss Davis, Stoneboro, Miss Lyons, Hookstown.

SOME ALGEBRAIC EXAMPLES.

1. If M can travel x miles in y hours,

how long will it take M and N together to retrace the same distance?

2. If it takes thirty college students ten seconds to leave the class-room after the bell has rung, how many minutes will six callers consume in leaving, after the second bell has clanged discordantly?

3. If umpteen privileges be taken away each term, how long will it be before a general revolution occurs to restore freedom?

4. If the new rules are an abomination, what's the use?

ATHLETICS.

The classes in Gymnasium this term are unusually large, Director Holmes having about seventy-five on his roll.

Manager Long of the Track Team, has asked the boys to take out door running during nice days.

Class games in basket ball started Monday Jan. 10 with a game between the Preps and Freshmen. The following is the schedule:

Jan. 17.	Preps—Fresh.
Jan. 24.	Sophs—Jrs.
Jan. 31.	Sr.—Preps.
Feb. 7.	Fresh.—Prep.
Feb. 14.	Jrs.—Preps.
Feb. 21.	Srs.—Fresh.
Feb. 28.	Sophs.—Preps.
Mar. 7.	Jrs.—Fresh.
Mar. 14.	Srs.—Sophs.
Mar. 29.	Jrs.—Srs.

MUSIC AND ART.

From the New Wilmington Globe we clip the following items:

Prof. Thelen, formerly musical director of Westminster college, who was called to his father's home in Germany on account of the death of relatives, has returned to his work in Mansfield, Ohio. Mrs. Thelen is soloist in the North Presbyterian church of Allegheny.

Miss Kimball, formerly piano instructor in Westminster college, is spending the winter in New York receiving instruction from the best masters.

Read the "Angels of British Art" in the Transylvanian, and "Mozart" in the Washington—Jeffersonian

Under the direction of Prof. Peterson and Miss MacNall some of the music students gave a recital in the parlors of the Ladies' Hall the latter part of the term. The object of these recitals is to accustom the students to perform before others.

The pictures of Profs. Mitchell and Thompson, presented to the college by Messrs. Donaldson, are very much admired and the gift is highly appreciated.

We think ourselves exceedingly fortunate, considering the size of our College, to have belonging to us an artist of such unusual ability as Miss Hodgen possesses. She is at present hard at work in New York City. Besides her study at the Academy of Design, where she works one part of the day in antique and one from life, she is un-

der Satterlee's instruction four afternoons a week in water color. He has a world-wide reputation as a colorist, and is at the head of his profession in New York. It is very difficult to gain an entrance to his classes. She also spends every Monday in the Museum copying from the paintings, where she has lately commenced a beautiful one by Rosa Bonheur, the property of Miss Helen Gould, which is only loaned to the gallery. In order to copy it a special permit must be had from her and this Miss Hodgen secured through a friend in the form of a cordial letter from Miss Gould cheerfully giving her the permission. She expects later to take lessons in miniature painting and is fully determined to make the most of her precious time in the metropolis.

ALUMNI.

Hon. J. A. VanOrsdell, class of '85, was appointed Jan. 1, to the office of Attorney General of the state of Wyoming by Gov. Richards in the place of Benj. F. Fowler resigned.

Mr. VanOrsdell was born in Pulaski, Pa., Nov. 17, 1860. His early life was spent on a farm during which time he received a common school education. Later he was prepared for college at the Pine Grove Academy now Grove City college. He subsequently entered Westminster and graduated there in 1885.

After leaving college he studied law in the office of Dana & Long, in New Castle and on completing his law studies there he

removed in the spring of 1888 to Nebraska where he was engaged in business three years. In the spring of 1891 he went to Cheyenne, Wyoming, and began the practice of law. In the fall of 1892 he was elected prosecuting attorney of Larimie County, which position he held two years and filled very creditably. In 1894 Mr. FanOrsdell was elected to the third state legislature, and in 1895 was appointed by the governor a member of the commission to revise the laws of Wyoming. At the time of his appointment to the office of Attorney General he was a law partner of Chas. W. Burdick, the present secretary of state.

Prof. McElree, '90, visited West Sunbury friends during vacation.

Robert Hamill, '95, has entered the Theological Seminary at Due West, S. C.

J. G. King, '95, after spending a short time at the Princeton Seminary returned to Xenia, Ohio.

Judge J. D. Shafer, of Pittsburg, at one time Professor of Greek at Westminster, was a recent visitor.

Rev. J. A. Alexander, '86, of Washington, Pa., preached here a couple of weeks ago in the First church.

Mrs. Maude Haney Anderson, '92, of Philadelphia, is ill with typhoid pneumonia at her mother's home in New Wilmington.

Dr. J. W. Elliott, '81, has given up his practice in New Wilmington and removed to Sharon to practice medicine with his

brother, Dr. Thos. Elliott.

Prof. Herman Spencer, '94, of the Kittingan Academy, spent the holidays here and was at the skating pond the day the ice broke.

Rev. Herbert Hezlep, '95, pastor of the Sheridanville Presbyterian church, was visiting his father at Eastbrook recently and made a call on New Wilmington friends.

The holiday vacation brought back to New Wilmington, Mr. Chas. Robertson, '93, from Indiana; Mr. Gardner Robertson, '95, from the Seminary; and Mrs. Cronenwett, but whom the students will better remember as Miss Bessie Robertson, '95, from Butler.

The Rev. J. M. Farrar, D. D., class of '75, will give up the pastorate of the Dutch Reformed Church of Brooklyn, N. Y. and retire from arduous work in Washington county, among the scenes of his early childhood. Rev. Farrar's salary in Brooklyn was five thousand dollars and his service to Christianity has been inestimable.

Prof. W. A. Moore, '86, principal of the New Wilmington public schools, and Miss Anna R. Mercer were married Dec. 28 at the home of the bride's sister Mrs. Francis A. Kearns in Kinsman, Ohio. After a short tour Mr. and Mrs. Moore will take up their residence in New Wilmington.

Among the visitors here during vacation were Harry Edgar, '96, from the Seminary, Miss Emma Campbell. Canonsburg,

Miss Jane McElwee, '93, New Galilee, Mr. J. N. Dunn, '88, and his wife of the class of '89, Pittsburg, R. W. Veach, '96, Auburn, N. Y., Attorney J. P. Whitla, Sharon, and Prof. J. A. McLaughry, '84, principal of the Sharon public schools.

EXCHANGES.

Freezing point is thirty-two in the shade. Pleasing point—thirty less.—Ex.

"The manners which are neglected as small things, are often those which decide men for or against you."—Bruyere.

Teacher (in Latin class)—"Give the principal part of 'possum.'

Pupil—"Head, legs and tail."—Leader.

The Cosmopolitan University opened with an enrollment of over five thousand. All its work is done by correspondence.—Ex.

Mr. Rockefeller has again shown his interest in educational institutions. He has lately given \$100,000 for the erection of a recitation building at Vassar College.—Ex.

A modest hint—There is a little matter that some of our advertisers and subscribers have seemingly forgotten. To us it is an important matter; it is necessary in our business. We are very modest and don't wish to speak about it.—Ex.

If you want to be well informed, take

a paper. Even a paper of pins will give you some good points.—Ex.

The following message, taken from Harper's Weekly, was sent home by an English school-boy after examinations, a prominent feature in school life:

Care mihi princeps, sum per, mirabile dictu,

Proxima sed rasura fuit, nisi fallor, aratri.

Dennis—"The great astronomers have seen a new asteroid."

Mike—"They kin kape the animal. O'im satisfied with a common horse to roid."—Ex.

He that hath acquired wisdom, what does he lack? He that lacketh understanding, what has he acquired?—Lombard Review.

We are glad to welcome the Tripod among our exchanges. It is published by the students of Thornton Academy, Saco, Maine.

President McKinley will deliver an address at the commencement exercises of the Ohio Wesleyan University next spring.—Ex.

Definition of a school Journal: A publication to the contents of which one per cent. of the school contribute, and with which the remaining ninety-nine find fault.—The Round Table.

THE HOLCAD.

Vol. XIX.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., FEBRUARY, 1898.

No. 6.

The Veiled Prophet.

"It was morning and the soft light of the rising sun was spreading itself over the awakened earth. Fairer was no land in the morning light than Persia. The ripening harvests, the rich verdure, and the gurgling waters, each reflected the splendor and made glorious the day's opening.

On the kingdom's throne, to which the blind belief of millions had raised him, the Prophet Mokanna sat supreme. Over his features hung a silver veil, which he had there in mercy placed, for he claimed his face to be so dazzling, that man its light could not bear. Before him stood the host of his believers. They had hastened from every land at the summon of their chief and now stood waiting for his words. At last the Prophet speaks: "Think not 'tis only grosser spirits which deign on earth to live. Nay, beings most divine may also come to bless the world. Such was the spirit that dwelt in Moses, and flowing through many a prophet's breast it centers full of power in me. But these thoughts are too sublime and claim a holier mood than earth affords them now. Until then you must wield the sword and priest and peasant, friend and foe, must bow before this throne. Then

shall our glorious reign commence, Then too shall your prophet remove this veil and to you shall be revealed the glories of this brow." Cheer after cheer rose from the crowd below and the white banner fluttered in the summer breeze.

* * * *

The crowd has dispersed, the hosts have gone. Among the maidens which stood around the chieftan's throne was one whose charming face surpassed all the others. Fair Zelica! Never was there a brow more noble or a face more perfect. In her soft, blue eyes you could read the story of sadness. The separation from her lover was the cause of her sorrow. Grief had wrecked her reason and in the weakness of her mind she consented to become the bride of the False Mokanna. One evening he summoned her to meet him in his place of prayer and as she approached the garden she was startled by hearing the utterance of terrible curses. The imposter had not noticed her entering, and as he turned and saw her he broke forth into a fiendish laugh and said, 'Ah, Zelica, you have heard it all and now that my soul is no longer hidden from you, this brow must also be revealed. Look and see! Could hell with all its power to damn, add one

curse to the foul thing that I am?' The maiden turned and looked—shrieked—and fell to the ground.'

There is no foolishness in the world so great as the attempt to deceive. Our fellow men may be easily deceived, but conscience and God are not. For a time we may be looked on with admiration, but sooner or later the silver veil will fall from our lives and we will be revealed to the eyes of the world.

The aim of the hypocrite is reputation. He seeks the worth of honor rather than the honor of being worthy. When discovered he is despised by his fellow men for pretending to be what he is not and by his Creator for not being what he pretends to be. A good name is indeed a fortune but when undeserved it is for our disgrace.

Far superior to the value of reputation is that of character. Character is our true self, while reputation is what we are believed to be.

'When the Greeks use the word 'character' they mean the shape or impress of the seal and literally we can use it as 'the shape of the soul.' Our characters grow as our bodies and as with a signet they stamp every word and act of our lives. In turn they also are being stamped, for every action leaves an impress which cannot be effaced.

We stand before the loom of time. The shuttle is placed into our hand and it is left with us to choose the colors which we will weave into the webs of our lives. Death reverses them that the beauty or meaning of the pattern may be seen.

The growing tree gathers its food from

the air as well as from the soil and reveals its life in its leaves and branches. So character feeds from the influence about us as well as the inner life and is shown in the daily conduct. Unconscious as we may be concerning it, the thoughtless word or careless act is affecting the structure of our character for a greater strength or weakness. "Like the clouds, we take our colors from the lights into which we drift whether it be shade or splendor," and by reflecting the brightness or being dull in the shade we help to color the lives about us.

In the writings of Lord Byron we can see how his character was influenced by his most unnatural mother, who when he was a boy even taunted him because of his deformity. His picture of childhood was not the sweet recollection of happy hours in the home and helpful lessons taught by a loving mother. How great was his genius and how different might his life have been had his surroundings been otherwise!

Although we are influenced by others it is given to us to mould our own characters and thereby choose our own destiny.

"The tissues of our life to be,
We weave in colors of our own,
And in the fields of destiny
We reap as we have sown."

"Morning opens with painted clouds" and the dreams and hopes of life are bright; but before the sun has reached his western home, how the colors fade and change, sometimes to color again in the splendor of the dying day. Through such changes the life must pass. Battles must be fought and victories won or lost, for life is a warfare.

It is upon these victories that the strength of our characters depend.

The wise builder will not allow the slightest defect in his work. His character will be a transparent one which needs not the silver veil to hide its imperfections; but which in the setting of his life will be lost in the splendor only to be found in the dawning of the celestial day "beaming with the favor of God."

ETHEL FRAMPTON, '99.

Through Yellowstone Park.

In the northwestern part of Wyoming, extending for a short distance into Montana on the north and Idaho on the west, may be found the most wonderfully diversified tract of land that has yet been discovered on the face of the earth within the limits of 200 square miles. In 1872 the United States Congress with commendable foresight set this apart for a National Park, and from the river which had its source there in a lake with the same name they called it Yellowstone Park. The artist's pencil and the poet's pen have so far failed to give any idea of the marvelous beauty and wonderful grandeur of the scenery; hence I shall not attempt a description, but shall only tell you how the trip is made and what one may expect to find there.

The Northern Pacific R. R. between Minneapolis and the Pacific coast runs only one through train each way every twenty-four hours. These trains pass through Livingstone, Mont., rendering it necessary for the traveler to leave his berth about

four o'clock in the morning. No railroad of any kind is to be found within the Park, hence, after a ride of fifty-one miles over a branch R. R. from Livingstone to Cinnabar one is obliged to make the rest of the journey by stage. Leaving Livingstone at 8:30 a. m. a two hour's ride through Paradise Valley, a very fertile farming region along the Yellowstone River, brings us within a short distance of the Park. Well built, leather-cushioned Concord coaches are awaiting our arrival and passage is provided for all the passengers on the train, about ninety or one hundred in all and our drive to the first hotel is begun.

Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel is situated, as its name implies, not far from the Mammoth Hot Springs and is the largest hotel in the Park, as it receives and sends out all tourists who follow the regular transportation route. A military fort situated near the hotel gives the place quite an animated appearance, as the soldiers' barracks and the officers' cottages form quite a little village. This detachment of the U. S. standing army serves as a police force, and the "boys in blue" either mounted or afoot are liable to appear on the scene at any time. The Mammoth Hot Springs, which from time immemorial have been bubbling through great orifices in the earth's surface and leaving a calcareous deposit wherever the water ran, have formed terrace after terrace which looks like some fabled gardens of the most exquisite onyx in shaded colors of white, pink and delicate browns. The first afternoon is spent in climbing these terraces and wandering about

among the springs. Then just before dinner is served to the new arrivals, we have the pleasure of watching the departure of those who have just completed the tour. It was our good fortune to meet in this way a Pennsylvania delegation of about 300, some of whom we recognized as old acquaintances who expressed themselves as willing to go around the world to see such sights again. Such travel-stained, sun-burnt, tired-looking people one seldom meets; yet the happy, almost radiant expression on their faces gives encouragement, and we long to see what they have seen.

After an early breakfast, the coaches are brought around and we prepare for our 150 miles drive. Time and space fail me if I should attempt to relate the trials of the transportation agent as he fills the coaches each holding from five to eleven passengers, with such parties as may travel amicably together. There is one too many for the coach, or parties do not want to be separated to fill up vacant seats, or the coach is not good enough, until the poor man is well nigh distracted. At last we are under headway, one heavy coach lumbering after another at an easy pace, and we look around to study the indignant faces of our fellow-passengers with whom we shall be obliged by the mandate of that awful transportation agent to spend the next five days. Two young ladies from San Jose, Cal., occupy the outside with the driver while within are a member of the Illinois State Legislature with his daughter and her husband, a gentleman and wife from Jamaica, N. Y., and four Pennsylvania ladies. The two cameras

that hunted out all the rare scenes, our driver who had spent twenty-three years in the Park, the four stalwart horses and our Concord coach—"the finest in the Park" and "the one that had taken the prize at the World's Fair" must all be mentioned in connection with "our party." We are indebted to the cameras for some tangible memories of the trip and only regret that a picture of coach, horses and passengers was attempted on a film that had already been exposed for some fine geyser.

Passing through the Golden Gate, over the glass carriage drive, along the Obsidian cliff, past Beaver Lake where we saw the skillfully builded homes of the Beaver, past the "Devil's Fryind Pan," where the water bubbles add hisses like water dropped into boiling grease, in sight of, all the time, and apparently quite near to, the snow-capped mountains, we arrive in time for lunch at Norris Geyser Basin, and are greeted by the renowned "Larry," who meets every one with a handshake and a welcome as hearty as though he were his best friend. Although his menu was rather scant he had a way of making his guests feel as though they were partaking of a banquet. The regular tour through the Park is made over roads built for the purpose by the government and includes so far, only a small portion of its extent, and as generally taken reserves the canon of the Yellowstone for the last of the rarest sights. Our party, however, was requested in order to relieve somewhat the crowds that were thronging the hotels, to visit the canon first and spend two nights there, and we did not regret the necessity

that gave us a whole day—a perfect summer day, at an elevation of 8,000 feet to study the falls and the canon from every conceivable point of view. That narrow sheet of water plunging over a shelf of rock for 300 feet into the gorge below, then flowing in a narrow stream at the bottom of that huge abyss with its variegated walls surmounted on the opposite side by a gently rising slope—one mass of pine trees—is a sight never to be forgotten. For the coloring I must quote from Dr. Wayland Hoyt's magnificent description: "Down at the base the deepest mosses unroll their draperies of the most vivid green; browns, sweet and soft do their blending; white rocks stand spectral; turrets of rock shoot up as crimson as though they were drenched with blood; while the underlying color is the clearest yellow: this flushes onward into orange. It is a wilderness of color."

Our next stopping place, only a half day's ride from the canon was on the edge of Yellowstone Lake. This is a beautiful sheet of water surrounded on all sides by snow-capped mountains and has a depth that in some parts has not been sounded. The water is clear and cold and abounds in fish, while so close to its edge are some boiling springs that a man can lie on the ground with one hand in the lake and the other touching the waters of the boiling spring. They say that fish have been drawn out of the lake and boiled ready for the table before the fisherman has moved from the spot. This is not permitted now by the officers who guard the place.

As we were leaving the Lake Hotel on

the next morning a lady asserted that she had seen ice on some standing water. This statement was stoutly refuted by her companions who triumphantly declared that ice could not form in a temperature of over 32 degrees. But our science flew to the winds when we were told by our driver that there had been ice that morning, and that in so high an altitude a very low temperature was not needed to produce it. We were obliged to learn another scientific fact strange to us at the lunch station that day, when, as we were vainly trying to enjoy the cold potatoes and soggy bread—for which we had paid the modest sum of one dollar—and some of the less timid guests were expressing their opinions of such a meal, we were told that good bread could not be baked in that altitude, because it would not rise.

It was at this lunch station on the shore of the lake on the opposite side from where we had spent the night that we saw the first paint-pots. These are strange little caldrons scooped by nature out of the earth, in the bottom of which mud or some such pasty material boils and seethes as though just above a raging fire. Almost every color of "paint" may be found in these—here one of pearly white, close beside it a delicate pink, there a violet or drab, and on up in darker shades until some resemble our country roads in the month of March. Sometimes they boil with such intensity as to splash the unwary pedestrian that ventures too close to the edge, and some bubble with such gentle regularity as to produce an exact image of a flower—often a rose or a

calla lilly. On the afternoon of that day we came to the Great Divide, the point that marks the separation of the waters that flow into the Pacific from those that flow into the Gulf of Mexico. And as we were slowly jogging up the hill, or mountain rather, and the two younger men of our coach were easing a little the burden of our horses, we met and were introduced to the famous W. J. Bryan who was likewise going afoot, but in the opposite direction from us. In his green corduroy hunting-suit, high-top boots, and great sombrero, his young son for a companion he looked quite like other men and spoke quite graciously. A little further down we had met, without recognizing them, his wife and daughter waiting in a wagon. Mrs. Bryan had attracted our attention by being apparently absorbed in a book, a very rare sight there where the book of Nature was so interesting.

Nearly all the rest of our journey lay through geyser basins, and the hotel where we spent the next two nights presents a most picturesque appearance as it nestles at the foot of a fir-clad mountain with all that geyser region spread out in front of it. There are said to be about 500 springs and geysers in this basin, some of which can be seen in action all the time.

I have already transgressed too far upon the editor's liberal allowance of space, and cannot wait to describe anything more. Each of the large geysers can be depended upon to make an eruption at regular intervals. In some of them they occur every minute, in some every eight or ten hours, in some every twenty-four hours, and some

not so frequently. But we must hasten on; therefore on Monday morning we start on our forty-nine mile drive which will end at the R. R. station, stop at "Larry's" again for lunch, traverse the same road we had passed over on our first morning out, pass the Golden Gate once more and reach Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel about four o'clock. We wash off a little of the dust, read the letters that have been waiting for us there, have our dinner, and then enjoy a lovely sunset drive to Cinnabar. Our eyes are strained now to catch every object of beauty on our way and on a pinnacle of rock away above us, not away below, as at Yellowstone Canon, we see an eagle's nest, and can faintly discern the eagle herself. We reach Cinnabar at dark, enter the Pullman sleeper that is to be our home for two nights and two days, until we reach Minneapolis, and our tour through Yellowstone Park is only a memory. No, it is more than that. Our pulses beat with more fervent patriotism to our country that is so great, and our government that has acted so wisely in preserving this spot from the intrusion of business. Our hearts are filled with holy reverence for our God "whose hand has wrought such wondrous things," and we feel that we have entered into a new life—a life broader, fuller, deeper than the old one.

MARGARET McLAUGHRY.

Joan of Arc.

The opening of the fifteenth century saw France in the silence of abject submission. The lily of France had faded be-

cause the rose of England refreshed by the dews of conquest bloomed with rare, blushing beauty. The country was laid low in poverty and desolation. Instead of the songs of the light hearted were to be heard the sobs of the oppressed. Instead of the prosperity of peace were to be seen the horrors of war. The country around about was filled with the invaders. Look where they would they saw no eye to pity. Did they look to heaven? The sky was black with the smoke of their harvests, or red with the glare of their homes. Did they look to earth? The ground itself reeked with the blood of their fathers and brothers. Amid surroundings such as these a child of France, because she loved her home and country much, laments most bitterly the yoke of bondage. A sheperdess she was who left her home at dawn each day to watch over and protect her father's sheep. All day long she sat upon the vast green mead, while around about her grazed her fleecy friends. At night she listened to the legends which her mother told about her dear old country, France. But unlike her dejected countrymen a ray of hope stole through the darkened cloud and shone upon her spirit. She herself would be the deliverer.

What elements enabled her to undertake such a great work? Close beside her home stood a church, within the sacred walls of which she was a fervent worshiper. How natural it was for her to pour forth a prayer for the deliverance of her country from the tyrant's rule. Her firm belief in the unseen was the first element of her suc-

cess. From our summit of civilization we scorn the superstitions of the past. We live in an age in which material objects alone will satiate our eye of faith. Perhaps we go to the extreme in this direction, but we must lay aside all prejudice and for a short time ourselves live in the fifteenth century. One calm, clear day she heard a voice, "Joan, go to the succor of the king of France and thou shalt restore his kingdom to him," "Master, I am only a poor girl. I know not how to ride, or lead men-at-arms." But being conscious of her duty and steadfast in her belief she went and continued to go strong in this same belief to the end. By inspiring the king in this same belief in the unseen she convinced him of his right to the throne and of the sure triumph of his cause. But now she was put to the test, if she was a general let her prove it. Her army was a lawless horde. Fifty years of adverse fortune was too great a strain for men, and on this account she found that she must master beasts. But these too she led into a like trust. So uplifting was its influence upon them that they quit swearing, put away their mistresses and attended confession each morning.

For the courage that arms the lonely picket or strengthens the long, serious siege when the vultures hover over the charnel house of despair, look to the English or Germans. But for the light-hearted rollicking charge that scorns the enemies' bayonets, that laughs at death, look to the French. After deliberation the English are immovable, under impulse the French are irresistible. When seized by inspiration

of the moment the French are a whirlwind, a tidal wave, an avalanche. Napoleon knew well how to use this French characteristic. One hundred days was sufficient to make of Napoleon the prisoner of Elba, a commander of that magnificent army at Waterloo. In like manner Joan of Arc took advantage of this French impulsiveness. Her quickness of movement made her the illustrious leader. It was only by her promptness of action that Orleans was rescued from the awful anguish of that prolonged famine. At Troyes she again won a victory by her celerity of movement. She assured the council that they should enter Troyes in three days. "We would willingly wait six," said the chancellor, "were we certain you spoke the truth." "Six! You shall enter it to-day," she said, and snatching her standard she flew to the ditch which surrounded the town. Into this her enthusiastic army flung doors, tables and rafters, while their fair general urged them on with inspiring words. There was only a short, sharp, struggle and the town was won,

Her belief in the unseen was her motive; her quickness of movements was her method; but presiding over both was her clear judgment which tempered the excesses of each. The belief might have lead her into ecstasy or fantacism, The quickness might have led into incautiousness or rashness; had not her good sense acted as a pilot in these grave and trying hours. That clear headedness which has served her at Orleans and Troyes did not desert her when the invaders had been repulsed. Did those wild huzzas fall on deaf ears? Did she doubt the

sincerity of the public voice? By no means. She gloried in her deeds as much as they. But her judgment was the check to her enthusiastic nature. A historian of France in speaking of this characteristic said, "The singular originality of the girl was her good sense in the midst of exaltation." Strange it was that ambition did not prompt her to seek to become general or even to aspire to the crown. She was unlike the politician who seeks not for an office which he can fill but for an office which will fill him. To raise the seige at Orleans; to crown the king at Rheims were all that she aspired to, were all that she desired. As she herself has said, "'Tis for this I was born."

That which we most wonder at as the secret of her success is that which made her most successful. We cannot see how such a piece of frailty could take her place in the van of armies. But it was this delicateness of nature that alone could inspire the dejected and the heartless. That gallantry so becoming to the French people was in her favor. As a woman she was entitled to and received their homage. "The deliverer of France could be no other than a woman. France herself was woman; having her nobility, but her aimable sweetness likewise, her prompt and charming pity; at least possessing the virtue of quickly excited sympathies. And though she might take pleasure in vain elegances and external refinements she remained at bottom close to nature." As a woman the Maid of Orleans appealed to the human nature of France as a virgin she appealed to the religious instinct. They had heard the story of the

virgin and the manger. A wonderful story that. From lowliness and simplicity there had been one born who would right all wrongs. In their hours of quiet they implored the virgin to take pity on their souls and now another virgin had come to take pity on their country. Who else could she be but a messenger from high heaven? The heavenly answer to the mute prayer of an outraged land.

Such a one was the Maid of Orleans. Such were the enchantments which she brought to pass. Esteemed by the French as a saint. Condemned by the English as a sorceress. But viewed through the vista of years what is she to us?

She was neither endowed by heaven with any supernatural power nor possessed by any diabolic agency. Only led by intensity of conviction she displayed a daring that was invincible. A daring that drove from her native land the ruthless invaders. To suffer and to do that was thy portion in this world. To dare also and to die. "Life, thou saidst, 'is short and the sleep in the grave is long; let me use that life so transitory for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort my long sleep.'" Oh child of France thy voice is silent but thou yet may teach us of virtue unspotted, of faith unfaltering, of courage undaunted and love of country hand in hand with love of God.

D. A. LITTEL, '99.

The Failure of Success.

In the long ago, in a fair city of the East there lived a great King. His father had been a mighty warrior. He had widened the borders of his Kingdom, and had gathered great possessions; so that when his son ascended the throne, he was one of the richest of earth's monarchs and swayed the sceptre of regal power over one of its fairest, most prosperous kingdoms. He built gorgeous palaces for his beautiful queen. He erected a splendid temple in honor of his God. Far and wide was spread the story of his wisdom and his glory. Men told in far off lands of the magnificence of his capital and distant kings sent ambassadors with glittering trains to do him honor. All that the world could give was his. Great was his fame, magnificent his glory, splendid his pomp and his power. Yet he wrote it down in a book, and set it for a memorial. "Success is a failure. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

The flying ages have given ample proof of the saying of Solomon the Wise. Men have pursued their pet ambitions with tireless feet through the long years, and when at last they have received the fruits of their successes, they have found them but Apples of Sodom, fair to the eye, but full of naught but dust and ashes. Men have sought great fortunes and have found them but vexation of spirit. They have followed with ceaseless efforts and have achieved fame, but it has brought with it never an hour of sweet content. Worldly honors, earth's vast riches have been given to them in abundant

Send in one dollar and have the HOLIDAY make you a monthly visit during the school year.

store, and in the moment of their tumult they have realized the folly of it all and have sighed with the weary, heart-sick king, "All is vanity."

Again, men have been cut short in their careers by the invisible power that respects not the persons nor the plans of mortals. Or if life were not taken, they have seen cherished hopes fail, and the plans for which they had labored seemingly come to naught. But though the way was overhung with clouds and the possibilities of success apparently grew less with every step, still faithful to their ideals they have pursued their course with steps that faltered not and hearts that ne'er grew faint.

Just what is then back of it all that turns this success into failure? Why should not the attaining of the desire of a lifetime bring with it peace? Had the man only selfish ends to stir him on? Was he only inspired by ambitions for self-honor or self-aggrandizement or was he only impelled by a desire for his own pleasure? And on the other hand what is it that turns a seeming failure into a success, that enables a man to have peace and joy in his latter days, even though he may have come far short of the haven he had hoped to reach.

It is the spirit by which he has been animated, the ideals which have served him as light houses in steering his course over life's sea. Only he who is animated by a lofty purpose can be truly successful. Without such a purpose life must be a failure. He may never have attained his ideals, but as he sought to attain them so is his success measured. As Browning puts it.

" 'Tis not what man does that exalts him, but what he would do." This then is the supreme duty of life, the forming of high ideals and the faithful adherence to them while life lasts. The man who sought wealth or pleasure or fame is disappointed in the finding. Self can only be gratified so far. Then it is gluttoned and the realization is forced on the man that an indefinable something is wanting, something that his apparently less successful brother has. Then the old story is repeated, the story that was old long before the days when under the fair Eastern skies, Solomon, the Magnificent, wandered in the beautiful gardens of his gorgeous palaces and sent to heaven his wailing cry, "All is vanity." The man is too old to change his way of living. He cannot go back and live life over again. The opportunity for forming high motives left him long ago with the years of his youth. It is too late.

Youth only is the time when the ideals can be formed, the ideals that burn before us as beacon lights by which our course may be set, the ideals that we take with us, as candles, in our hands, to light up the path around us. Perfection is denied man in life, but he is given the opportunity of constantly striving for it. It is one of his blessings that he is allowed to strive. How inane, how tiresome would be an existence in the "low-lying lotus land." A life of action is the life for a man.

The higher the ideals; the harder the endeavors to attain, the nearer we will reach to the perfection that it is every man's duty to seek. Every base deed, every ignoble

thought crushed beneath our feet shall be as steps in Augustine's ladder to lead upward to it. The day is lost in which no gain is made, for life consisteth not of many days. Fame may never place her laurel wreath upon the brow of the man. Fortune may never stop within his dwelling, but if he makes his ideals high enough, and conscientiously endeavors to live up to them, failure will never be recorded against his name. Without these, whatever of seeming success he may attain, will be certain final failure.

Though old the thought and oft expressed,
'Tis his at last who says it best,—
I'll try my fortune with the rest.

Life is a leaf of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.

Greatly begin! though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime,—
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

WM. BROOKS.

An Astronomical Muddle.

Midst apogee and perigee
And equinoctial colure
And quadrature and syzygy
(Such names as fill a brochure
Upon celestial prodigies)
My mind's in need of 'Faith Cure.'

Nutation, nadir, and the nodes
(Merely because they chance to rhyme)
Suggest meteoric cycle roads,
So here's to longitude and time.

Oh, from afar
A binary star
Is shining, dear, for you;
Yet it's not the peer,

Though bright and clear,
Of your own eyes, deep and true.

Enough of dreamy meditation,
Now parallax and aberration
Require my mental operation.
Ecliptics, naught but circles rude,
Ascension right and latitude,
The chromosphere, so rosy hued,
The chronograph, and altitude,
The sun, through handy sextant viewed,
Fair Luna, seen by optics nude,
On my tired brain, they all intrude.

I close my eyes and seem to see
My orbit, with its center, thee.
It changes slowly hour by hour,
And shows that thou alone hast power,
Toward thee my path of life to bend,
Till it is lost in thy own trend.

G. H. S., '98.

His Predicament.

One beautiful morning in the latter part of May when the air was filled with the songs of birds and sweetened with the breath of spring, Tom Morley sat in his room, meditating deeply. His third year in the theological seminary was almost ended and the sermon he was to deliver on the closing night lay on the table there, awaiting the last finishing touches. But he was not thinking of that, nor of the call he had received from a vigorous young congregation in a growing community. He was in love. That might not seem so very strange; he was a young man and it was spring. What was more, he was in love with three girls. Not so strange, either, he was a young theological student. The ques-

tion before the house this morning was, which one of these three should he make Mrs. Morley. For, of course, they were in love with him. He was only sorry that he couldn't marry all three. It would be such a disappointment to the two that had to be left. And then he went to the mantel-piece and got Polly, to the table and picked up Peggy, and then to the writing desk, where Priscilla presided over his sermon-writing helps.

For a long time he looked at first one, then another, then, leaning back in his large leathern arm-chair, he held an examination. But each maiden was able to stand the test, though of course each appealed to him in her own way. So he was no nearer a solution of his problem than before. The only result was another hour spent in following these fair beckoners into the land of day dreams. Just as he was leading Polly down the aisle from the altar, a fish-man blew his horn hideously below Tom's window and brought the dreamer to his feet with an exclamation of impatience. The fishmonger had done him a good turn, however; for it was now time to dress and go to dinner.

As he hurried along the street he gave a sigh of relief and said to himself, "I'll do it. Monday, Polly, Tuesday, Peggy, Wednesday Priscilla. No, Peggy won't get here until Wednesday morning, so I'll go over and see Priscilla Tuesday instead." Then he laughed to himself, "I seem to be taking it for granted Polly won't have me." At that he straightened up and took longer strides, with his lips shut tighter and a very determined look on his face.

Monday afternoon was a perfect day for tennis. So, soon after lunch he clad himself in his white ducks and the rest of his tennis togs, and, taking his 'Campbell' in his hand, went out to meet his fate, or one of the three, as he thought facetiously to himself. Polly was waiting for him under the trees and the sight of her made his heart beat faster. Her brown curly hair wouldn't stay where it was put but kept peeping out beneath her red tennis cap as though it were anxious for the game to begin. The tennis season was only getting a good start now, yet the sun-brown on her cheeks was deepening and well nigh encroached upon the portion reserved for color. Polly allowed no time to go to waste for she was a tennis enthusiast. She played a strong, hard game and was a match for many of the youths of the town. Morley could not play his usual game to-day for watching Polly and thinking about her. She was so strong and full of life, her brown eyes bright and quick to see where to place the ball, and her good right arm was their willing and skillful servant.

When Tom carelessly smashed a ball into the net, ending the game and set in her favor, Polly thought it was time to stop. He couldn't play as well as Mathilda or her kid brother Ben. What was the matter with him anyway. Then he told her how he loved her and wanted her for himself. A little while later, some fellows he knew met him on the street and noticing his racket, called out, "How did the game go."

"I lost," Tom said, and walked moodily on without entering into details.

Only after assuring himself that after all it was only a sign that one of the other two would be a better wife for him, could Tom get to sleep at all, and then his dreams were not of the most pleasant sort.

The next morning Tom was tired than ever and took a long walk to clear his brain and freshen himself up a bit. He was glad he had chosen evening for the time of his call on Miss Lamont. She was so different from Polly. She was tall, almost as tall as he himself, and had the regal air that inspires the adoration of the subject. Her black hair enhanced the marble whiteness of her skin, her features were regular and intellectual-looking, and only her eyes enlivened this almost spirituelle face of Priscilla.

Tom crossed the river that evening and made his way through the town where she lived, engaged in turning over in his mind how he should proceed. He knew that she had ideals, not only for herself, but for others as well. He had even a faint remembrance of her having expressed herself upon this subject of proposing, but unhappily he couldn't remember what her opinions had been. He remembered this, however, that he thought it should be done in the house, so, when the servant suggested that it was warm enough to remain on the porch, he objected strongly.

Surely Cupid was on his side this time. The sun just disappeared as Priscilla pushed aside the portieres and Tom knew that the half-light was most fitting for the telling of his passion. He had even thought up the approaches to the main part of his discourse

and Priscilla chimed in with the right answers as though they had been pre-ordained. As he neared the climax he rose and kneeling beside her, took her shapely, white hand in his. She did not withdraw it until he had finished and awaited her answer. She was sorry, of course, that she didn't love him, for she liked him very much, and hoped he would always consider her one of his best friends.

He had been standing looking down at her while she was saying what he supposed were the usual things to say in such a case and now opened his lips to say something, but stopped and turned away. What was the use of hurting her sensitive feelings when he should only repent it later? It could do him no good. So he hurriedly said good bye and left her in the darkening room, alone. After all, Peggy would be here to-morrow, and he remembered how congenial they were. They had boated and read together, had played tennis and had little picnics in the woods along the river. They had found many common likes and dislikes. She possessed the best traits of Polly and Priscilla both and would be doubly dear to him. It seemed queer, now, that he hadn't been able to decide before that she was the very one he loved best. He supposed that the months that intervened had dimmed, somewhat, his impression of her. But tomorrow, when she would come, with his brother, Tom knew that the old feeling would reassert itself, claim its rightful position in his heart, and drive out the late intruders.

Half an hour before the train was

due next morning, Tom was at the station, pacing straight up and down the platform impatiently enough. His imagination had no trouble now in finding its pole, but pointed, without wavering an instant, straight toward Peggy. At last, she came. All the puffing, whistling and bell-ringing seemed only a fitting celebration of the great event. He pounced upon their valises and hurried his brother and Peggy away to the open carriage. From the station to the house where she was to stay, Tom kept up such a perfect torrent of jokes and stories that his listeners could not get a chance to say a word.

When the two brothers were sitting in Tom's room that night, Tom with his chair tilted back against the window-sill, his brother said, "Congratulate me, old man, I'm engaged."

"Engaged! To whom, I'd like to know?"

"Guess."

"Well, Meg Morton? No? Bess Daniels? Not to her, either? Then I can't guess. They are the only ones I'd have thought you would take."

"Nope, Tom, its some one better than either of those. It's Peggy."

Then Tom was thankful that his back was toward the moon-light that flooded the room. After he had regained control over himself, he wished his brother all the happiness in the world. He felt that there was no more left for him at any rate. He had learned his lesson and felt so much older and wiser, nor was he apt to forget the answer to the problem he had solved in the last three days.

"DINKIE."

Junior Contestants.

The orations by the Junior class this year have been of a high order, creditable to themselves and to the college. The chapel was filled each night by the people eager to hear, and they were rewarded for their coming.

The Junior orations have always elicited a good deal of interest in the community. It brings the young men and women who pass through the college before it in a public way. By this they are likely to be remembered in after years.

It is an advantage to the young people to require this public appearance. Those who shrink from it most are those who need it most. It is almost an epoch in the development of some.

The element of contest in it gives a little athletic flavor to the series of performances, yet it is not intense enough to leave any heart-burnings behind.

The faculty chose eight persons for the Junior contest in commencement week. The choice is made by the ranking method, employed by judges in contests, each member of the faculty naming eight persons. The following persons were selected this year: E. L. Eagelson, London; R. W. Gealy, Plain Grove; W. J. Holmes, Pittsburg; D. A. Littell, Pittsburg; J. P. Lockart, New Castle; S. S. McKim, Rankin; W. H. McPeak, Cannonsburg; Walter J. Stewart, Homestead.

Don't fail to send in that subscription to the HOLCAD.

The Holcad.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

Editors.

ELIZABETH DUNCAN, '98	EDITOR IN CHIEF
GEO. H. SEVILLE, '98	ASSISTANT
EDA NICHOL, '98	LIT. DEPARTMENT
HARRY N. HOLMES, '99	
FRANCIS McDOWEL, '98	LOCAL
LYNN BREADEN, '98	
HARRY PHYTHYON, '98	ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD
ESTELLE SPENCER, '99	MUSIC, ART AND EXCHANGES
MONROE WITHERSPOON, '99	BUSINESS MANAGER

Publishers Notice.

THE HOLCAD is a monthly of ten issues a year, published by the undergraduates of Westminster College.

Entered at the Postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second class mail matter.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni, or any who are or have been connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Address all communications to THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

TERMS One copy per year, \$1.00. Single copy 15c.

We think there is a well-defined need of another course of study at Westminster. The curriculum would be improved by the addition of a Modern Language Scientific Course, and we imagine such a course would meet the wants of not a few students. In many vocations there is no actual use made of Latin and Greek, but more German and French than is procured here is really a necessity. Next year we hope French will be a regular college study and, with German offered as substitutes in the regular scientific course or combined with

the other scientific studies into a new course.

No doubt when the professors perceive how the former learned and scholarly appearance of the Seniors is enhanced by their caps and gowns, the entire faculty will go and purchase like apparel. We don't mean by that, of course, that they lack dignity even when dressed as common mortals. As a matter of fact, however, we really believe that the faculty should have garments of state, worn on occasions of some moment to the college world here. We think the custom would be one appreciated by the collegians and would add to the honor in which professorships are quite universally held.

Basket ball is a game which should for many reasons become popular as an inter-collegiate sport. It can be made very scientific and yet, even in the smaller colleges there is usually plenty of material from which to choose a team. As it is an indoor game, the spectators are not troubled by the inclemency of the weather, as in foot ball, and it can be played from the end of foot ball season to the beginning of the base ball season, thus keeping up the interest in each other among the colleges. It is true that most of the gymnasiums will not accommodate a very large number of spectators but, on the other hand, the expenses of a team would not be large either. This is the first year we have had a college basket ball team and we hope it may prove a success.

This is the number of the "HOLCAD" which ends our editorial career. As we step down we pause to give a helping hand to the new staff. Although we shall be editors no longer, we by no means intend to sever our connection with the paper as contributors. Even after we are graduated from quiet Westminster into the busy, brawling world, we shall try to remember how, when we were collecting material, we longed for an occasional contribution from the pen of some mindful child of our Alma Mater. No one who has not served in this capacity can realize how utterly discouraged the editors become at the very general disinterestedness of the students towards the college paper. If, as is offered as an excuse for not subscribing, the paper is not worth the subscription price, it is the fault of the students, in great measure. A college publication is not doing what is rightly expected of it if it does not represent the entire college body. It cannot do this if the greater part of the material comes from the pens of the editors. We would urge the students, therefore, to write for the "HOLCAD". Make it such a paper that no graduate nor undergraduate will be ashamed to own it as the representative of the "blue and white," as a fair standard by which to judge the brains of Westminster.

Dedicated to Miss Elvie Burnett.

This little Prof. went to Pittsburg,

This larger Prof. went along.

This speckled Prof. played base ball,

This "lovely Prof." sang a song.

This married Prof. cried, "Hally Gee,

I alone am one of the bon ton."

LOCALS.

Miss Mae McKelvey is ill with measles.

Miss C's favorite expression—Great Scott.

Mr. A. Nelson visited his son John, Jan. 27, '98.

How, where and when did Miss Mc—lose an overshoe?

Walter J. Stewart, '99, spent Sabbath, the seventh, at home.

Miss Myrtle Stewart's mother and little sister paid her a visit recently.

Mr. Ernest Porter, '96, spent Sabbath, the thirteenth, with his parents.

O. R. Degelman spent Sabbath, Jan. 30, at his home in Allegheny.

Prof. Morgan Barnes spent Sabbath, Feb. 6, at his home in Grove City.

Prof. C. C. Freeman has been unable to go around for a few days owing to an attack of mumps.

The present HOLCAD staff has handed in its resignation and the next issue will be put out by the new staff.

Mr. H. Phythyon brought his valentine down with him on the Sharpsville the morning of the fourteenth.

Owing to the absence of Dr. Ferguson on Sabbath, Feb. 13, Rev. Barr of the First church, conducted the services.

Miss Bessie Harris, a student of Beaver college, was a guest of the Misses Kyle for a few days.

Mr. John Cook of McDonald, spent a few days with his brother at the Best mansion.

Query—In what respect does Mr. D. resemble Daniel? He is not afraid of Lyons (lions.)

The Seniors made their first appearance in their caps and gowns at chapel Tuesday morning, Feb. 8.

George Dixon, a former student, spent a few days visiting his grandparents the first of the month.

Miss Beulah Stewart, has gone to her uncle's, who is a physician, to undergo a course of treatment.

The American Literature class has completed its work and will soon take up the study of English words.

Willie R—attended a supper the other eve where the price was supposed to be seventy-five cents per plate.

Miss Grace Reiber of New Castle, a former student of this college, graduates in violin at Geneva in the spring.

Miss Degelman of Allegheny, was the guest of the Misses Dean and Richmond a few days the first of the month.

Miss Harper and Miss Smeallie returned Monday evening, Feb. 7, after spending some time in New Castle doing PART of their mid-winter shopping.

Miss Nellie Sloss, '96, who teaches in Chase City, was home for several days recently on account of the serious illness of her sister, Mrs. Davis.

Miss Helen Brooks, College Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association of Pennsylvania, visited the Westminster Y. W. C. A, recently.

January 25 was observed as the day of prayer for colleges. Prayer meeting was held in the morning and services conducted by the Rev. Sharp in the afternoon.

A German conversation class has been organized which meets every Saturday evening. This is certainly a progressive step and deserves to be commended.

Mr. Will Fulton, '94, and Newton Walters, '95, visited their friends over Sabbath, Jan. 23. Mr. Walters filled the pulpit for Rev. McElree and delivered a very able discourse.

Owsley has established a school in the third floor of the Clark building which threatens to rival even that of the ancients in glory and renown. His disciples at the present writing are Boggs and Whelan.

It is just about a year since we listened with pleasure to an evening's reading and a talk in chapel the next morning by Professor Clark of Chicago University. We have applied his test of true appreciation, and feel convinced that his reappearance would be hailed with delight.

ATHLETICS.

The basket ball games between the classes so far this season have been well at-

tended and good games have been played. The scores have been as follows:

- 1.—Fresh., , Preps, .
- 2.—Sophs, 15, Jr., 6.
- 3.—Preps, 11, Sr., 8.
- 4.—Fresh., 14, Sophs, 12.
- 5.—Jr., 14, Preps, 1.

The first outside game was played with Geneva in our gymnasium Feb. 12, and resulted in a victory for Westminster by a score of 21 to 4. The work of Sam McKim at center was strictly first class, while Witherspoon and Kuhn demonstrated their ability to play the game by their fine goal throwing. McKim threw the fouls and managed to get in three. The game was well attended and thoroughly enjoyed by all. The line-up was as follows:

Westminster.		Geneva.
Witherspoon.	R. F.	Whitmyre.
Kuhn.	L. F.	Levis.
McKim.	C.	Todd.
Breder.	R. G.	} George. Martin.
Degelman.	L. G.	
		} Long. Torrence.

Referee—Holmes. Umpires—Ayers and Thompson. Goals from field.—Witherspoon, 5; Kuhn, 4; Levis, 1. Goals from fouls.—McKim, 3; Levis, 2.

J. E. Sullivan, Secretary of the A. A. U., was appealed to in regard to Degelman's 220-yd. race last year. His decision is that Degelman won the race, Brownlee, sec., and that the prize should be returned to the winner.

The annual meeting of the Western

Penna. Inter-Collegiate A. A. A., was held Saturday afternoon, Feb. 3, at the Seventh Avenue Hotel. Representatives from Grove City, W. & J. of Geneva, W. U. P. and Westminster were present. O. R. Degelman, Walter J. Stewart and W. J. Holmes looked after the interests of Westminster. It was decided to hold the Inter-Collegiate Field Meet at Schenley Park, Pittsburg, on May 21, '98. This date is earlier than last year, but it was necessary on account of Geneva's commencement coming on May 26. It is expected that the prizes this year will greatly exceed in nature those of last season. A strong effort is being made to secure gold watches for first prize and suitable articles for second and third. W. & J. feel confident of first place again, but other colleges hope to trail her colors in the dust.

MUSIC AND ART.

The Chorus Class has started upon its work this term with good attendance. The new choruses are. "Softly Fall the Shades of Evening, by Hatton, "Since First I Saw Your Face," by Ford, and Spofforth's "Hail, Smiling Morn."

The Adelphic Orchestra is doing good work under the new director, Prof. Peterson.

The Temple Quartet gave a very enjoyable concert on the evening of January 27th. This was their second appearance before a New Wilmington audience, and they sus-

tained the high reputation gained last year. The reader, Miss Burnett, was also well received.

The drawing class, preparatory to Botany has about completed its work.

Geo. Edwin Shiras the New Castle artist, who is a nephew of S. Russell Smith, the great Philadelphia artist only recently deceased, gave a very successful entertainment in the college chapel, Monday evening, January 17th. It was a chalk talk and was enlivened by several very meritorious pictures, hastily drawn. It dwelt largely upon the philosophy of art, the subject being "Picture Building." Animals, men, women, fruits, and landscapes were drawn with great rapidity and some very instructive observations were given upon art topics more or less familiar to the audience.

The music by the Philomath mandolin club on the last evening of Junior orations, was highly appreciated by the audience.

ALUMNI.

The wife of Rev. James Crow, '59, one of the first students of Westminster and now a prominent minister of Philadelphia, is dangerously ill.

Missionary John S. Thompson, '88, has returned home on account of illness.

W. W. Barr, '91, has been appointed administrator of the estate of his father, who died recently in Washington county.

Newton J. Walter, '95, a student at the Allegheny Seminary, occupied the pulpit of the Second church Jan. 23, and acquitted

himself very creditably.

W. B. Anderson's wife, who has been ill so long with typhoid fever, is slowly improving.

Rev. W. J. Graham, class of '80, has resigned the pastoral charge of Center congregation in Midway. The Chartiers Presbytery is called for Feb. 15 to act on the resignation.

Miss Sara S. Madge, '95, is a popular and successful teacher this winter in the schools of Atlantic, Iowa.

Rev. Ross T. Campbell, '86, principal of the Pawnee, Neb., academy, preached the annual sermon before the students of Tarkio College, Mo., on the day of prayer for colleges.

Visitors representing the alumni lately were Rev. Swearingen, '91, Dr. A. H. Elliott, '92, of Emsworth, and Chas. D. Fulton from the seminary.

Mr. Andrew M. Robb, '88, a prominent young member of the Allegheny county bar, died in Pittsburg Jan. 27, from heart failure. Mr. Robb prepared for college at Ingleside academy, McDonald, Pa., and was graduated from Westminster with the class of '88. He studied law in the office of his uncle, John S. Robb, the well-known attorney of Pittsburg.

Rev. W. D. Strangeway, class of '94, was ordained to the gospel ministry by the Caledonia Presbytery of Jan. 25, and installed pastor of the U. P. church at Beulah, N. Y.

The Rev. D. T. McCalmont, class of '87, is to be installed as pastor of the Rocky Spring U. P. congregation in the Beaver Valley Presbytery on Feb. 24. Rev. McCalmont left Glade Run in the Allegheny Presbytery to take charge of the Rocky Spring congregation.

W. H. King, '92, a prominent teacher of Ashtabula, O., will speak at the Round Table of Superintendents and Principals of Western Pa. and Eastern Ohio, to be held in Sharon Feb. 18 and 19 on "How can the standing of pupils best be determined." Dr. Ferguson is also on the program for the meeting.

COLLEGE WORLD.

A chair of geography has been established at the University of Wurzburg.

A medical school for women opened not long ago at St. Petersburg with 165 students enrolled.

Mr. Thomas McKean of Philadelphia, has given \$100,000 to the University of Penna. for a building for the law department.

Thirty scholarships have been established in the department of philosophy in the University of Penna. Ten will be available this year, twenty next year and the whole number the year following.

President McKinley has been appointed a trustee of Mt. Union College, Alliance, Ohio.

Professor O. C. Marsh of Yale, has presented to that university his valuable scientific collections now deposited in the Peabody museum in Cambridge.

The Yale corporation has decided to appoint a committee to prepare for the proper celebration in October, 1901, of the bi-centennial anniversary of the granting of the charter to Yale college.

The total enrollment at Brown this year is 860.

A system of self government based on the honor system has been adopted by the Lehigh University.

The Amateur Athletic Union has notified the members of its registration committee throughout the United States that notices will be sent out that all amateur base ball players will be required to register and that sanction must be obtained for base ball as well as for basket ball.

A complete collection is being made at Princeton of the various student publications, including literary periodicals of the college, programs of class day exercises, literary society publications, class histories and other papers bearing on student life.

The Young Women's Christian Temperance Union of New Jersey, at its ninth annual meeting in February, took action advising that young men be kept away from such colleges as Yale and sent to such as throw about the students more restraint in the matter of temperance and good morals. A wise action, certainly.

The director of Sibley college, Cornell University, has been authorized to establish a full professorship of railway machine design and locomotive construction. At present this work is carried on in the regular departments.

Probably more students attend the University of Berlin than any other similar establishment in the world. At the present time the names of 5,921 students are enrolled as attending the various lectures. Of these 448 belong to the theological faculty, 2000 are medical students and the philosophical faculty owns 2182. The number studying law is 1291.

Cornell has received another gift from the Sage family, this time in the shape of a handsome building to be used as a university hospital and an endowment of \$100,000 with which to conduct it. This luxury which is to be called the Cornell infirmary is a hospital for sick students. Students will pay for the actual cost of the board while in the infirmary.

Ex President Fairchild of Oberlin college, has just celebrated his eightieth birthday. Sixty-three years ago he entered Oberlin and he has ever since been connected with the college as student, tutor, professor or councillor. During this time he heard over 300,000 recitations in the institution.

In Chicago Feb. 8, two thousand students of Rush Medical College, the Chicago College of Dental Surgery, and the Marquette school engaged in a fight with forty policemen, a fight which lasted nearly all

afternoon of that day. The trouble began by the students engaging in a snow fight in which the policemen interfered and before it was all over several students and officers were injured and about twenty-five students placed under arrest. The excitement crowded the streets in that part of the city.

A course of study in library science has been organized in the Corcoran Scientific School of the Columbian University, Washington, D. C., with Dr. A. R. Spofford of the Library of Congress as head professor, with two assistants. The full course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Library Science requires four years for its completion and embraces the regular subjects of a modern language course in colleges in addition to the library topics.

A bill to establish the University of the United States in Washington, D. C. is before both houses of Congress. Such a bill was introduced by Senator Edmonds in 1890 and referred to a select committee, which reported unanimously in its favor. The standing committee since appointed has also reported unanimously in its favor and the bill will probably be passed during the present session. Among the provisions of the bill are the following: The government is vested in a board of regents and a university council. The board of regents embraces the President of the United States, the Chief Justice of the United States, the Commissioner of Education, the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, the President of the National Academy of Science the President of the National Education As-

sociation, the President of the University, and nine other citizens appointed by the President by and with the advice and consent of the senate. No two shall be from the same state.

EXCHANGES.

We acknowledge the receipt of the Scio Collegian, the Phoenix and the College Beacon. These new exchanges will be read with interest.

There is a plan now under consideration to consolidate Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which would make one of the largest universities in the world, with a total of 6,000 students.

Good boys love their sisters,
So good have I grown,
That I love other boys' sisters,
Better than my own.—Ex.

In *Tassar* they call gum an elective because one needn't take it unless she chews.—Ex.

Learning without thought is labor lost; thought without learning is perilous.—Confucius.

An Ann Arbor student says they have just two rules, namely: "Students must not burn any of the college buildings, nor kill any of the professors.—Ex.

Irish mother.—"It's not that Oi hate yez that Oi bate yez—it's because Oi hev authority over yez."—Ex.

Bobby.—Mamma, am I a lad?

Mamma.—Yes, Bobby.

Bobby.—And is my new papa my stepfather?

Mamma.—Yes.

Bobby.—Then am I his stepladder?—Lombard Review.

He heard him give the college yell,

For joy he scarce could speak:

He murmured, "Mother, listen to

Our William talkin' Greek!"—Ex.

"Professor," said the weeping graduate, "I'm entitled to you for all I know."

Pray do not mention such a trifle," was the reply."—Ex.

"Is there an opening here for an intellectual writer?" asked a seedy, red-nosed individual of the editor

"Yes, my friend," replied the man of letters, "a considerate carpenter, foreseeing your visit, left an opening for you. Turn the knob to the right."—Ex.

'Tis not the course we take, nor the professors we have, nor the school we attend, but the work we do, that makes us men.—Ex.

One can move the keys of a piano so slowly that they give forth no music. So the duties of life may be performed so lazily that no melody is heard.—Penn Chronicle.

This month we give the list of our exchanges: Orange and White, Cooper Courier, Notre Dame Scholastic, Geneva Cabinet, Hiram College Advance, The Transylvanian, The Free Lance, Penn Chronicle, The Oracle, Washington Jeffersonian, The Otterbein Aegis, College Bulletin, The Dynamo, M. A. C. Record, College Chronicle, The Wittenberger, The Lombard Review, College Rambler, The Anchor, New Wilmington Globe, New Castle Courant-Guardian, Irving Sketch Book, The Amulet, The Cosmopolitan, Western University Courant, The Campus, Ohio Medical Journal, The Hermonite, The College Transcript, the Aurora, Silver and Gold, Scio Collegian, The Phoenix, the Bethany Collegian, Delaware College Review, The Tripod, the College Beacon.

THE HOLCAD.

Vol. XIX.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., MARCH, 1898.

No. 7.

The Holcad.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

Editors.

HARRY N. HOLMES, '99 EDITOR IN CHIEF
SANNIE STEWART, '00 ASSISTANT.
RENWICK GEALEY, '99 LIT' DEPARTMENT
MADE TURNER, '00 LOCAL
RUSSEL MILLER, '99 LOCAL
EDWARD FRAZER, '00 ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD
O. R. DEGLEMAN, '99 MUSIC, AND ART
FAITH STEWART, '00 EXCHANGES.
MONROE WITHERSPOON, '99 BUSINESS MANAGER

Publishers Notice.

THE HOLCAD is a monthly of ten issues a year, published by the undergraduates of Westminster College.

Entered at the Postoffice at New Wilmington Pa., as second class mail matter.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni, or any who are or have been connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Address all communications to THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

TERMS One copy per year, \$1.00. Single copy 15c.

EDITORIAL.

The HOLCAD has changed hands once more, for better or for worse we will allow

you to decide. The old staff have very gracefully stepped down and out, leaving us a clear field in which to win glory and renown. With touching devotion to the publication, they tearfully declared that they could not sever their connection with the dear old HOLCAD, but would place themselves among her esteemed contributors. We sincerely hope that they will stick to that resolution and come to our aid in time of need.

We take up the work with a feeling of incompetence, but with a determination to do our best for old Westminster. We say Westminster, because if we make the HOLCAD a success we are putting out a first-class advertisement for the college.

The staff must have the support of the entire college—faculty, students and alumni. It is your paper to make or mar, and on you rests a share of the responsibility.

The editors will of course make mistakes and may sometimes publish articles that are out of place, but consider our inexperience and

“Don't view us with a critic's eye,
But pass our imperfections by.”

College boys should be gentlemen at all times. Some of them seem to think

that college spirit excuses all acts of discourtesy to rival colleges, but it does nothing of the sort. As an example we mention the basket ball game with D. C. & A. C. when the crowd hissed referee Thompson for making decisions unfavorable to Westminster. Of course it is hard for the spectators to see their team get the worst of decisions, but a crowd of partisan boys is not always the best judge of fairness. The man who hisses an official not only disgraces himself but gives his college a bad name. Much evil and no good is accomplished by such rowdyism, so let us all sit down on the next offender and change him from sharp to flat.

Did it ever strike you how many things in this world we begin with the best of intentions and never finish? The number of books that we begin to read and throw down, never to take up again, the number of plans that we make, take one or two steps towards executing, and then drop forever, is simply appalling. The lessons that attract us during the first few pages and finally grow less interesting, and are discarded for something of greater charm, have a prominent place in student life. The newspaper and magazine articles that draw us to them by the bold head lines and striking features are begun with eagerness perhaps and then before any accurate idea of their contents can be gained, are left unfinished.

Is such a habit conducive to proper mental culture? Does each "unfinished thing" cause a gain or loss to the accuracy of our knowledge? Surely to know a thing thoroughly we must finish it, and if worth

knowing, it is worth finishing.

A person who goes through life without finishing can scarcely expect a "finished" life when he comes to leave this world. Let us resolve to finish everything worth finishing—not as we resolve every day in the class room to be better prepared for the next day—a resolution often forgotten and disregarded, but let us take this means of steadfastly building up strong and trustworthy characters.

Another term is drawing to a close and we will soon be in the midst of final examinations. This is a time which not only tests a student's knowledge but his honor as well. It is a deplorable fact that that so many students, seemingly above reproach in every other respect, show such dishonesty in examinations. Our aim in coming to college is not merely for the grades we get but for knowledge that will better prepare us for a successful life. If in striving to obtain this knowledge we learn to practice deception certainly our education fails, to a great extent at least, to accomplish its true purpose.

In many cases the beginning of this habit can be traced to a pure thoughtlessness and to the failure to realize that such acts, trifling though they seem, are flaws in the temple of character that will eventually weaken the whole structure. We are not judged by the manner in which we meet the great crises of life so much as by the way we fight the little battles, win the little victories.

Several of the larger Eastern colleges have adopted the plan of student govern-

ment in examinations, by which each student is put on his honor to take the examinations fairly and squarely, and any violation of this is dealt with by the student body. Almost invariably this method greatly diminishes cheating in these colleges and raises the standard of honor and integrity.

Physical training for women, both in gymnasium work and in athletic sports, is rapidly becoming popular and now receives a great deal of attention in all the larger colleges for women. Vassar, Wellesley and Smith all have well equipped gymnasia and that of Bryn Mawr is said to be one of the finest in the United States. In these, and many other colleges, the necessity of physical education is strongly emphasized and all students are required to take regular training. Thus women's colleges will inevitably raise the standard of health among women and at the same time will better prepare them for intellectual application and achievement, for a well developed body is essential to a well developed mind. Westminster has not been slow to indorse this and for a long time has granted the girls equal privileges with the boys in the gymnasium. Many of the girls take a great interest in the work and the class continues to grow in numbers and enthusiasm each term. Basket ball has been the leading attraction this term and many exciting games have been played.

Just as the Cuban situation was becoming a chestnut the world was startled by the news that the U. S. warship *Maine* had been blown up in Havana harbor.

On the suspicion of foul play by Spain, the dogs of war began to growl and tug at their chains, while sawdust-brained jingoes hissed them on. It is astonishing how little the mass of the people really know about foreign affairs. They wildly clamor for war before Spain's guilt is proved, considering her an easy victim. The intelligent thinking man realizes that in case of war the chances are that we will have to deal not only with Spain but with the half of Europe as well. Every European nation with the exception of Russia looks upon us with a jealous eye, and they would quickly seize an opportunity to "hand us a few."

Spain herself would be easy to manage after a month of war, although she might make things rather warm for us at first. She has not licked anybody for over 300 years, while her whole military system is so corrupt that she can scarcely trust her own men. The Cuban war has cost her \$250,000,000 and the nation's credit is worthless. When Columbus lived and flourished, Spain was mistress of the seas, but now she is scarcely mistress of the rain-barrel in her back yard.

If the possible war should be a religious affair, England would doubtless unite with us against the Catholic world, but we have 17,000,000 Catholics within our borders. What then? If the trouble remained political we might hope for Russia's aid or that French hatred would break out against Germany. But let us not consider a war at all probable. By the time this editorial is published it will be out of date and Spain will be brushing the flies off Uncle Sam with the olive branch of peace.

The Dreyfus case, which is now threatening to bring on a religious war in France, is one of the most diabolical incidents of modern history.

One can scarcely believe that an enlightened republic of the nineteenth century would charge a man of good family and unsullied reputation, with treason to his country, and subject him to a most atrocious punishment in the face of irrefutable evidence pointing to the guilt of another. But the outrage does not end here. Even the person who has the courage of his convictions to protest against such flagrant injustice and to lay the blame where it really belongs is fined 3,000 francs and sentenced to a year's imprisonment.

The German government has repeatedly announced semi-officially that it never had any intercourse whatever with Dreyfus, and Von Bulow has officially declared his innocence before the Reichstag, and still he remains caged like a wild beast and cut off from all communication with the outside world. But then he is only a Jew and it would never do to cast a stigma on the honor of the army, which is inviolate in the eyes of the French people. The Jews have always been bitterly persecuted in France, and this occurrence has greatly intensified the feeling between the Semitic and the Anti Semitic factions. Already some Jewish blood has been shed and a general uprising seems imminent.

The whole history of the case gives evidence of the fact that France has not entirely thrown off the influence of despotic rule and entered into the true spirit of a Republican form of government.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Whither?

In many respects, the life of a country resembles that of the individual.

There is the weakness of the child, the rigor of the strong man, and often alas also, the decline indicative of old age.

We have seen it so in the history of many a proud and prosperous people.

Shall it be true also of our great and glorious nation? Are we, as a nation, sailing into the peaceful haven of rest? Or can it be said that we are drifting, driven by the wind, and tossed?

Not quite 300 years have passed away since the vigorous shoot from the old stock was planted at Plymouth Rock. Shall it be too much to say that this is the branch from which the mighty United States have grown?

In order that the social fabric be substantial, society must be composed of different constituent principles.

Our forefathers built upon a firm foundation. The Dutch element pushed up the Hudson, the Royalist party passed up the James, the Pilgrims thrust their way into the interior.

These then as a mighty wedge, opened up the primeval fastnesses for the habitation of man. As the years passed by, the settlers became more independent. Finally, when the hour had come, they struck boldly for liberty! for country! and for God.

On the western shore of the Delaware, lay the peaceful city of Brotherly Love.

Then! in a small room, this mighty nation was born. Then! was drafted and

adopted, the most precious treasure in the possession of the American people. The declaration of independence absolved the colonists from all allegiance to the British crown.

Henceforth, they are to be a free, liberty-loving people. United, these states will stand, divided, they fall.

Accordingly, the wisest and ablest statesmen of the country, drew up the instrument which has served the nation so admirably for more than a century.

Greatest men of the period, grandest men in the annals of our country, their production as we view it through the fleeting years is sublime!

Thus the good ship of state sets out to sea. She is furnished with a well nigh infallible chart, the cherished and concise constitution.

Steered by it, she will weather many a storm. Unheeded means shipwreck, and loss of all that makes life dear.

Sail on! good ship, sail on! May your voyage be prosperous!

May the hand that holds the helm ever be firm!

May the craft of pirate never cross your course!

May your crew never mutiny! May your passengers ever be content and confident in you.

Since the birth of this century, our progress has been marvelous. The new in thousands of cases has replaced the old.

One hundred years ago our modes of travel were primitive. Men moved slowly. Now we glide over the earth's surface at a bewildering speed.

We are much advantaged, yet all this

endangers lives so dear. Thousands are killed, and tens of thousands are injured annually, for which we stand responsible.

Our hearts cry against it all, as we ponder the awful agony, the dark, dreary days and nights of mourning and despair. Surely the time for the end of this wholesale carnage is at hand.

The industrial world has also had its revolution. Employer and employe no longer work side by side. Machinery has fixed an impassible gulf between them. Competition to a large degree has ceased. Monopolies are thus formed. Abuses result. Man forgets the duty he owes his brother, and confusion follows. The laborer worthy of his hire is treated most unworthily. His expenses exceed his income. The wife and mother is forced to go out and work for her daily bread.

Society is thereby weakened in her strongest bulwark, the home.

Our population has become very diverse in character. The ignorant as well as the wise men of the east have turned their eyes toward the occident.

This is their land of promise. Millions from every clime and nation have come to our shores.

Unrestricted, much evil has resulted.

This fair territory has become the dumping-ground of Europe. Her moral refuse and corruption have been shipped to us.

We welcome the honest, industrious man, but we warn the evil doer from our borders.

The discontented of the great powers have settled among us. Imported to break strikes, they have learned to make them.

Of late, in labor troubles, the foreign element has greatly predominated. 'Twas so at Hazelton, where the order was given to fire upon fleeing unarmed strikers.

Men shot down like dogs! We call all to witness in this case, and in many others, the cowardice of incompetent officials. Time after time has the invertebrate officer meekly handed over his prisoner to outlaws.

Justice retarded! Justice baffled! Justice cast to the winds as a thing of nought, is the great breeder of anarchy.

In our large cities, where society should be strongest then, it is weakest. Government in these great centers of population is mainly a farce, a miserable failure. This is due to partyism, without regard to purity of politics.

The framers of our constitution, with wise forethought guarded against the power of the one man.

The President has but limited authority, but it is not so in the case of the money king. Unlimited sway in his hands is a menace to the nation.

What we need today, is special legislation to correct the many abuses not provided for under our present situation.

Were this the entire picture, 'twere easy to foretell the fate of the Republic. We have been passing through scenes of bloodshed, troublous times, domestic and foreign. But there is a brighter side. The clouds have rolled by, and a glorious splendor as at noonday has transformed the scene. Numerous organized forces for good have operated since the inception of the state. War clouds have hovered over our good ship, only to be dispelled. She has come off vic-

torious in all her engagements.

"Civil dissension" that "viperous worm that gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth," possessed her; but, in the end, the galling shackles were stricken from the children of bondage, and the Union was preserved:

While society has changed much, there is room for the humblest in exalted stations. Our greatest men have risen from lowly circumstances. There is a road for the rail splitter, for the tanner, and for the mule driver, to the highest position in the land.

Our population has a goodly proportion of the godly, energetic, Anglo Saxon people. Under their direction, America easily holds the key to all questions of international importance. With prophetic eye, we see in the ages to come, our good ship sailing proudly into port.

We hail thee! Mistress of the seas! Queenly ruler and leader of all nations!

Henceforth there is laid up for thee a crown of rejoicing, for thrice well hast thou performed thy mission!

W. J. HOLMES.

Cuba.

For the past two years the civilized world has watched with interest the struggle between Cuba and Spain. Although some, whose hearts love tyranny so much that they seconded the horrible outrages committed in Armenia, uphold Spain, yet the majority are in sympathy with the Cubans in their earnest, determined struggle for liberty. All admire spirit, energy and determination, but how much is it increased when they are exerted in a just cause.

The questions for controversy now arise. Is the cause of Cuba just? Had they grounds for breaking allegiance with Spain? Was Cuba really oppressed? We scarcely need to inquire into the condition of Cuba in her previous relation to Spain to find the answer. Spain has ever been a tyrant; her rule has always been a reign of cruelty, her laws, laws of oppression; her promises but deceptions. Since Cortez first placed his conquering foot upon the soil of Montezuma, Spain's career in America has been marked with blood. Her one ruling passion has been greed. This led her to the peaceful land of the Incas, where her course is marked by cruelty and treachery.

What need we expect from such a power on the island of Cuba, an island which the Spainards considered helpless? Nothing but tyranny could be expected, and facts go to prove that nothing but tyranny existed.

Men like Russell Conwell, who have given great study to this question inform us that the condition of the Cubans was little better than abject slavery.

Another question which presents itself is, Is the island of Cuba competent for self government? Is it not clearly demonstrating the fact that it is competent for self-government and at the same time able to carry on an energetic struggle, the aim of which is to enable them, unmolested, to assert those principles of government which they desire for themselves. Any society of men which shows the determination, the energy, the unity, and, above all, the spirit of liberty and patriotism, which the Cuban people have proved themselves to possess, are surely competent to form a permanent and

progressive civil organism.

In view of these facts as they exist, certainly the sympathy of all who enjoy freedom and love that glorious word "Liberty" should be with those brothers who are struggling for the same blessing. But on account of her position a peculiar responsibility rests upon the U. S. in respect to this affair. Here at her very door steps, our brothers, weak in numbers and weapons but strong in spirit, are assailed by a stronger and tyrannical power. God founds nations, and like individuals they are moral agents subject to His ethical laws. Nations have a mission. God planted those germs from Europe in the fertile soil of America. They have developed into a nation. He has clothed that nation with the signet of power, has given it a mission. What was its mission to Venezuela? What is its mission to that 'Gem of the Antilles' across the Florida strait? May our readers with divine aid solve this problem. May the cry of distress be heard as distinctly as the warning cry of danger. May the voice of duty and justice carry all before it, and the ultimate decision gain the sanction of Him, who presides over the destinies of nations. R. G.

The Spirit of Materialism.

From the summit of the nineteenth century, we look backward over the past ages. The development in every line seems wonderful. The intellect of man, so long accustomed to conquer whatever gave it opposition, seems almost unlimited in its powers of subduing nature to its will. Yet behold a paradox. While man stands at the apex of the great pyramid of sentient life, he is

still in bondage to his lower nature; and this bondage keeps him groveling in the mire of ignorance and superstition, and prevents him from growing into that higher spiritual life for which he was created.

When Adam and Eve were placed in the garden of Eden the only command was obedience; the only duty, love. When they fell from that most blessed estate of which man can conceive, they severed the only tie that can bind man to man and humnity to God, the tie of love. Immediately the will of man became "enmity against God" and a strife for supremacy among the first inhabitants of the world resulted in murder. This strife, the origination of which is to be seen in Cain, has grown with the race. Individuals strive to bring their brothers into subjection; class strive to rise above class; nations conquer nations, and all to elevate the individual or the nation. Had man not fallen into sin, these conditions would not exist; but since he has become alienated from God, he does not have that love for his fellow man that would make all endeavor "to bear one another's burdens and thus fulfill the law of Christ."

The selfish, avaricious desires of the human race for the material would hold humanity in subjection.

The desire of primitive man was for some material presence before which he might do homage, therefore he constructed idols and adored them as gods. The children of Israel, who had been guided so tenderly, so miraculously by an unseen hand, almost as soon as Moses, their leader, was separated from them, cried out for some material medium through which they might worship God. Aaron, on whom they looked

as their leader in the absence of Moses, knew the will of God, yet was led by popular opinion to construct the golden calf. Although they experienced the wrath of God and saw their image crumbled to dust, they had formed and still retained the desire for material gods, and by these were carried into the darkest ignorance and superstition. An ignorance and superstition from which they could be released only by the sacrifice of the "incarnate son of God." "His victory was the triumph of the race." He uncovered the image of the Father, which had been buried by traditional rubbish and sensuous materialism. He was the source of the pure streams of Altruism, which flow out and form the great ocean of eternal love. Yet the world was so possessed by avaricious desires that it could not understand His mission, and it crucified its Lord because His teachings interfered with its sensuous prosperity. Human nature was not to be overcome by what men considered fanatacism, nor have the teachings of Christ yet succeeded in reaching the minds and hearts of men and driving out the idol of self, at whose shrine man delights to worship.

In the great realm of human action the desire for the material world and for self-aggrandizement has ever been a master force. Principally to these desires are due the conquests, the discoveries and the inventions which have brought the world to the present degree of progress.

Yet, as we view the world to-day, in this most enlightened age of its history, under "the searchlight of the gospel" we are amazed at the selfish principles which dominate social and political organizations.

Although countless cities mark their fulgence on the vaulted heavens, the spirit of churches bearing aloft the golden crucifix, emblem of light and liberty to an alien race; the golden domes of capitol, waving on high the banners of their principals, piercing the skies in their eagerness to mount higher. Yet beneath all these earthly glories, monuments to the praise of men, is heard the disconsolate wail of the oppressed. Men striving to climb higher and higher up the mountain of fame, make stepping stones of their brothers and trample them under their feet, as it were, in their eagerness to accomplish their desires, disregarding the laws of God, obeying only the impulses of their depraved nature.

Politics has become so corrupt that politicians are generally regarded with suspicion because, first of all, they consult their own selfish interests, and when once they have woven the web and entrapped the masses, promises are forgotten, principles are sacrificed, and the world itself is for sale if it will bring to them more power. If it were not for the influence which wealth has over those in authority, the liquor traffic could not curse our land and blight our homes; the sweating system of our cities which destroys both body and soul of those our brothers enslaved by it, the dens of infamy and corruption which beguile the youth and corrupt the community, could not exist.

All about us, we hear the voices of our brothers calling out in their distress. Armenia, spoiled by the haughty Turks, Cuba, crushed beneath the foot of Spain, call in vain for mercy and redress; but their cries cannot penetrate the deaf ears of their avar-

icious spoilers. What care Spain and Turkey how much misery they produce so long as their coffers are filled with the spoils.

In mediæval civilization the church had so far turned from its mission that it became simply a means of bringing wealth to its leaders; and those who, discovering its true mission, attempted to reveal its corruption to the world, suffered all the horrors of dungeon, stake and gibbet. Nor has modern civilization produced that state of freedom and purity in the church that permits of free expression of thought and belief. The pulpit must refrain from denouncing crimes and sins lest it give offense and thus injure its support. For the church, that body which above all other organizations should be free from all worldly lusts, is permeated by the desire for the material world. It is a lamentable fact that the only redeeming quality of many men of high standing in our churches is their wealth. To these, the church is but a screen to keep their actions from the inspection of the world. Thus they drag the church into the depths of materialism.

It requires moral courage on the part of our ministers to condemn those who are increasing their wealth by swindle and oppression, and many shrink from the duty. Those who, both in social and political organizations have the moral courage to attempt to arrest the great material stampede which has come raging down through the centuries, must battle against a mighty force and perhaps experience social ostracism. The great ocean of human mind rises and falls, ebbs and flows, not in detached drops, but in one continuous mass. "The human race is bound together by a

thousand ties." and he who has the cunning and the power to strike the sympathetic cord may lead the mass either deeper into materialism or into a higher, nobler spiritual life.

The rhythmic march of the mass drowns the light footfalls of those who mark an independent time, yet it is the duty of those who have the true knowledge of Christ's mission, to continue marking an independent time, which being in harmony with all divine nature, must break the steady tread of the multitude and turn them back, each to bear his brother's burden toward that home which all so long have deserted. Then when we shall be free from the bondage of the material world, and prostrate ourselves at the feet of Calvary's sacred martyr, the disconsolate wail of the oppressed shall be turned to a song of never-ending praise.

R. R. LITTELL.

Action a Test of Truth.

Action is the putting forth of some power, and it is only affirmed of beings possessed of volition and intelligence. A plant may be spoken of as putting forth its leaves, and this is not called an instance of either power or action.

Man is voluntary and intelligent, capable of foreseeing the result of an exertion of power and that exertion of power subject to his will.

Actions are said to speak louder than words, and yet if this theory were fully and carefully examined, and if actions and words were compared side by side, and their number and intent known, the statement might not seem so valid. In fact, through

a neglect of the understanding, many ideas of the truth of action fall very short. Actions may be considered in so many different lights by so many different people, having so many different intellects, influenced by so many different surroundings, impelled by so many different impulses and actuated by so many different motives, that a great difficulty presents itself whenever a complete diagnosis of the validity of an action must be obtained.

Man's deeds are not so trifling that no examination or reflection is necessary, even if he individually plays such a minute part in the universe. As Dr. McAllister says, "Right is right and wrong is wrong and all attempts to prove the fact otherwise have failed." Yet to find out what is right and what is wrong, has, in the experience of many, been no small matter. Why? Numerous examples might be cited, but the following are most familiar.

Is a man of calm, even disposition, whose serenity is seldom if ever disturbed and who has inherited a most amiable and peaceful nature, to be weighed in the same balances, under the same pressure and at the same time as a man possessed of a fiery temper, ready to spring at the least provocation, who seems to have a satanic spirit struggling to free itself and who has inherited a quarrelsome, peevish disposition?

It is an old adage that violent anger is a short fit of madness. If this be literally true in any case, a man in such a fit of passion cannot be said to have command of himself. If real madness could be proved, it must have the effect of madness while it lasts, whether it be for an hour or for life. But the madness of a short fit of passion, if

it is really madness, is incapable of proof, and therefore is not admitted in human tribunals as an esculpation. And possibly there is no case where a man can satisfy his own mind that his passion, both in its beginning and in its progress was irresistible. The searcher of hearts alone knows infallibly what allowance is due in cases of this kind, without man's placing heredity, provocation, etc., on the balances. Still, a violent passion, though it may not be irresistible, is difficult to be resisted, and a man surely has not the same power over himself when angry as when he is cool. On this account it is allowed by all men to alienate when it cannot esculpate, and has its weights in criminal courts as well as in private judgment. It ought likewise to be observed that will and practice have a wonderful effect on action. That he who has accustomed himself to restrain his desires, enlarges by habit his power over them, and consequently over himself. When we consider that a Canadian savage can acquire the power of defying death in its most dreadful forms, and of braving the most exquisite torment for many long hours without losing command of himself, we may learn from this that in the constitution of human nature, there is ample scope for the enlargement of that power of self command, without which there can be no virtue or magnanimity. There are cases in which a man's voluntary actions are thought to be little, if at all, in his power on account of the violence of the motive that impels him. The magnanimity of a hero or of a martyr can scarcely be expected in every man, and on all occasions.

If a man trusted by the government

with a secret which is not his to reveal, and which is high treason to disclose, be prevailed upon by a bribe, there is no mercy for him, and the greatest bribe hardly allows any excuse for his crime. But on the other hand, if the secret be extorted by the rack, or by the dread of the presence of death, there is more pity for him and it would be thought severe and unequitable to condemn him as a traitor, and why? Was it not the mind in one case and the body in the other? Why so great difference? One is a cool motive and the other a violent one, and only men of uncommon strength of mind are masters of themselves in such a situation. And yet, are more victories won over the weaned mind or the weaned body. If a man resists in either case, his fortitude is to be admired and his conduct is thought to be more heroic than human. If he yields, it is imputed to human frailty. He is perhaps to be pitied rather than censured.

Who can truly explain the revealing of the government secret, the cause and extent of the angry passion, and the almost irreclaimable hold of habit? Ah, where shall the line be drawn, and where on earth is the one capable of drawing it? For what is truth?

Aristotle in his ethics, says of truth, 'It were perhaps best to consider good universal and examine how it is named; although this question be painful to me, because the doctrine of ideas was introduced by persons whom I sincerely love. Nevertheless, for truth's sake, it will perhaps be judged the best course for a philosopher to sacrifice even his own proper opinions. For though friendship and truth be both objects of love, I regard it as a sacred duty to prefer the lat-

ter.

"What is truth?" said the jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer. If answer is made that it is conformity to fact, then a difficulty equally as unsurmountable looms up, as the true, honest facts are hard to know.

Reason is necessary for true action. Knowledge consists in a perception of the agreement or disagreement of our own ideas. The knowledge of the existence of all things without us is acquired only through our senses and reason is necessary both for the enlargement of our knowledge and regulating our assent.

Sense and intuition reach but a very little way. The greatest part of our knowledge depends upon deductions and intermediate ideas, and in those cases where we are fain to substitute assent instead of knowledge and take propositions for true, without being certain they are so, we have need to find out, examine and compare the grounds of their probability. In both cases the faculty examining and applying certainty we call reason. Taking that by truth is meant the inward conviction, as for instance, one man may strike another, knowing at the time that it were better to keep peace, but because of the provocation he allowed his knowledge of right and wrong to be pushed aside. His action was true to his impulse, but contrary to his knowledge of right and wrong.

Custom may lead to that which is entirely in opposition to the actor's desires, but he cannot turn from the oft traveled road as soon as he can change his ideas about it. The burning desire for whiskey may overpower one who votes the Prohibi-

tion ticket and condemnation is ready for him from many who see only the false side of the act, false of course only as regards his conviction.

Many instances have been cited where friends and relatives have been deceived and kept in ignorance for years of certain of their friends' views concerning certain things as religion, politics, etc. What shall be said of such lives? Lives lived in contradiction and still true lives in that they are carrying out some weak spot in the character which cannot come out. The expected action is supplemented by one altogether in variance with the expectation. The words are few and not in accord with belief and intent. Dr. McClure's life, portrayed by Ian McClaren is one of these, and who even after years of experience and of watching different traits in different characters can with any degree of accuracy attempt to explain the motives and action of even one life. All that can be said is, part of it is true and part is not, leaving the cloudy, obscure and unknown part to the One who knoweth all things well, even to the deceitfulness of the heart.

In some lives the thread is clear, bright and glistening, leading beholders on to purer, better and nobler lives, growing more lovely and beautiful each day. In others, it is just a common, every day thread, never different, never changing, always the same, no alluring points about it. Still it is ever there, ready for use. Still another, is so clouded, so variagated that from the first to the last the purpose, the inner life, is never known, and thus man moves. Although he is a moral and accountable being, he echoes the saying of the Apostle Paul, "The

things I would do, I do not and the things I would not, that I do.

From this we see that no man's action can be declared to be true, that the test reveals truth, only set up in two different ways, namely true to some part of the character and true in that another part is shown in its true light. Dissecting and analyzing action as much as we will, the only conclusion that can be arrived at is, Only through a perfect will, a perfect understanding and a perfect reason, can true action ever be attained and no one except the Man of Galilee has ever revealed to us true action.

LIDA POMEROY.

Culture of the Higher Emotions.

It is probably true that the most valuable part of our learning is the knowledge we have of ourselves, that our Alma Mater's best exchange in return for our dollars is the revelation of the various powers of our being and the inclination to rightly use them. We are born into the world in ignorance, not only of our environment, but of ourselves. The first step in understanding self is the thorough knowledge of the physical body, its peculiar anatomy and mysterious functions, the laws of its activity and healthy preservation. A right conception of these things is the student's first important acquisition. The oft quoted phrase, "Blessed is the man who doesn't know he has a stomach" is no beatitude in these days. Happiness urges us, and the crowding sceptres of disease and death compel us to know all we can of the laws of physical life and health. And God demands it, for the laws of health are the laws of God, and their

transgression, sin. Whole nations have yet this first step to take, and multitudes have yet to learn that the body is more than raiment."

But our Mater wouldn't deserve the appellation, Alma if she did not acquaint us also with the powers of thought and the laws of their operation. Introduced into this hitherto unfamiliar sphere of mind, we have spirit, not matter, to deal with. And it is not so easy to learn to set the memory or imagination to a task as the hand to its material labor. Nor is it easy to understand the laws and conditions under which the mind acts best, and to apply them in our study. Yet the prevalence of falsehood, pretense, superstition and doubt in the world, as well as its many beautiful realities, bid us develop, discipline, and control the mental powers entrusted to us all.

The preceding has been premised merely to give a better conception of the fact that in understanding and controlling self "there remaineth yet very much land to be possessed." And the worst of it is, the sphere with which we are most unfamiliar is the sphere with which we have most to do, viz., the higher emotions. And in this respect I think the student may justly record a complaint against the fostering care of the Alma Mater.

A college training is not to change an individual's work in life so much as to enable him to do that work in the right spirit. What we might have done for vain glory or self aggrandizement, we are taught to do from a sense of obligation, gratitude or benevolence. The difference in the moral standing of individuals is not in what they do, so much as the spirit in which they do

it. When Paul wrote that children should obey their parents, he joined to that common duty the highest of motives, "because it is right." He urges slaves to do their service, not as men pleasers, but as though they were serving God and doing his will. Surely this was "hitching their wagon to a star." It was attaching the highest of motives to the meanest of service. But we are not responsive to the highest emotion. The old mendicant on the street corner seldom succeeds in appealing to the compassion of passers by. When we stand before the milliner's shop windows we hardly know whether to pity or admire. To many there appears no incongruity in having in one end of a room the motto, "Blessed are the merciful," and in the other a caged bird. Few of us could have been friends of the poet Cowper, who said, "I would call no man my friend who causelessly sets foot upon a worm." And beside this, the desires for esteem, power and wealth powerfully rule the lives of even college bred men. While a life thus dominated may not be actually bad, it is not what it ought to be nor what it should be under our present system of Christian morals.

There is a scale in our motive powers not in degrees of pitch, as in music, nor of power, but in degrees of holiness. Lowest are the appetites and instincts, which belong to the body and which we have in common with brutes. They are the most human. Dominated by these we live a life after the flesh—a sensual life. A life not at all ideal, but which has hundreds of illustrations.

Above these are the desires and affections, which rule the great body of mankind, which urge us to seek wealth, power,

knowledge and society. The affections which center about the family, friends, home, country or business—things on the earth. Guided by these, the life may be sober, upright and intelligent; or, when the desires are inordinate or their objects unworthy, it may bring forth the awful products of the depraved and reprobate life.

But above all are the religious emotions—christian graces, as the pulpit calls them. the highest feelings of the soul, farthest removed from the human and closely allied to the divine. A life dominated by these becomes less natural and more spiritual. It is in the realm of the higher emotions of peace, charity, gratitude, obligations, adoration, joy, meekness, humility and faith, that the student feels the need of a better introduction and a closer acquaintance. We are willing to acknowledge what Christian morals teaches, that these higher emotions should dominate the life; that it is a duty laid on us all to free ourselves as far as possible from the power of the lower impulses—to put under the body, and to live under the impulse of the higher emotions. In Pauline phrase, to put off the old man—the dominion of the appetites, desires and affections, and put on the new man—the dominion of the higher emotions.

It is possible to put ourselves under the power of whatever emotion we please, for emotions are born of ideas. Give an individual a clear idea of his moral imperfection and depravity, and immediately there is born in his soul the feeling of humility. Give him a clear idea of his dependence upon God for every comfort and favor of life, and there arises the sense of gratitude. Enable him to perceive that there is beauty

in holiness, and he is ready to adore it. To develop in ourselves these higher emotions and act under their impulses, it is necessary for us to get right ideas of God, of duty, of ourselves, and the relationships of life. To live under the beneficent direction of these lofty and divine emotions, and repress the lower propensities of our nature, perhaps, is what Paul calls dying unto sin and living unto righteousness; what Herbert Spencer calls separation from an old environment and establishing communication with a new environment; and it accords with the great temptation of the Christ, who yielded neither to his appetite nor to his desire, but stood secure under the power of the higher emotion of faith.

The culture of these higher emotions, we feel ought to be one of the results of the work of our college years. We expect here to be set right, and to be able to feel right, on the great moral questions of life. It is necessary to our happiness, and to good citizenship, to have a right attitude toward God, nature and ourselves; and it is rather unfair for the Alma Mater to dismiss us with these great conceptions still in embryo. It seems idle to supinely wait for some divine power to bestow these higher emotions, or Christian graces, upon us as gifts. These fruits of the spirit are growths of the soul, and will come *'sua sponte'* when we get right views of things. True, we have heard of these things by the hearing of the ear, but what we need is to see them; to look upon nature's phenomena, like David, who saw all nature obeying its Creator, and who thus writes about the passage of the Red Sea: "The sea saw its lord, and fled. What ailest thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest?"

A soul so impressible as this is almost divine—"after God's own heart." A life developed like the Hebrew poet, is not a circle where the end meets the beginning and the old man becomes a child again, but a straight line—a race, with its goal the perfect man. We are taught that the soul immediately after death shall be made perfect in holiness. Shall there be much change in the soul that through life endeavors to live under the dominion of these higher emotions? Such a mind

"is its own state,
and of itself can make a heaven of hell."

In connection with these, there are two other thoughts of interest that append themselves, and which lend additional reason for the culture of the higher emotions. What shall constitute the soul after it is made perfect in holiness? If the soul now is made up of our appetites, desires, affections, emotions, conscience, will, and the mental faculties, shall all these powers exist in the perfected soul? It seems reasonable that the five appetites, which minister the physical body, shall not be needed when the body becomes spiritual; and that the many affections which center about the family, will not be needed in the life where there is no family, nor any other human relationship; and that many of the desires shall fail for lack of something to feed upon. On the other hand, we are expressly told the perfected soul shall be impelled by the higher emotions of adoration, praise, joy, love, gratitude—the same feelings that ought to impel us now and here.

This view gives to life its greatest encouragement. The passionate impulses and desires of youth gradually fail, but the

higher emotions sweeten and develop with age. That is a sad picture of old age, which Solomon drew when he described it as a time when the appetites grow languid, the senses dull, the desires fail, fears in the way, body feeble, and the years have no pleasure in them. How discouraging life must be to the old man who wishes he were young again, to be willing to go back when so near the goal! But the good old man, freed from vanity, anger, revenge, envy and other grosser motives, lives in the peaceful environment of the higher emotions, akin to the divine, the happiest period of his life. O. W. RANEY, '98.

The Shortness of Life.

Life is very short. This theory is commonly accepted.

Some men have lived a long time. Among these were Methusaleh and Adam. Methusaleh lived 965 years. He lived in the latter half of the Tertiary age.

Adam was the first man. He was the oldest man living when he died.

Enoch never died. Neither did Elijah. This is uncommon.

Some great men have lived very short lives. Among these were Alexander and Lord Byron. Alexander sighed for some more worlds to conquer. He died of snakes at thirty-one. He had them bad. Byron was a young man of parents, who wrote poetry. He died at twenty-six. This is twice thirteen.

Thus we see that life is short. Life is not the only thing that is short. Time and money are both short. So is this essay.

LOCALS.

Did Nelson get sick from sympathy?

Where was Grier the last week in February?

What's the matter with our basket ball team?

A Daniel come to judgment.—John Donaldson.

Bill Ramsey thinks that Katy D(ids) are out of season,

Dr. in History of Philosophy.—How about this Transcendental Anaesthetic?

Miss D— has met with great success on her latest Barn(e)storming trip.

Miss Bessie Stewart has become a very enthusiastic student in chemistry.

Miss A— admires Seville(ity) in a young man more than any other trait.

Bert Chambers gets into more hair raising scrapes than any other fellow in town.

Shipler's ideas of the fitness of things compelled him to pronounce "Jagdfiasche," jag-flask.

Miss C— does not need to think that she is a whole mountain because she has a Peak.

Long evidently believes in the Socratic method of education, as all his classes can testify.

Did Dog-bobbitt enjoy the cake the girls handed out to him the night of the Senior party?

Mowry thinks that the spring fever will become a very wide-spread epidemic. He feels it coming on already.

Miss Kraeer wishes to announce to her friends that she has at last made a recitation in Moral Science.

Neville has become Lean over the shock received on the delivery of the telegram announcing the loss of his valuable box.

We would advise Mr. Churchill Mehard to procure the prescription Prof. Freeman mentioned in chemistry March first.

Miss K— is both capable and willing to furnish information as to how to spend a Monday afternoon profitably and enjoyably.

There seems to be a great rivalry between Marks and Prof. McElree as to who shall take charge of the musical department.

'Tis said that the reason why Profs. Barnes and Peterson shaved off their mustaches was because they did not want them any LONGER.

Notice:—A liberal reward will be offered to the person making the most accurate guess as to the number of hairs in D. A. Little's mustache.

Bill Purvis thinks it was no great thing to take Richmond, but it will be a Long time before he does it, for Grant was a man who could hold the reins.

Mehard and Whalen announce that they are now ready for a concert tour. Their program consists of mandolin and guitar duetts and solos.

To hear Jones inveigling against the allurements of the world is very edifying. Tommy will surely miss his calling if he doesn't become a minister.

Miss A— is thinking of raising a subscription to furnish the parlors, as she thinks it rather an imposition to entertain G— while he poses on the arm of her chair.

Feb. 28 as the Sharpsville express drew into the Grand Depot an unusual noise was heard, a cross between a steam boat whistle and a baby's squall. McCrory had bought a new white hat.

Jolin Lockhart thinks that, "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." He also thinks that there are three other seasons of the year to be devoted to the same purpose.

Prof. (assigning lesson in Virgil's "Descent to Hell.") "Take sixty-nine lines. You may go down that far." (Great applause by the class and outburst of wrath on the part of the professor.

Senior Dutch notes:

Chambers, (translating just as bell rings)—"And he kissed her hand—"

Miss McLaughrey, (blushing.) "That will do. That will do."

Question in Exam.—"State the argument of the play."

Answer.—"I didn't see much argument. It seems to be nearly all plain conversation."

A request has come in to the HOLCAD that the members of the faculty who have so recently shaved off their hirsute adornments, put the results together and supply the Hall parlors with cushions for the sake of the Friday callers. If a certain other Prof. would follow their example it would help this good deed along wonderfully.

AN EPITAPH.

Here lies the body of Churchill B.,
 Who smoked cigarets for a joke, did he,
 But one sad day his joke carried him away
 And now he will smoke for eternity.

Although those who had recitations the first hour, of course felt somewhat annoyed at the loss of the period, yet even this sorrow was overcome on hearing Dr. McAllister's splendid addresses on the reform movement. The Doctor is a very impressive speaker, and he held the attention of his audiences every minute of his lectures.

For a final Exam. the Geology class expected to be asked to reproduce LeConte's Geology in full, illustrated by drawings, but they were agreeably surprised, Chamber's mustache received a severe check when he was asked to write the name of the rhamphorynchus phyllurus. When he recovered himself he begged to be allowed to write the initials of the sanrian, but Miss Hanna hardened her heart against his entreaties

There was a Prof. in our town,
 And he was wondrous wise,
 He got the mumps and got his "bumps"
 Much to his own surprise.

And when he found the mumps he had,
 He to his room did hie him,
 And there for two long, bitter weeks,
 Those mumps stayed closely by him

* * * *

His illness now has run its course
 And he again a FREE MAN is,
 Most any day down at the "Lab."
 You'll find him tendin' to his "biz."

On March first, an event much looked forward to by those who were so fortunate as to be present, came off with great eclat—the Senior Party. There was a very interesting musical program consisting of selections by Prof. Peterson and Miss MacNall. Miss Atcheson gave a very pleasing

rendering of Mark Twain's "A Critical Situation." After a dainty repast, Dr. Freeman and Prof. Barnes gave toasts in the form of poems dedicated to the occasion, which were very much enjoyed. Prof. McElree was present with his usual fund of jokes. Those in his classes can realize with how great pleasure these were heard. Doctor's speech was full of valuable advice to young people about to enter on a new career in their lives and was very much appreciated. As the beginning of the round of festivities with which students at Westminster close their college life, it was hailed with mingled pleasure and regret.

—o—
 ATHLETICS.

The Sophs beat the Preps, 20-2.

Some of the boys took their first out door spin during the early spring weather.

The base ball candidates held a meeting in the Greek room and evinced some interest in the coming team.

The Indoor Meet will be held Saturday, March 19. The trophy for the winning class has not yet been selected.

The preparations for track and field work have been going on steadily in the Gym. Hurdling, high jumping and putting the shot have been practiced daily.

Our basket ball team took their first trip on Feb. 17th and succeeded, though under some disadvantages, in defeating Allegheny 10-3. The game had some rough features about it, and was played hard throughout. Our team's superior knowledge of the game got us the victory.

The Rayen School basket ball team visited us on the 22nd of February. They were not accustomed to our rules of play, but gave us a spirited game nevertheless. The team work of Westminster was excellent, clearly outpointing Rayen in passing. Score, Westminster 30, Rayen School 13.

Our victorious march was stayed when the D. C. & A. C. team visited here on the 26th of February. The game was a decided success in the views of both spectators and players. D. C. & A. C. showed their greater experience, quickly taking advantage of our mistakes, and playing a snappy game throughout. However, too much credit cannot be given our team for the showing they made, as we impressed even the visitors with our good work. Score, Westminster 11, D. C. & A. C. 21.

D. C. & A. C.	Westminster.
Nicolls	
Young } Forwards.....	Witherspoon,
Perry }	Kuhn.
Becker Center	McKim.
Leibel }	Breaden.
Marthens } Guards.....	Degelman

Summary. Goals from field—Nicolls 3, Young 1, Becker 4, Seibel 1, Witherspoon 2, Kuhn 3. From fouls.—Nicolls 3, Kuhn 1. Referee, W. J. Holmes. Umpires, Thompson and Jones.

Westminster played Mt. Union on March 10, and were defeated. But it was a defeat of which we can easily say without fearing the usual judgment against hard luck tales, that the officials made it so. The score gives evidence of this. The game, with this exception, was a very neat and interesting contest, no rough playing being indulged in, and the players acting as gentlemen throughout.

Summary. Goals from field—West-

minster, 1.	Goals from foul—Kuhn, 1,
Westminster.	Mt. Union.
Witherspoon }	Rice.
Kuhn. } Forwards.....	Fording.
McKim.....	Center.....
Berry. }	West.
Degelman } Guards.....	Miller.
	Hale.

Westminster went to Geneva on March 5 and played the most unsatisfactory game of the season. Geneva resorted to dirty play in order to cover up her defects in the knowledge of the game, and we were only saved from further annoyance by the good work of the umpires. All the boys put up a good game, and we could not help winning. Score, Westminster 19, Geneva 9.

Geneva.	Westminster.
Levis. }	Witherspoon.
Whitmyre } Forwards.....	Kuhn.
Todd.	Center.....
Torrence }	McKim.
Martin. } Guards.....	Berry.
	Degelman.

W. & J. have sent us a communication concerning an action taken by the W. U. P. It is a plan proposed by the W. U. P. of forming a new Inter-Collegiate Association with closely defined rules and limits. We can safely say that it is but another of W. U. P's. bubbles, and that the old association will continue. W. & J. also ask whether we would be in favor of admitting Bethany and U. of W. Va. into the association. This would hardly do for this year, but the idea should be carried out next year.

The Inter-Collegiate Association of Western Pennsylvania met in the Y. M. C. A. rooms of Pittsburg, Saturday afternoon, March 13. Representatives of Geneva, Grove City, W. U. P., W. & J. and Westminster were present. Nothing definite as to the prizes could be done. Mr. Moreland, the representative of the city of Pittsburg, not appearing. A list of officials was sug-

gested, from which men will be chosen. The fact that the State Inter-Collegiate Meet is to be held May 21 in Pittsburg, will probably necessitate the postponement of W. P. I. A. A. Field Meet to May 28. Scoring of points this year will be as follows: 1st place 5 points, 2nd 3 points, 3rd 2 points, 4th 1 point. These prizes will be offered for each event.

MUSIC AND ART.

Miss Smeallie has about completed a large rose-bowl. It is indeed a work of art.

Miss Geahring has finished a water-fall scene by Walter Satterlee.

Miss McCune, who will leave us at the end of the term, has about completed two handsome vases, one of roses and the other a bridal scene. She is also working on a water color of the campus as it appeared enveloped in a snowy coat.

The term's work of the music department will be completed Tuesday night, March 15, when the chorus class, assisted by the Adelpic Orchestra and Miss Atchison, will give us a delightful entertainment. The chorus class now numbers about fifty and have been indulging in a great deal of extra work in preparation of this event.

A visit to our art gallery is a pleasure few of our students indulge in, yet it would surely benefit them some. Too little notice is given to this department by most of the student body, and as they are not compelled to take it up, a branch of their education is neglected. And this is a branch which

gives that delicate, refining touch to all true students of aesthetics, enabling them to feel and perceive the deeper and most beautiful elements of common objects.

ALUMNI NOTES.

James McGoffin, '94, has recently begun the practice of law in Cincinnati, O.

Wil Beggs, a former student here, has been ill at his home in New Bedford, Pa., since the holidays.

Rev. Krohn, '86, of Penrith, W. Va., has been seriously ill for several weeks and he is still in a critical condition. Little hope is entertained of his recovery.

J. C. Hanley, '97, and Harry Edgar, '96, spent a few days recently at this place, visiting their friends and looking after other matters of private importance.

C. D. Fulton, '95, filled the pulpit of the Second U. P. church, of New Wilmington on Sabbath, Feb. 27. He preached a very able sermon.

James Ferguson, '97, writes that he had the pleasure of going on board the Maine and making a thorough examination of her just before she started from Norfolk to Havana. He pronounced the vessel in good condition, and, having given orders for her to proceed immediately to Havanna, he left her and came ashore, and has since said that he was glad he did so.

Rev. J. K. McClurkin, '73, expects to make a tour of Palestine in the near future. The party in which he intended to travel, expected to sail March 5, and if nothing has prevented them, they are probably far on

their way to the Holy Land. The trip was made by way of the Strait of Gibraltar and the Mediterranean Sea.

A letter from Prof. Hahn, who is at Florence, Italy, studying voice, contains the following about himself: "I am getting along so much better than I had dreamed possible, that I am perfectly happy. My voice teacher is famous and certainly deserves it all. His name is Vanini. I do not expect to return to America until early June." Prof. Hahn expects to stop in New Wilmington on his way west.

COLLEGE WORLD.

Harvard College is about to erect a building as a memorial to the late Phillips Brooks.

The College of Mexico is the oldest college on this continent, having been founded fifty years before Harvard.

The Carlisle Indian School has an enrollment of 898. In this number, sixty-one tribes are represented.

Princeton alone of the colleges of the U. S., has the honor of a war vessel bearing her name. The "Princeton" will be launched in a few months.

The University of Chicago has posted a bulletin notifying students that it is bad taste to smoke near the entrance to buildings visited by women, adding that there is no rule beyond that of courtesy and good sense.

Rev. S. R. Lyons has been elected President of Monmouth college. Rev. Lyons seems to have met with general favor

among the faculty and students, and it is thought that he will accept the position.

Chicago University has an annual income of \$729,000.

In all the Universities of France there are no college papers, no glee clubs, no fraternities, no athletics, and they hold no commencement exercises.

There are four hundred and fifty-one colleges in the U. S. Of these, forty-one are closed to women and one hundred and forty-three do not admit men.

Dartmouth college holds the honor of having issued the first college paper in the U. S., and the still greater honor of having had Daniel Webster for its editor-in-chief.

The U. S. Commissioner of Education, reports that there are over 15,000,000 pupils enrolled in our public schools. What a tremendous responsibility for the future of our country rests upon our public schools.

There is a college at Rio Janeiro, Brazil, at which the freshmen are made to wear blue shirts, and are compelled to say "sir" to the higher classmen.

Harvard has just received \$20,000 from Mrs. William Belden Noble, of Washington, to endow a chair in memory of her husband, who was a clergyman in the Protestant Episcopal church, and who was graduated from Harvard in the class of '85.

Some facts concerning college graduates in the U. S. are that they number 1 in 500 of the whole population, and furnish 70 per cent of supreme court judges, 60 per cent of the presidents, 50 per cent of the senators and 3 per cent of the congressmen.

Prof. Gates, of the Smithsonian Insti-

tute, has made the startling statement that all crime will eventually be stopped by science. He thinks that if a man has a desire for stealing or murder, his brain may be cut and a portion containing this desire taken out. There's a good time a-coming.

The Alumni of Jefferson college, Canonsburg, Pa., are making an effort to fit up a Memorial Hall, where the Alumni may hold their meetings and where they may gather together relics of their Alma Mater. Jefferson college is famous as having held an important place in the earlier history of education in the Western Pennsylvania, and was considered for many years as the highest educational institution west of the Alleghenies.

President Harper, of Chicago, University, in a recent address proposed the establishment in Chicago of a Teacher's College to be located and conducted in such a way that teachers of the city schools might attend and work for a degree without interfering with their daily work. This proposition is an outgrowth of the University Extension work which has been successfully carried on by the University. Two thirds of the students of the Extension classes are teachers.

EXCHANGES.

"I am a part of all that I have met."

We are not what we are because of the way people treat us, but they treat us as they do because of what we are.

"Many men of many minds" has no reference at all to the dude. This specimen of the genus homo is hardly supposed to have a mind.—Ex.

A young man sells himself for far less than thirty pieces of silver who barter his manhood for a cigarette. There is no danger of his hanging himself. He never aspires to so dignified a taking off.—Ex.

Kind words drop to the heart of a man like the gentle rain of Spring drops upon the soil and draws forth from the soil all the germs of renewing life. Why not drop more of these words?—Ex.

There appears to be an increase of creative genius among the college students of to-day. In very many of our exchanges are short stories, which although not intricate in plot, are yet interesting and well enough written to deserve commendation. Such attempts are worthy of credit, as they are a step in the direction of the novel, the great instructor of the modern age.

None but a strong man can rise above petty faults. He is great who retains the respect of his fellow men in spite of imperfections. A weaker man is buried beneath his shortcomings. The sun has spots upon his disc that would obscure a lesser light.—Ex.

The Campus, the publication of Alleghany college, gives an account of the recent basket ball game between Alleghany and Westminster, which shows their ability to appreciate good playing and also gives evidence of the kindly feeling existing between the two colleges.

She.—"So you don't like that hat in front of us. How would you like to have it trimmed?"

He (savagely).—"With a lawn mower,"—Ex

The Dynamo contains an excellent article on "Adherence to Principle." We quote from it: "He portrays the truest type of manhood who, permeated by a firm conviction of right and justice, strenuously adheres to principle though it be buried beneath an avalanche of opposition."

Under an ancient elm she stood,
A fairy form in grey ;

Her eyes were bright as the stars of night,
As she merrily trilled a lay.
I stood in the window and watched her face,
It was wise and passing fair,
As the ditty she sang so merrily rang
On the waves of the evening air.
I was stirred to the depths of my very soul,
Ne'er heard I a voice like that,
And I threw all I owned at her very feet,
For she was my neighbor's cat.—Ex.

WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

FACULTY.

THE REV. R. G. FERGUSON, D. D.,
President and Professor of Mental and
Moral Sciences.

MARGARET McLAUGHRY, A. M.,
Professor of English Language and Literature.

J. J. McELREE, A. M.,
Professor of Latin Language and Literature.

C. C. FREEMAN, A. M.,
Professor of Mathematics and Chemistry.

MORGAN BARNES, A. M.,
Professor of Greek Language and Literature.

INA M. HANNA, B. S.,
Professor of Botany.

R. R. RAMSEY, A. M.,
Professor of Physics.

M. LUTHER PETERSON,
Director of Music.

LINNIE HODGFN,
Instructor in Art.

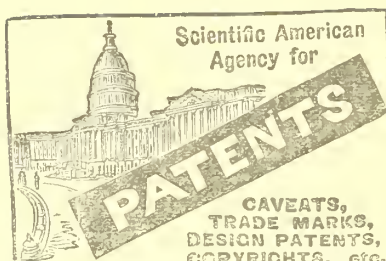
W. J. HOLMES. Physical Director.

Six Courses of Study—Classical, Scientific, Literary, Preparatory, Music and Art.

Musical Conservatory and Ladies Hall.

Three Terms in the College Year, Fall Term began September 8, 1897.

Address Rev. R. G. FERGUSON, President, New Wilmington, Pa.



For information and free Handbook write to
 MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
 Best bureau for securing patents in America.
 Every patent taken out by us is brought before
 the public by a notice given free of charge in the

Scientific American

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the
 world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent
 man should be without it. Weekly, \$3.00 a
 year; \$1.50 six months. Address, MUNN & CO.,
 PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York City.

Teachers Wanted.

Union Teachers' Agencies Of America.

Rev. L. D. Bass, D. D., Mgr.

Pittsburg, Pa., Toronto, Can., New Orleans, La.,

New York, N. Y., Washington, D. C., San

Francisco, Cal., Chicago, Ill., St Louis,

Mo. and Denver, Colorado.

There are thousands of positions to be filled.
 We had over 8,000 vacancies during the past sea-
 son, more vacancies than teachers. Unqualified
 facilities for placing teachers in every part of the
 United States and Canada. One fee registers in
 9 offices. Address all Applications to Pittsburg,
 Pa.

 * *J. C. Bragdon,* *
 * *Wood and Photo Engraver,* *
 * *78 and 80 Fourth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.* *

WRIGHT, LESLIE & CO.,

Desire to call the attention of students and patrons in general to their large
 and complete line of goods for **SUITINGS, PANTALOONINGS,**
OVERCOATINGS and GENTS' FURNISHINGS GOODS in General.
 Special attention given to clothes made to order. Call and examine our
 stock.

No 75 Washington Street, New Castle, Penn'a.

Blank Books, Writing Tablets,

AND

All Kinds of STUDENT'S SUPPLIES.

A LINE OF THE FINEST CANDIES IN TOWN.

John McKinley, M. D., Successor to McKinley & Haley,
 NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

THE HOLCAD.

Vol. XIX.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., APRIL, 1898.

No. 8.

The Holcad.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

Editors.

HARRY N. HOLMES, '99EDITOR IN CHIEF
SANNIE STEWART, '01ASSISTANT.
RENWICK GEALEY, '99LIT' DEPARTMENT
MADE TURNER, '00LOCAL
RUSSEL MILLER, '99ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD
EDWARD FRAZER, '00MUSIC, AND ART
O. R. DEGLEMAN, '99EXCHANGES.
FAITH STEWART, '00BUSINESS MANAGER
MONROE WITHERSPOON, '99

Publishers Notice.

THE HOLCAD is a monthly of ten issues a year, published by the undergraduates of Westminster College.

Entered at the Postoffice at New Wilmington, P., as second class mail matter.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni, or any who are or have been connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Address all communications to THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

TERMS One copy per year, \$1.00. Single copy 15c.

EDITORIAL.

There is no qualification which insures success in any station of life or in any line

of work so certainly as does industry.

Persistent effort and application are absolutely necessary to the attainment of a high degree of excellence in any vocation, even though one may be by nature specially qualified for his chosen profession or trade.

True, genius is valuable, but very often that which we call genius is simply the result of long continued diligence and untiring industry.

A person may have great natural talent, but if he fails to combine with this gift a willingness to work, he will invariably be outstripped in the race by the persevering plodder, who may possess little or no innate ability.

The student who can prepare his lessons with the least exertion does not always make the most brilliant recitation, but is often surpassed by one who finds it necessary to 'toil while others sleep.'

Many persons attach great importance to chance and luck but "luck is work" and there is no eminence which may not be won by patient persevering work.

A keen sense of humor is one of our national characteristics and it is generally

conceded that no other nation possesses this trait in so marked degree as Americans.

The obtuseness of the English is proverbial and is in itself a great source of amusement to us. The French are fond of sharp and cutting wit but have little appreciation for genuine humor. It is said that in Spain, humor has long been obsolete and judging by present indications it will probably be some time before she will have reason or opportunity to cultivate it again.

The American is the true humorist and he takes great pleasure and pride in using his propensity in this direction to good advantage. He knows that humor is powerful in influencing and will often overcome difficulties when wit, sarcasm and abuse will not avail in the least.

A quick perception, for the ludicrous does not indicate frivolity but quite the contrary as our noted humorists are known to be unusually serious and thoughtful men and many of them even sad.

Our standard comic journals advocate all that is elevating and enobling and often champion the cause of the weak and down-trodden when no word of sympathy is heard from any other quarter. For this reason an eminent authority has said that the penny paper does more to quicken charity and purify political corruption than the religious journal since it reaches the proper audiences and has the same effect that sermons would have if preached to the non-church-going people who need them.

The path of judges is not strewn with roses. They realize that the way of the transgressor is hard. Yet many judges de-

serve the maledictions hurled at them. Among these are the judges of debate at our regular society meetings. A more incompetent set of people would be hard to find as a well judged debate is the exception and not the rule and that exception is usually an accident. The performances are to be graded on the points brought out, thought, delivery, etc., but they are too often rated according to the number of jokes they contain. A debator may ridicule his opponent's argument while making none himself, may shout and wildly wave his arms with a pretense of earnestness, and may dazzle the audience with a flow of words that mean almost nothing but does he deserve the decision he so often gets? The man who earns the victory is he whose debate shows preparation, whose points are brought out clearly and are not sentimentally idiotic. Judge carefully, then, and look beneath the surface of a speech. It discourages a man to lose when he knows he should have won. When the society honors you by selecting you as a judge, you should do conscientious work in return and for at least a part of the time refrain from whispering and giggling with your neighbors.

We are just at the close of a very successful gymnasium season. The classes have been unusually large and the instruction and the lively interest in the work have been encouraging. Probably nothing contributed more to success than the excellent discipline maintained by the physical director. Some of the boys chafed a little under the strictness of this discipline but they didn't know what was for their own good. The

gymnasium is a place for pleasant exercise but not for so-called fun. When fellows play tricks on each other they trespass on the rights of those who wish to do honest, hard work. "Give a boy an inch and he will take a mile." If the discipline were at all lax the fellows would soon get beyond control of the director and good work would come to a speedy end. In the light of the past history of the gym, the older men ought to know enough to encourage the director in his stand for good order.

It is to be hoped that the present complications with Spain will awaken our government to the advisability of securing coaling stations in foreign seas. It has always been our stupid policy to refuse all islands not near our own country. During Grant's administration we could have had Hayti. Samoa might have been ours if Uncle Sam had set his foot down hard. Hawaii begged to be taken and Denmark now wants to sell us St. Thomas; one of the best islands for a coaling station in the West Indies. Any of these islands would have been a splendid base of supplies for our fleets in foreign waters. Our foreign commerce must be protected and it is safe only so long as there is plenty of coal in the bunkers of warships.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Our Alma Mater.

It was in the spring of 1852 that Westminster College started upon her career; hence in 1902, four years from this term;

she will celebrate her semi-annual anniversary. Up to this time she has graduated into the working force of the world more than one thousand young men and women, who have done and are doing great credit to their Alma Mater in many lines of activity; and many hundreds more who have taken only part of the course prescribed are serving their generation in positions of great usefulness. She has furnished more ministers for the United Presbyterian church than any other college has done. All the colleges in our own church, and many outside its borders have chosen presidents or professors from her alumni, while many others are serving the cause of education in theological seminaries, normal schools and public schools. Of those who have chosen law as a profession many have risen to the distinction of judge in state or county. In literature she has one author who ranks with F. B. Meyer and Andrew Murray; and editors and journalists have won fame for themselves and maintained the highest principles of honor in church and state. Scarcely a mission field can be mentioned in our own or the Presbyterian church to which she has not sent representatives. The medical profession has had its share of those who with stout heart and steady hand are holding combat with the physical ills of humanity. Some are farmers, some are merchants, chemists, mechanics—almost everything that is honorable. And they are to be found in all the regions of the earth—in Asia, Africa, Europe; and in this great continent, from Canada, where they have gone, not as fugitives from justice, but as worthy champions of the church, to South America, and from the Klondike to Cuba. Most of these

are doing much for Christ and humanity; scarcely any have lived unworthy lives or died disgraceful deaths. We have need to be proud of our record as a college and to publish it unblushingly to the world.

The history of this half century is not one of monotonous ease. If institutions, like individuals might be made "perfect through suffering," Westminster would certainly reach that state. Her frail bark has weathered many a stormy sea, when the clouds of adversity have hung so low about her that her very existence has been imperilled. Her founders, however, were staunch, true-hearted Christians, men of prayer and of strong faith; and to this we may attribute much of our present prosperity. In those days when patrons and teachers gave more thought to what they could do to establish her on a firm foundation, than of what they could get from the college, great sacrifices of time, money and popularity were made; and we are now reaping the benefits derived.

It is related of Dartmouth college that at a very critical period in its history, Daniel Webster, one of its alumni, made one of the most effective speeches of his brilliant life. After the word, "It is, Sir, a small college—and yet there are those that love it," his feelings overmastered him, and only after a powerful effort did he regain his self-control, and with the utmost difficulty this master of oratory who could sway multitudes at his will, continued in broken sentences amid the breathless silence of a vast audience, to set forth the claims of his Alma Mater. His plea gained the day, however, and "little Dartmouth" found an assured position among Eastern colleges. Westminster

has no Daniel Webster in point of oratory perhaps, but in point of loyalty she has not a few. There are many in her alumni who never neglect an opportunity to lend a helping hand and speak an encouraging word. Yet there are a few who are ever ready to listen to malicious reports, and when some little outbreak gives rise to a sensational story in the newspapers, they raise their hands in holy horror that Westminster should come to this, putting full confidence in the exaggerated accounts furnished by the press, rather than in the probity of their Alma Mater. College authorities as well as the college boys, sometimes make mistakes; they are no more nearly divine than are other men. So do statesmen sometimes make mistakes and give offense to their constituents, yet no man ever deserts his country's flag on that account.

One summer shortly after the commencement season, in a short article in a newspaper on the pleasure derived from revisiting the scenes of one's college life, I read that one should never return to one's Alma Mater without bringing some little gift—a book or some such contribution as a token of his regard. In the ancient history of this college it was the custom for each class to leave some monument to its fame. The trees in the campus could tell many a story of fun and fidelity mingled. But many of these, alas! like those who planted them, have had to yield to the ravages of time, assisted by the scythe(?) of the destroyer and make way for something else. Later, one class raised money to build the gymnasium, which is now doing such excellent service; another, before the days of

the conservatory, purchased an organ; two classes presented comfortable and elegant chairs, for class-room use, to two highly esteemed professors; one quite recently gave some long-needed books to the library. Much has been done by individuals too, as our well-equipped gymnasium and beautiful athletic park testify. Others have remembered us after leaving by valuable collections of books for the library, and only lately have three brothers sent us for our chapel walls the crayon portraits of our two noble professors so recently called to their reward. Some have sent us their children to be educated, and are, no doubt, doing all they can when they keep one, two or three children in college.

As we are now so nearly approaching the celebration of our fiftieth anniversary, it is fitting that an occasional reminder of the fact be given the public through the columns of the HOLCAD. And I know the HOLCAD staff are only too glad to publish communications which show the interest felt in their enterprise by former students. Do not wait until 1902, but begin now to make the celebration worthy of the cause. Form Westminster clubs, encourage her enterprises—oratorical, athletic and all—and help the Synods to raise the endowment fund as they have undertaken to do, and show those of us who are at the helm that you have not forgotten your Alma Mater.

MARGARET McLAUGHRY.

The Legend of the Lilies and Roses.

In one of those lovely and quiet portions of New England, little frequented by pedestrians or accustomed to the sight of

strangers, is an unfrequented path, which, following the winding course of a willow-banked brook, leads to a beautiful little lake set in a frame of earth's richest green. Along the bank of this lake blooms a strange profusion of wild roses, and beneath their overhanging shade, scores of pure, white water-lilies breath forth their unconfined fragrance. On the opposite side of the lake a thick wood of towering pines presents an almost grand back-ground to the picture.

Long before the white man had broken in upon the Confederacy of the Pokanokets, and before that terrible plague of sickness and death drove the Indian from the woods and waters of New England, this whole region was inhabited by a powerful tribe. All along this valley and up the slope to the crest of the hill, now crowned by glittering church-spires, dwelt the flower of the Nipmucks, whose name struck terror to the heart of the Pequot, or Narraganset.

In this lake the braves caught their fish and beyond they chased the panting deer. Here the Indian maidens welcomed their warrior lovers and crowned them with garlands of victory. But there was one Indian maiden who had no warrior lover, though fairer than all the others. This proud and beautiful maiden was the daughter of the Nipmuck's king. She was more lovely than the blush of morning, and her smile carried with it the light of sunshine. At the glance of her eye the strength of the braves would unbend, and though many fell at her feet, she raised not one to be her lover. She chose to wander alone through the silent forest, skillful as Diana with her bow and arrows. There was no bird of plumage so rare but she would have

its wing, and if all admirers failed to procure the coveted treasure, she would wander off alone and proudly return successful. But a change came over her calm and quiet life. The Nipmucks had met the ravaging Narragansets and had driven them back to their territory, but her brother, the young chief, had been taken captive. The Nipmucks returned, a sorrowing band, leading but one prisoner, the young chief of the Narragansets, who had led them on to the field of battle; his life had been spared in the hope of recovering their own chief by exchange.

Let us with Weemore gaze on the prisoner. She is prepared to hate the enemy of her people and to scorn him as the would-be murderer of her brother. He stands there, erect, proud, handsome, before the abuse of his enemies; they revile, but he makes no reply. The heart of Weemore, almost against her will, swells with admiration for the brave young Narraganset. She intercedes for him and bids the revilers cease and withdraw. Not till then did the chief Walengog look upon the face of his benefactress as he bows his head in grateful acknowledgement of her kindness. "If our enemies were all like the Nipmuck maiden," he said, "The Narragansetts would seek their love, not their lands and blood." Weemore turned sorrowfully away.

Every day she saw Walengog and began to take pleasure in making his captivity endurable. She showed him her skill with the bow, and told of hunts and dangers and of the mysteries of the lake. She spoke of the one antlered deer that was often seen at midnight in the lake. They said it swam with an enchanted life, for it

had many times been shot at and wounded, but could not be killed. Her arrows that never missed elsewhere fell without effect on the one-antlered deer.

But the truce was now ended. The young chiefs were to be exchanged, and Walengog must part from Weemore.

On the eve of his return to his people, they strolled along the bank of the lake and the moonlight lit the pathway of the lovers, for such they were. Weemore had given up her solitary rambles and was only happy in the company of her chief. From the first her kindness had won the heart of the Narraganset to a pure and grateful love; and now on this last night there is a sadness in their silence. He cannot take the Nipmuck maiden to his people until he has reconciled them to receiving an enemy for their queen.

He promises to return, to hasten back to his bride on the wings of an eagle, and as a pledge he gives her a hunting knife on which he has carved a one antlered deer. "Let Weemore watch for Walengog," he said, "when she again sees the enchanted deer."

And now the Indian maiden lived a life of hope. She never distrusted the chief. She had his pledge and she never doubted his word. Day after day she wandered along the bank and watched and waited for the return of the deer. The leaves had fallen in the rich sunset of autumn, but even winter brought no deer nor sight of her lover. Spring brought back fresh faith. She saw the modest violet and the sweet anemone bloom again and believed her Walengog would also return. Spring blossomed into summer and once more she walked

along the bank sad and almost hopeless, waiting from twilight until the rising sun tinged the hills with gold.

Twelve moons had waxed and waned, another was nearly full and she was still an unclaimed bride. She was standing sadly watching the silver moonlight glittering on the water, when suddenly her attention was attracted by something moving under the pines on the opposite side of the lake. She waited, she scarcely breathed, it was the enchanted deer. One moment of rapturous joy. Her lover will now return. She steps quickly into the shade of the trees and strings her long-idle bow and watches the deer approach. She has the hunting knife as the pledge of his return, she will now give him the head of the deer. It comes nearer and nearer, She fitted her deadliest arrow, drew, fired, and ran to witness the death. And there at her feet lay the skin of the one-antlered deer, and the dying glance of Walengog breaks the heart of Weemore.

The pledge is torn from her girdle and buried deep in her breast and the maiden's hope was lost, for the pledge was never returned.

Down to this bank in their search, the people came next morning, but they found them not; but only some lilies and roses. From beneath the bank in the water where Walengog breathed his last, pure new water lilies sent forth their fragrance, and above them on low hanging bushes, where the blood of Weemore was poured, wild roses now bloomed in sweet thousands and told of a trust that was true.

Though the Nipmucks have left here forever, and the white man now dwells in

their place, the lilies and roses are lasting. Their bloom is as eternal as youth. And the mist in the summer moonlight in rising over the lake often takes the form of the one antlered deer, and fades into lilies and roses.

BESSIE STEWART, '99.

The Shepherd's Lament.

A mournful shepherd sat upon a bank
And sadly tuned his melancholy lay,
The echoing sounds re-echoed from the hills
And died away.

And thus it ran; "Though now a shepherd poor,
I was not always counted as a dunce;
Though now I'm numbered with the swains,
I was a student once.

One day I wandered from the Academy
To stuff my head with stronger learning food;
But Oh! alas, although I loved to learn,
I was too good.

For though I studied Horace all the day,
And stayed with Plato till midnight or worse,
Another passed my footsteps on the way,
Who rode a horse,

In Geometry, examination time,
I worked all day on cones and poly gons,
And there a student beat me for his sleeves
Were full of Johns.

When Junior Contest came upon the scene,
I thought that my oration was a peach.
But there too I was licked—another man
Had bought his speech.

I loved a girl, her face was lily-white,
Her lips were red, her cheeks were like the rose
One night I wished to take her out—some freak
Had swiped my clothes.

But all these griefs I said, I'll counteract,
Commencement comes; the people all will see,
That as my grades are very high, I'll take
The Valedictory.

And when the fatal day looms into sight
I thought my labors all would be repaid;
Alas! a cheat had sneaked the Doctor's book

And raised his grade.

And then I thought, my labor all in vain.

What boots if I should work and never win?

I'll buy a flock of sheep and leave

This school of sin.

Sir Moses Montefiore.

On a beautiful Autumn night in 1784 in the city of Leghorn, while an Italian moon was shedding its silver beams over the bosom of the Ligurian sea, which caught them up and reflected them into a thousand varied and fantastic shapes, there was added to the constellation of philanthropy, a star that was destined to radiate not only Palestine, the cradle of the race, but England, France, Russia and the world. Like unto that birth among the Judean hills, whose peaceful solitude was unbroken, save by the tinkling of the sheep's bell; unheralded by men, yet whose mission was proclaimed by angel voices.

Thus has it been with the greatest events and the greatest lives in history; unheralded and unhonored in their birth, unwept and unsung at their death. In the physical world it is equally true, that it is the still waters that run deep; planets and worlds revolve noiselessly upon their axis, just as the unknown possibilities of the future are being silently worked out in the intellect of the inventor and the scientist.

Even so, was the entrance upon life's busy stage of this Hebrew of the Hebrews, this philanthropist of philanthropists, this man among men, Sir Moses Montefiore. Although announced by heavenly choir, it might truly be said of him, that he came "not to be ministered unto, but to minis-

ter;" From the time of his very first visit to Jerusalem, his great Jewish heart swelled with a love and pity for the fallen and abject condition of his brethren, which gave rise to that deep seated and serious purpose that has not only written the name of Montefiore so large in the history of Judaism and philanthropy, but which has indelibly inscribed itself in the hearts and affections of his people.

"The taunt that the Jew is never seen to take a spade in his hand, but waits like a voracious slug, to devour that which has been produced by labor in which he has no part," is expressive of the estimation in which the Jew is held by the world in general. We have come to look upon him as upon one belonging to a lower order of human beings; as an avaricious money-getter who will stop at no trickery, and will perform the most menial service to get gain; forgetting that he is our brother man, moved by the same feelings of love and hatred, the same feelings of pity and pain; susceptible to the noblest impulses, and capable of the highest development possible to man. A Jewish philanthropist is a strange expression and almost paradoxical, in its import to us; yet the debasing spirit of materialism occupies no larger place in the Jewish character than it does in the character of an American. The difference lies in the fact that we veil it under such names as progress, or enterprise, which in an American is praiseworthy, but in a Jew, is condemnable.

Had there been a prophet at hand to foretell to his parents, what their child was to become, not only to the race of Israel,

but to the cause of human need in any creed or clime, their joy in their first born would have deepened into a song of thanksgiving. Unlike many of our modern philanthropists who inspired chiefly by the spirit of aggrandizement, give only in such times and places as will bring the greatest laudation to themselves; he was modest, unassuming, and shrank from publicity and the praises of men. His was a charity that vaunteth not itself, and is not puffed up," but as has been well said, it was of a kind for which you cannot draw checks, but which comes out of the boundless wealth of a good heart, and when it goes effects what money alone is weak to do.

His catholicity was admirable. He considered himself only as the temporary administrator of the wealth he had amassed. He never stopped to inquire whether or not the cry of need came from one of his own faith; but the outstretched hand of suffering whether of Jew or Gentile, never appealed to him in vain, whose sympathetic heart was ever stirred to deeds of love and kindness by coming in contact with a fellow being in need. At the death of Pres. Garfield, when the flags of the world were at half mast, Sir Moses in his ninety-seventh year, telegraphed the week before to Palestine, that prayer should be offered up in all the synagogues of the four holy cities of Jerusalem, Hebron, Tiberias and Safed. He was a bulwark of defense to his own people, a ready help in time of need, to others

Although the treatment of the Jews by England for many centuries, was such as to test the most patriotic of her citizens, yet

England had no more loyal subject than the orthodox Jew, Sir Moses Montefiore. Having no political rights oppressed by legislation, despised by her citizens, deprived of their possessions, driven in disgrace from the country; yet in return for such inhuman treatment, we find the Jews at some of the most critical periods of English history, exerting their utmost endeavors for the support of public credit, and expressing their willingness to hazard their lives and fortunes in defense of the government. Such marks of patriotism, under such treatment, calls forth our highest admiration, and forever silences the charge that orthodox Jews cannot be true patriots. But they are still more loyal to their religion. No grander exhibition of religious fidelity is given in history, than the record of five hundred Jews imprisoned in York castle destroying themselves rather than apostatize. Of this loyalty Sir Moses possessed a large share. Indeed, "the word Jerusalem, inscribed and borne aloft on his coat of arms, lays bare the inner workings of his life, and discovers the key to which it was attuned." His was a life blessed and a blessing to all who came within the radius of its beneficence. A constant fulfillment of the two great biblical commands, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you," and "Love thy neighbor as thyself," and whose motto, "Think and Thank," if worthy of emulation by Jew or Gentile,

At the grand old age of five score and one, his bark entered that harbor where storms are powerless to assail and where the raging billows give place to still waters. At Ramsgate, his beautiful and beloved

country place, the evergreen which stands at the head of the mound that marks his last resting place, is suggestive of the ever-abiding freshness with which he lives on in the hearts and memories of his people; even to the time when Israel shall be restored and their redeemer shall have come out of Zion.

Viewed even by Gentile eyes, his was a beautiful and successful life; worthy of the emulation of all, and whose happy contentment bears witness that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

The Old, Old Story Up to Date.

Two bicycles were coming along a lonely stretch of country road, the summer breeze blowing gently over the faces of their riders as from an air pump.

"Angelica," said he, "life without you is a stony up hill road. Oh, let the lantern of your love enter the darkness of my punctured heart and make it as light as an eighteen pound racer. I will work for you with tireless pedals, and protect you as with a mud-guard. I will make your path through life all down hill and asphalted, and your pillow shall be as soft as a pneumatic saddle.

No cyclometer can register the amount of my love, and no chain can keep me from your side. Permit me to encircle your left third finger with a diamond frame. Oh, let that voice like a nickel bell say one little word of three spokes, and make me—"

"Press on the brake of your remarks and save your breath for this hill we are coming to," she replies. "You have removed the cap from the valve of my affec-

tions and have shown me the ball-bearings of your heart, and now you may guide my handle-bars forever."

Here a bend in the road hid the bicycles from view, but back floated the deep refrain:

"But you'll look sweet
Upon the seat
Of a bicycle built for two."

A Spring Reverie.

Just as we began to appreciate the joys of home life in vacation, there came a sudden transformation, and we were introduced to the joys of life in a barn, or the next thing to it. The spring house-cleaning fever had seized the feminine portion of the family, and life was to be made miserable for the rest of us. We were first requested to pull the tacks out of the carpet, which we did in a very artistic manner, after breaking our suspenders and one of the Ten Commandments.

The knees of our trousers had mysteriously disappeared, but what was a little matter like that compared with the satisfaction of a work well done? The carpet once hung on the fence we armed ourselves with sticks and made a ferocious onslaught on the unoffending fabric. As an exercise it put gymnasium in the shade and then how pleasantly suggestive of the swish of the hickory that long ago took the dust out of a certain portion of our trousers. But it was in putting down that carpet that our patience and the carpet were stretched to the utmost limit. We first drove a few tacks in the floor and then changed our tactics and

made a fierce attack with the hammer on our fingers, which so taxed our endurance that we had the tact to go outside and cool off. But all that sort of thing is over now and we have resumed civilized life. Our books and old clothes have been carefully placed where we can't find them, the treasures of boyhood have been secretly burned, and everything is (to the men) painfully clean. During the reconstruction period we have lived principally on crackers and the delights of cleanliness, but an athletic diet isn't very satisfactory to the inner man. We can look at those events with a sort of grim humor now that we are on the safe side of them.

Speaking of house-cleaning, why not do a little mind cleaning this spring? Sweep out the cobwebs of prejudice that narrow your mind and brighten the windows through which you view the actions of others. Scatter a little charity around to lay the mental dust and you will feel on better terms with the world.

LOCALS.

Prof. Ramsey has Logic this term.

Look out for Dick Seville's new camera.

We are glad to welcome Miss Georgia Kyle back again.

Bruce McCrory thinks very much of marry (Mary) ing

Why does Bill Ramsey visit the Hope mansion so often of late?

John Gamble thinks that black eyes

are by far the most beautiful.

They say MacDonald lost his temper in chapel one morning, and said things.

Pete Porter says he is never in his element so much as when exams come around.

Miss Barnes is seriously thinking of taking the subject of chemistry as her life work.

Littell's and Chamber's mustaches were buried last term. The ceremony was very imposing.

The Elliott house is quite full this term. The boys there expect to make things quite lively.

Harry Edgar preached for Doctor McElree on Easter Sabbath. His sermon was very much enjoyed.

Chambers and Davies, two of last year's base ball team, are back. They make a strong addition to the team.

They say that Dinke went into Uncle John's on Friday and asked for tobies. Uncle John said, "Chewing gum, don't you mean? Something to sweeten your breath. It's Friday."

The five Grove City students who were expelled during the recent trouble over there, and who applied for admission, were refused on the grounds that they could not graduate this year as they wished.

Deg. says he felt in much better shape to train than at the last of the winter term. He attributes it to the resumption of the walks to the south end of town, which he was obliged to forego for two or three weeks last term.

Miss Fraumpton, one of last year's music graduates, spent a few days in town.

Several Seniors are substituting Junior English for Logic.

Miss Hanna (to Geology class) "Where do we find marble most abundant?"

Porter, "In the graveyard."

The Juniors didn't capture the basketball championship, as they usually do, but they won the indoor meet and are eagerly waiting for the Spring field meet. We won't do a thing to you other fellows then,

Gealy asked Long if he could ride in the slow bicycle race and Malcolm answered not without some truth, that that was the only kind he could ride,

Nelson's declaration to Miss McLaughrey that Dickens wrote "The Tale of the Shirt" certainly lacked poetry, and it is a question whether its truth was more abundant.

Prof. R. (to 3d Prep. Geometry class) "One minus one is one,—Oh I'm all rattled this morning. I couldn't work a question to save my neck." (Sympathetic applause by class.)

McManus.—"Didn't your brother take some honors in college?"

Gilhooley—"I never heard of his taking anything but chickens."

CUBA.

Harry Holmes says he is so tired that he would be sure to be punctured if he went to Cuba.

Pete Porter declares that he can attend

to young Alphonso XII if Uncle Sam holds off the other fellows.

D. A. Littell has several times been seen with clenched hands and darkly threatening brow, muttering, "I would drink hot blood! I would tear thee limb from limb!" It is thought by Ceety's friends that he is in secret training for a possible Spanish war.

Evidently several of our upper classmen believe that a bristling mustache, calculated to strike terror to Spanish hearts, would be the means of securing an officer's commission.

McCollom is a little afraid that he might not pass muster as a soldier, but he takes great pride in his ability to pass the mustard.

The Senior Dutchmen are to escape the final exam. this term under the following proviso's: That they miss not more than three days, are guilty of not more than three straight flunks, and have an average grade of not less than 85 per cent.

At the recent meeting of the board of trustees, it was announced that Josias Stevenson had bequeathed to the college \$6,000 to form a permanent investment and the proceeds to be applied to the education of poor young men desirous of entering the ministry. Prof. Peterson and Miss McNall were re-elected for next year. The question of the election of a professor of modern languages was referred to a committee to report at the June meeting of the board.

ROMANCE OF THE OIL CAN.

(A Tragedy of Three Acts.)

Dramatis Personæ:—

Oil Can.

Roy.

Tommy.

Two naughty boys.

Act 1. Scene 1.

Oil Can. "Oh, what a dreary, monotonous life is mine. Almost am I persuaded to drown myself in the Neshannock, and thus shuffle off this mortal coil."

(Enter two naughty boys.)

1 N. B. "What ho! my lord, what is this we see before us. Ah, an oil can, and methinks 'tis Molly's own."

2 N. B. "What luck! 'Tis but within the hour that I did resolve to have my own refilled, and now has fate thrown this in my way. Come; let us to my room with this, our prize."

(Exeunt boys. They soon return, with the oil can two-thirds filled with water and the rest oil.)

Scene 2.

(Enter Roy.)

R. Ah, my oil can. I will hie me to my room, and light my lamp. (He exits and the oil being on top, it goes into the lamp, leaving only water.)

Act 2. Scene 1. Roy's room next night.

(Enter Roy.)

R. Well, I must study. That lamp went out last night, and I must refill it,

(He fills the lamp and lights it. It sputters and goes out.)

R. "Why, what's wrong with this lamp. Methinks some foul fiend has bewitched it. I will light it again and see if

it will not burn."

The same result. Roy swears lustily and cries out:

R. "Well, may the foul fiend carry it away. I'll no more with it. I'll leave it until his nibs, Tommy, returns. Then will he up on it." (Exit.)

Act 3. Scene 1.

(Enter Tommy, and sees Roy sitting.)

T. "Why don't you light the lamp? What sort of a creature are you to sit in the dark? Are you so used to sitting in darkness that you cannot bear the light?"

R, (laconically.) "It's like me,—broke."

T. "But I will fix it."

(Lights it, but it goes out.)

T. "Confound it!" (Nothing worse we assure you.) "You've put water in the oil." (Pours it out, puts new oil, as he supposes, in the can, with the same results. Tommy then follows Roy's example, and calls down vengeance on the lamp.)

R, after blue smoke has cleared: "Well, what shall we do?"

T. "Do! We shall hang the can, and hunt the villains down who have played this trick on us."

(They hang the can on a peg, and after a few ineffectual struggles, it expires. Requiescat.)

Scene 2. Same. Next day.

(Tommy has just finished an account of events of previous night.)

1st N. B. "Ho! Ho! Ho!"

2nd N. B. "Ha! Ha! Ha!"

(Curtain falls.)

The new students this term are F. J. Kendall, Miss Mabel M. Dunn, Miss Lillian

E. Black, C. H. Baldwin, Miss Maude M. Douglass, Miss Edith E. Locke, Wm. S. Bingham, Clyde S. Knapp, Charles D. Breaden, Miss Mary E. Stewart. Among the old students who are back are Lloyd Davis, James Gilfillan, Miss Marth McBride, Miss Tompkins.

ATHLETICS.

Inter-collegiate meet at Schenley on May 21st.

McMahon takes to the hammer throw like a duck to water.

The ladies will continue their gym. work until the weather is too warm for indoor exercise.

The track team have been taking two-mile runs along country roads but are now working on the field.

We will have an inter-class field meet in May with mile relay race.

Whelen, Neville and McKague will be our crack cycle racers this season.

The interest in track work has never been greater and the manager is confident that we will have a winning team. Our old men are improved and a small host of new and promising athletes has sprung up.

Below is the Base Ball schedule as it stands now.

April 23rd Geneve at New Wilmington.

April 30th date unsettled.

May 2nd Westminster at Indiana State Normal

May 3rd Westminster at Kiskiminetas —(Saltsburg.)

May 7th Shady Side Academy at New Wilmington.

May 9th Grove City at New Wilmington.

May 14th Westminster at Beaver Falls.

May 16th Waynesburg at New Wilmington.

May 28th Grove City at New Wilmington.

June 2nd Westminster at Waynesburg.

June 4th Westminster at Wash & Jeff.

June 13th Indiana State Normal at New Wilmington.

June 15th Alumni at [Commencement Day] New Wilmington.

Dates had been arranged with University of Mich. Oberlin, Detroit and others but they have been canceled. All attempts to arrange another game with W. & J. on the home grounds have failed. Two more games will be arranged with Grove City and also two with P. A. C.

The second team affords the best kind of practice for the regular and offers an opportunity, if good coaching were to be had, for improvement in team work. It is to be desired that regular practice with the second team be continued until quite late in the season not only for the benefit of the first team but to develop some of the very promising young players we have in college for positions on next years team.

Kuhn has been practicing at first base with the first team. If he does as well in that position as it is expected he will, the team will undoubtedly be better than last years team since this will leave the infield as good as before and the outfield will be better than that of last year.

Jones the new left fielder covers lots of

territory and base hits are expected to give him a wide berth.

So many really good outfielders are at practice on the athletic field that the only difficulty, and a great one, in fixing on a man for right field is that so many are of nearly equal ability.

It would be a great convenience for all branches of out door athletics to have a water line laid to the athletic field. Now let the managers of the several teams get together and arrange for this. It would make training and practice more comfortable and especially in baseball insure more skillful playing.

On Saturday, March 19, was held the Indoor Meet and the inter-class championship basket ball game.

The Juniors won the meet with 43 points against 32 for the Preps, 22 for Freshman, and 8 for Sophs. The events were as follows:—Pull-up, won by Berry, '99, at 18 times Moore '99, 2d., McKelvey, prep., 3d' Edmundson 1900, 4th.

Relay Race around the gym., won by Juniors in 28 3/5 seconds, Preps third, Freshman fourth.

Dip: won by Devers, prep, at 21 times; Berry '99, second, Moore '99, third.

High Jump: won by Gealey '99, at 5:11½, Murry '00, second, Wright '01, third.

Slow bicycie Race: won by McAleese, prep, in 1:27; McKague prep, second.

Ladder Climb: won by Gealey '99, in 5 sec. McMahon, prep, second, Dice prep, third.

Shot put: won by Marshall '01, at 33

ft 1 in. McMahon second, Witherspoon third.

Bar Vault: won by Edmundson at 6 ft. 4½ in. Moore '99, second D. A. Littell third.

Pole Vault: won by Gealey at 8 ft 4 in. Ferguson '00, second McGill, prep, third.

Broad Jump: won by Marshall, Gealey second, Edmundson third.

The basket ball game between Juniors and Freshmen lacked excitement. '99 played the better game the second half and would have had an easy victory if Degelman and McKim had been able to play.

Score; 12 5 in favor of Freshies.

The line up was as follows:

Gealey	}	Forwards	{ Kuhn
Witherspoon			{ Edmundson
D. A. Littell		Center	F. Wright
Chambers H. C.	}	Guards	{ Jordan
Berry			{ Grier

MUSIC AND ART.

Miss Hodgens, who has been studying art in New York City during the past winter has again resumed her regular duties here, and work in the studio bids fair to reach a very high degree of excellence this term.

Miss Martha McBride is with us again and expects to continue her work in water colors and China painting.

Miss Barr is painting a still life of Easter lilies which promises to be very beautiful.

The concert given by the chorus class assisted by the Adelphic Orchestra and Miss Atcheson on the evening of March 15th

was very highly appreciated and certainly reflected great credit on the careful and efficient training of our musical directors.

A class in the History and Theory of Music has been organized and will no doubt prove very interesting and helpful to those who take advantage of it. This has taken the place of the Notation class.

The music department is preparing for a parlor recital to be given sometime soon.

We are all pleased to hear that Prof. Peterson, assisted by Miss McNall will give a concert in the near future.

The College has recently purchased the camera which formerly belonged to Prof. Thompson and which has been in use in the college for several years. The privilege of using the camera is granted to students for a very small fee and as it has always given good satisfaction it will no doubt be largely patronized.

Among other interesting studies, which Miss Hodgens has finished recently, are a number of very fine drawings from the Antique, a few of which are decorating the walls of the studio.

This class in art is unusually large and enthusiastic this term.

Spring is the season which is particularly favorable to machinations of the "camera crank." Back view's, front view's, side view's, bird's-eye views, snap shots and time exposure's have been taken of the college building until the very trees have begun to topple over in disgust as is evident from the great number of stumps scattered over the campus.

Alumni and College World.

Yale boasts of being the Alma Mater of seventy-two college presidents.

Gerald Houston '93 is the pastor of a flourishing congregation at Darlington, Pa.

Miss Edith Shontz '88 of Conneaut Pa. visited her many friends in this place a few weeks ago.

Edward Brownlee, a former student of Westminster College, will be graduated from Yale college this year.

The University of Chicago is the only large institution of learning in the U. S. which has no college colors.

Mr. James G. Berry '87 who has been engaged as a farmer near Primrose Pa. since his graduation, has removed his family to Sterling Kas. He has bought a cattle ranch near that place and expects to devote himself to dealing in cattle.

Prof. Barnes with an assistant will conduct a summer school in connection with the college during the summer vacation. Prof. Barnes will have charge of the classes in the languages. This will give an excellent opportunity to any students who have back work to make up.

President Stryker says of the difference in mental training gained in large and small colleges "A small college which turns out big men is better than a big college that turns out small men, and while at Harvard and Yale a man goes through more college, at Hamilton more college goes through the man."

Ohio Wesleyen University has more

missionaries in the foreign field than any other college in the world.

One-third of the students in German universities die from overwork, another third destroy themselves by dissipation, while the rest govern Europe —Ex.

Yale University has sixty-six saloons within a radius of two blocks of the buildings. There are but three strong temperance men in the faculty —Ex.

The question of a National University is again being agitated. The proposition today is to urge upon Congress the early establishment of a National University of the broadest scope and highest type which shall be known as the University of the United States.

Chauncy M. Depew is quoted as saying that sixty per cent of the positions high trust in this country are filled by college graduates, and the other forty per cent are largely controlled by college men.

There is a section hand working on one of the railroad of the northwest who is a graduate of two universities and speaks eight languages. Possibly this may be one of the ten cent boys on whom a \$10,000 education has been wasted.—Ex.

The property now owned by fraternities at Cornell is valued at \$475,000; at Williams \$350,000, at Yale \$300,000; at Amherst \$200,000; at Wesleyan \$125,000; at Harvard \$125,000.

Rev. Smealy recently presented our college with a number of copies of the Bible Songs. This is one way of showing an in-

terest in the college which is always appreciated.

Mr. W. H. Murray '83 has recently resigned his position as pastor of the U. P. Congregation of Toronto O., and expects to take up his work with one of the congregations of St. Louis, Mo.

At the commencement exercises of the Dental Department of the Western University, which were held a few weeks ago, a number of students, said to be of the Medical Department, raised such a disturbance during some of the exercises that the meeting was interrupted for some little time and the policemen had to be called to restore order. In the interest of good manners, and for the maintenance of the standard of order and discipline in the University, such action should certainly meet the strongest condemnation from the faculty of that institution.

Three extensive expeditions will be made during the coming summer by the students of Princeton college in the interest of the scientific department of that institution. One party under Prof. William Libbey of the Department of Physical Geography, will visit the Hawaiian Islands, for the purpose, not only of studying the physical geography of the islands, but also of making collections of rare biological and botanical specimens. Another party will be conducted by Prof. W. B. Scott of the Department of Geology, and their plan is to spend about six weeks in the western part of the United States in search of fossils. A third party of investigators will be under

the direction of Prof. Hatcher, with Patagonia as the intended scene of their investigation.

EXCHANGES.

From out a thicket a bird voice rang.

Good bye, Winter,

Good bye, Good bye.

So hopefully sweet was the song it sang,

That the budding maple forgot its fears,

And the pale grass fluttered its few green spears

And the South wind whispered a low reply,

Good bye, Winter,

Good bye, Good bye.

The March issue of the Delaware College Review contains an excellent article on Lord Byron.

Cheating in its many varieties appears to be a favorite topic in the late issues of our exchanges. Using translations and cheating in examinations have received a crushing blow. The articles are well written and the writers evidently well acquainted with their subjects.

A drunkard is a man who commits suicide on the installment plan.—Ex.

The editor with a gladsome cry,

Exclaims, "My work is done."

The manager, with a weary sigh,

Complains, "My work is done!"—Ex.

"This is what you'd call transparent," said the Latin scholar, as his father laid him across his knee.

A short article, "Does it depend on me?", in the Hermonite, contains many valuable thoughts. It closes with these words: "Finally, if you feel that you have

not many opportunities, not many talents, look around you and see if a large number of the most successful ones in life are not those who have a little, appreciate its value, and exert every power to use the one talent in such a way that that the Master may say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

Sunshine gives new life. With proper habits there is no reason why it may not do this for the eager mind as well as for the opening bud.—Ex.

The general tone of the articles in our exchanges is growing better. The literary department shows more thought in almost all cases. Original poems and stories are found in abundance and the essays are deeper in thought and smoother in expression than in the past.

"True Democracy," in the Lombard Review, is worth careful reading.

"The self made man," remarked the observer of men and things, "would give more general satisfaction, doubtless, if he tried himself on a time or two before he was done."—Ex.

Those who heard Bob Burdette's lecture will be glad to read in the April number of the Ladies, Home Journal his latest sketch, "The Mending Basket, written in his usual inimitable style. Common sense and humor are mixed together to form an article that is both pleasing and profitable to the reader.

THE HOLCAD.

Vol. XIX.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., MAY 1898.

No. 8.

The Holcad.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

Editors.

HARRY N. HOLMES, '99 EDITOR IN CHIEF
SANNIE STEWART, '00 ASSISTANT.
RENWICK GEALEY, '99 LIT' DEPARTMENT
MADE TURNER, '00 LOCAL
RUSSEL MILLER, '99 LOCAL
EDWARD FRAZER, '00 ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD
O. R. DEGLEMAN, '99 MUSIC, AND ART
FAITH STEWART, '00 EXCHANGES.
MONROE WITHERSPOON, '99 BUSINESS MANAGER

Publishers Notice.

THE HOLCAD is a monthly of ten issues a year, published by the undergraduates of Westminster College.

Entered at the Postoffice at New Wilmington Pa., as second class mail matter.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni, or any who are or have been connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Address all communications to THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

TERMS. One copy per year, \$1.00. Single copy 15c.

EDITORIAL.

Last fall a member of the faculty informed the Zoology class that when one

forces oneself to keep awake in order to study late, while Morpheus pays sly court to the senses, the effect resembles that of a drunken revel. After one has conquered the desire for sleep, he said, one may study until the "wee sma' hours" of the morning, but the next day the nervous system gets revenge for such barbarous treatment.

This sort of drunkenness isn't quite so common as the other, probably because it has the after-effects and none of the pleasures of indulgence in the wine when it showeth its color in the cup. And yet for some of our students a little of that mental tippling would not be undesirable. Of course, we should have temperance in that as in every thing else, but too many college lads and lassies favor total abstinence. There is need, we think, of an "Old Tippler's Union" to encourage getting gloriously, hilariously drunk by several hours of night study, and then painting the grade books red with "Tens." These revels should be indulged in only by those total abstainers who need a "bracer," if you will excuse the expression, to draw them into the golden mean.

Still, we must admit there are many who do too much night study and injure

health and eyesight thereby. With but few exceptions it is the result of poor planning and not traceable to too many studies. This class of students idle away the afternoons, putting in the time very pleasantly, and then expect to do all their studying at night. Even then, some must wait 'till bedtime before they begin work, so that they are obliged to hurry over everything. It is this evil practice that has introduced the Pony and John, and encouraged "bluffing," that perverter of truth in the grade-book.

A good conversationalist is almost a "joy forever." There is a world of difference between conversation and talk, that compound of nonsense, and sweet and bitter nothings. The people who improve most on acquaintance are not the beauties, but those who converse in a lively and intelligent manner. It seems perfectly easy and natural for them to do so, but that faculty is often the result of painstaking cultivation, a cultivation that needs to become more general. How provoking it is to entertain one who is too indolent to make an effort to hold up his end of the conversation. Some people are fearful lest they make a blunder or appear undignified, but it is much better and more heroic to be entertaining, even if we do make a few foolish remarks.

Many people are accustomed to think that when a portion of their means has been given toward the support of a worthy cause, that there the responsibility ceases, and that, if the work does not succeed, the fault is to be laid at the door of those engaged in the work. These people forget that their

money should be followed by their earnest prayers.

This thought was very happily brought before us, in an address given recently in the College chapel by Rev. Martin, the returned missionary from India, who has been our representative in the foreign field during recent years. He spoke briefly of his work in that needy country, and of the successes and failures there encountered. But the one thought emphasized was the need of more earnest prayer by the Christian people at home, in order that the missionaries themselves may be encouraged and the Spirit's power rest on their work.

While we are anxiously watching the progress of our war with Spain it may be well to consider the results of the conflict. We believe that they will be far reaching, more so than is generally supposed.

The primary result, of course, will be the freedom of Cuba and the dawning of prosperity upon a land that is naturally one of the richest in the world. Americans and American capital will develop its resources beyond the wildest dreams of Columbus and other Spanish discoverers. With its wealth of forests, minerals, and rich lands, Cuba will become a useful sister republic and ally.

A second result will be the awakening of our government to the necessity of preparing for war in times of peace. A foolish and short-sighted economy cut down naval appropriations so much that our fleets ranked fifth or sixth among the navies of the world. Of late years our "bluff" has not been backed by enough

powder to make it effective. Our flag has been insulted more than once. Chile played with us quite a while, and England got the better of us in the Behring sea dispute. Prudence compelled us to use our ultimatum very sparingly, in marked contrast with our manner of ordering the French out of Mexico. At the close of the Civil war, however, we were the most powerful nation on the globe, and our demands were received and granted with gratifying politeness, but to-day, how different? The wholesome influence of a large navy might have prevented the present difficulty, and in the future it will be a guarantee of peace.

Still another result will be the binding together of England and America with new cords of sympathy. The English people have loudly expressed their sympathy with America and her cause, while the government has spoiled Austria's schemes for interfering in behalf of Spain. It should be remembered that England was the only country to give us moral support, while Spain, Italy, Austria and France opposed us openly or secretly, and Germany and Russia were doubtful.

There is still a strong spirit of rivalry between the two great English speaking peoples, but is part of our destiny that Columbia and Britannia shall at last wipe out all differences and clasp hands in a union that shall stand as long as there is need of nationalities. The interests of both countries, the interests of Protestantism and morality demand it, and personal differences should not be allowed to stand in the way. "Blood is thicker than water."

Spain is such an uncertain quantity

that we shall not attempt to predict any results that affect her alone.

The Warner Library of the world's best literature, comprising thirty volumes, has recently been purchased for the college library. Twenty volumes have already arrived. The remaining ten are still in the hands of the printer.

This is a most valuable addition to our collection of books, as perhaps no other work of its kind has been so widely discussed and so universally commended by scholars and critics of all countries.

The plan of the Library was originated by Chas. Dudley Warner, and the most eminent writers and thinkers of the present time have been associated with him during the past two years on its preparation. It treats of the literature of all languages, epochs and types. A comprehensive history of all the great authors is given, together with their greatest works, with critical and interpretive essays on the same.

One volume contains nearly one thousand of the best lyrics and hymns in literature, another is a dictionary of authors, in which the names of ten thousand writers are pronounced, a short sketch of each given and also a full list of his works. The whole library is thoroughly indexed and the opinion of any writer on almost any subject of importance may be easily found. Thus it will prove invaluable to the student in a great many lines of work.

It is quite likely China will finally meet the fate that is inevitable to an individual or nation that does not seek to improve its

advantages and opportunities. For centuries, China, engrossed in Mohamedism and love of tradition, has scorned everything aiming at progress, enlightenment and reform, and so has shown herself incompetent to develop the vast resources which she possesses and to meet the demands of a growing civilization; hence these opportunities are slipping away and are being seized by nations better qualified to utilize them. Russia now occupies Port Arthur, Great Britain Wei-Hai-Wei, France Kwang-Chou, Germany Kion-Chon, and the time is perhaps not far distant when the whole empire will be dismembered and divided among the other powers.

The average college student finishes his course with an extensive knowledge of the classics, which he immediately proceeds to forget, enough mathematics to enable him to add and subtract, and sufficient knowledge of his own language to enable him to write a letter without mis spelling more than three out of four words, and yet it is a deplorable fact that most students possess little or no information on general subjects. They can rattle off their "*Arma virumque cano.*" etc. like a streak of lubricated lightning, but if you should ask them for an opinion on almost any question of the day, they would smile a broad smile that speaks their empty mind and give the hackneyed answer, "Not prepared."

The college atmosphere seems so laden with the classics and higher mathematics that there is no room left for practical thought. This tendency might be corrected, however, by frequent visits to the

reading room and library where reading matter of all varieties and on any subject may be found. Time spent in this way is not lost, for the world won't give a counterfeit dollar for a man uneducated in the practical things of every day life.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

The assassin's shot had not done its work and the report came from Coligny's physician, saying that the wound would not prove serious.

Catherine saw that with his recovery he would become more than ever the idol of the Huguenots, and more than ever a favorite with the king. In that case her influence and that of her younger son would be irretrievably lost, especially if the judicial investigation, then in progress, should reveal the fact that they were the prime movers in the plan of assassination.

On the 12th of August the Admiral was shot. Charles went immediately and swore to avenge him. The next afternoon Catherine and Henry came to the king, bringing with them the Duke of Nevers, Marshall Tavannes, and others. "My mother," says Henry, "began to represent to him that the party of the Huguenots was arming against him on account of the wounding of the admiral, that they had sent to Germany to make a levy of ten thousand cavalymen, and to the Canton of Switzerland for ten thousand footmen. That most of the French captains belonging to the Huguenot party had left in order to raise

troops in the kingdom, and that the place of assembling had been fixed upon. If this powerful force was allowed to assemble, the king's forces would not be half-sufficient to resent them, in view of the intrigues and leagues that had been formed inside and outside of the kingdom. Of this she had good and certain authority. Their allies were to revolt in conjunction with the Huguenots under a pretext of the public good. And for Charles, he being weak in pecuniary resources, she saw no place of security in France. And indeed there was a new consequence of which she wished to warn him. It was that all the Catholics, wearied by so long a war, and vexed by so many sorts of calamities, were determined to put an end to them. In case he should refuse their counsel, they had also determined among themselves to elect a captain-general to undertake their protection and to form a league of offensive and defensive against the Huguenots. Thus he would remain alone enveloped in great danger, and without power or authority over either party. But to ward off this great danger, a peril impending over him and the entire state, so much ruin, and so many calamities which were then in preparation and just at hand, and the murder of so many thousand men—to avert all this a single thrust of the sword would suffice—the admiral, the head and author of all the civil wars, alone need be put to death."

Many more such arguments were addressed by Henry and his mother to Charles. At first their words irritated him and without convincing drove him to a frenzy of excitement. But the many dan-

gers of his position were again and again rehearsed by his mother. Each man present in turn gave his opinion and each supported Catherine.

At last, in much excitement, Charles cried out suddenly that since they were determined to kill the admiral, he wished they would kill all the Huguenots in France, "so that not one would be left to reproach him." He immediately left the room and Henry with his mother and those who had been called in, discussed, during the remainder of the day and a good part of the night, the best plan for the execution of their designs. The question of how many and who were the victims whose destruction was premeditated cannot be definitely known.

Catherine declared in later times that she had contemplated no general massacre. This seems reasonable from the fact that the death of five or six of the leaders would have thrown the power at that time into her own hands. But on account of her natural insincerity her own statement would have little bearing. However she was not seeking for revenge so much as paving the way for her own ambition. Political exigencies demanded the assassination of only a few. Catherine was far-sighted enough to see this. Neither would she have planned a general massacre on account of her religious zeal against the Protestants. Catherine was a free-thinker and probably an atheist. She had previously been known to side with the Protestants against the Catholics to further her own ambitious aims.

Circumstances favored the execution of the plan. The Huguenots were assembled in great numbers to celebrate the marriage of

Henry of Navarre and Margaret, the king's sister. On Saturday the 23rd of August, 1572, Coligny wrote to his friends throughout France and told them to remain quiet, as investigations were being made. God and the king, he said, would do justice. If his arm was disabled his brain was yet sound.

On the evening of this same day Charles, in the presence of his mother and several nobles decreed that the gates of the city should be locked and the keys secured so that no one should be allowed to enter or leave the city—also to remove all boats along the Seine to prevent any from crossing the river and to put under arms all captains, lieutenants, ensigns and bourgeois, capable of doing military duty. The orders were promptly obeyed and long before morning dawned all was in readiness. The guilty plotters spent a sleepless night. Unable to rest, Catherine and her two elder sons sought the portal of the house adjoining the great court, and here, overlooking the city, they sat down to quietly await the dawn. In the stillness of the night a pistol shot was heard. Instantly there was a wondrous change in their feelings. The horror of the deluge of blood they had raised became manifest in their faces, and they hastily sent a messenger to revoke the command, and demand that no injury be done the admiral. But it was too late. The horrible work had already begun and Coligny was dead. It was Sunday, the 24th of August, a day sacred in the Roman calendar to St. Bartholomew. Torches and flaming lights had been burning all night to make the task easy.

The houses in which the Protestants lodged were marked with a white cross. The assassins had agreed upon a badge for their own recognition—a white cross on the hat and a white handkerchief on the arm. The signal for beginning the slaughter was to be given by the great bell on the Palace of Justice. Among the first to suffer was Coligny. His body was thrown out at the window of his room and treated to every indignity. The head and hand were cut off and the trunk horribly mutilated, for three days it was dragged about the street by a band of inhuman boys. The head was carried to the Louve where it was gazed upon by Catherine and Charles, then embalmed and sent to Rome, a present to Pope Gregory XIII.

Catherine, fearing that Charles might waver in his purpose, had all the bells in the city rung and a story circulated that a plot had been brought to light in which it was intended by the Huguenots to slay the king and his family. As the bells pealed forth the massacre became general, and blood flowed in streams around the Louve. Paris soon resembled a vast charnel house, the dead or dying lay in the open streets, they blockaded the doors and carriage ways and were heaped in the courtyard. These lifeless remains were finally thrown in the Seine. By night and by day wagons laden with corpses of men, women and even children, were driven down to the river and emptied of their ghastly freight. But the current of the crooked Seine threw these bodies out upon the bank, and shores of its first curve from Paris to the bridge of St. Cloud were heaped with the remains.

Soon after the massacre began, pillaging began. As usual, the priest and clergy headed the line. Charles, very wroth that the wealth that should have gone to the Royal family was being stored away by the church, and not knowing how to stop the pillaging while the butchery continued, ordered the massacre to cease. The guards who were sent to suppress murder and robbery became in turn foremost in the work. It is true that a greater part of the horrible work was done in three or four days, but it did not cease for several weeks.

Meanwhile the king, advised by his mother, went, on the twenty-sixth, to assume before the Parliament the responsibility of that dreadful night, and sent new orders to the governors of the provinces to extend the massacre. Montmorency, in the Isle of France, Dongueville in Picardy, and several others refused to obey the court. Thousands of victims fell. Lodge estimates the number at about 20,000.

Nowhere was the surprise greater, or the joy more intense than at Rome. Pope Gregory, like his predecessors, had been very sceptical respecting the intentions of the French court. Notwithstanding the brilliant assurances on the part of Catherine and Charles of their devotion to the Roman church. The Pope, however, knew that Charles was intimate with Coligny, and that he had married his sister to a professed heretic, and had frequently taken matters into his own hands without consulting his Highness. He felt, therefore, that Charles was as good as lost to the church. Under such circumstances the papal astonishment and rejoicing can well be imagined. At

the Church of St. Marco, the Pope offered thanks for the blessing conferred upon the Roman See and all Christendom.

"The smile of Heaven," said the Roman Catholic clergy, "rested upon the effort to extirpate the clergy in France." They convinced the ignorant populace of this fact by pointing out, in front of the Chapel of Virgin Mary, a white hawthorne bush, which for several years had appeared to be dead, but was now in full bloom notwithstanding the fact that hawthornes usually bloom in May. Much was made of this prodigy and the assassins were invited to witness the approving omen and take fresh courage for a greater effort.

MRS. R. R. RAMSEY.

College Men and Engineering.

It is a matter of congratulation when the editors of the organ of a literary college ask for an article on some subject relating to engineering. Even in universities where engineering and general courses enjoy equal prominence, the students of one department usually manifest little interest in the work of the other department. This might be expected of the engineering student who often goes to college with the single purpose of acquiring that knowledge which will be serviceable to him in making money; but one would naturally expect that the "liberal education of a classical course, which is designed to cultivate broad views, would impart sympathies that would reach out to all phases of life; the fact is, however, that the newly fledged bachelor of arts is often sadly out of touch with the intense, complex civ-

ilization of the dawning Twentieth Century. A dip into the abstract principles of science after four or five years association with the sages of Greece and Rome does not seem to be sufficient to modernize the classical student.

If Westminster is more liberal than some other institutions, is it not largely due to the prominence given to the reading room, the literary societies and the lecture course? Doubtless it is due in part to the spirit of the college. I have always thought that Westminster students were unusually free from the illusion that *ne plus ultra* was written on the walls of their own college.

The following questions are often asked:

Is it worth while for a young man, expecting to become an engineer, to take a college course?

Are there many college men among engineers?

Are there good openings in the engineering profession?

The first of these questions may be asked from several different standpoints. It may mean, will a college education be an advantage in the race for wealth? This question has been discussed extensively in a different form, namely, do college men make successful business men? The consensus of opinion seemed to be that to succeed in business it is necessary to begin early in life and follow it up without much interruption. Six or seven years spent in cultivating student habits and tastes instead of sharpening the money-getting instinct is likely to dull the original tendencies in that

direction.

In regard to whether a liberal education will make a man a better engineer, I think there can be no doubt. The contrast between classical graduates in engineering schools and other students in the same classes is very marked. The latter usually have little patience with anything that is not obviously practical. They want thumb rules that can be put into daily use, while the former are willing to study fundamental principles and lay a broad, substantial foundation. Prof. S. P. Thompson of London, who is the most celebrated teacher of electrical engineering in the world, strongly discourages technical education without a thorough scientific or classical preparatory training. He says that students of this class who have come under his observation are with rare exceptions "conceited prigs," who are thoroughly satisfied with superficial knowledge.

In practical work the difference is even more noticeable. The writer enjoyed an excellent opportunity for observation and gathering the opinions of others along this line in a large factory where among some 4,000 employes there were between two and three hundred college men engaged either as learners or experts. For investigation and experimental work the classical man was considered superior to the man with only a technical training. He is more philosophical and not so apt to mistake special rules for general principles, and is more reliable in emergencies.

Not many years ago it was a disputed question whether even a technical education was desirable. The "self-made" engineer

looked with contempt upon the 'college-made' engineer and not without reason where the college man imagined himself a perfected engineer upon graduation. But the educated engineer has almost completely supplanted the "practical" man, and it looks as if a similar fate were to overtake the technically educated engineer through the encroachment of the university graduate.

The preceding remarks refer to what may be called real or high class engineering. The surest and quickest way to make money out of some business allied to engineering, out of the "electrical business" for instance, is an entirely different question. If a young man is ambitious only to make a fair living out of some kind of electrical work, it is doubtful if it would best serve his purpose to spend the time necessary to acquire even a technical education. Many a graduate in electrical engineering has seen scores of other young men equipped with only a good physique and a willingness to work reach the goal of a living salary ahead of him. A man who has become accustomed to college life and has a taste for actual engineering can ill content himself to settle down for life at routine work and wear overalls 10 or 12 hours a day for about 365 days in the year. It may be that positions now filled by uneducated men exclusively may be sought by graduates in engineering when the latter have modified their ambitions somewhat and employers have learned to appreciate their services sufficiently to make the positions more attractive in the way of hours and salary.

We must not forget that the chief object of a liberal education is not to produce suc-

cessful preachers, doctors, lawyers or engineers, but all round men and good citizens. It is amazing how many bright young men with thorough technical educations are entirely ignorant of political economy, letters, and the affairs of the world outside of the line at their own chosen calling, and who look upon an interest in politics as a weakness.

I regret that I do not have statistics with which to answer the question, are there many college men in the engineering profession? But it is certain that a large majority of those who have attained distinction in the various branches of engineering, have had more than a technical training. Taking twenty of the most prominent electrical engineers in the country, probably a majority have a doctor's degree from an American or German university.

Only two of Westminster's alumni have selected engineering as their life work, but they have given a good account of themselves. One has charge of a division of the Penna. R. R., the other is a member of the firm which devised the master-piece of engineering, the Ferris wheel, and has designed and superintended the construction of most of the high buildings which are the pride of N. Y. and Chicago.

In regard to opportunities in the field of engineering, this profession is crowded perhaps as much as medicine or law and the competition is fiercer, for the restraints of professional courtesy, which, to some extent, modifies and regulates competition in the older professions is lacking here.

Thousands of men are annually added to those engaged in electrical work, but not

one in a thousand is necessarily an engineer. It would seem as if Webster's famous saying "There is always room at the top" were reversed in this case. However this condition of affairs is not confined to the electrical industry; it is characteristic of the modern industrial system. The masses must content themselves to form part of a vast machine while the directing of the machine is in the hands of the few.

I beg to conclude these merely suggestive remarks with a bit of advice, recently given by a prominent engineer, which is substantially as follows: "To a young man who contemplates entering the engineering, especially the electrical engineering profession, I would say if you have decided ability and tastes in that line, go ahead by all means and equip yourself in the best possible manner, but if you go into it with the expectation that it is an unexplored field where any one may stumble on to a fortune, you are doomed to disappointment."

W. J. SHIELDS.

The Psychical Properties of Football.

The rapid growth and popularity of the American game of football is, perhaps, attracting the most special attention of the athletic spirit. Twenty-five years ago, Rugby football was known only among the large universities. At present there is scarcely a college, or even a school, that has not its eleven. For good, or for bad, the progress of the sport has been steady. Side by side with this rapid growth in popularity, is the growth of anxiety on the part of parents, college faculties, newspa-

per men and even Legislature bodies.

The outcry against the game is of long standing. Even as early as 1853, Phillip Stubbs who prophesied that the world was coming to an end, pronounced football as the chief abuse, and that it was plunging mankind in the bottomless pit. He stated that it not only withdraws us from godliness and virtue, but also hails and allures us to wickedness and sin.

Our papers and magazines are full of different opinions as to the merits of the present game. Some are crying, "Away with it." Others are upholding and defending it. It is worth noting that most of those who deprecate the growth of the game in our colleges and universities are not acquainted with the game of American football.

Those who are crying murder at it have probably never seen a game played, or if they have, they were entire strangers to it.

A vast number of those who deprecate the game have been reading the daily papers with all their exaggerations, and have established the impression that our colleges and universities are running wild over athletic sports, and are surely preparing the way for the overthrow of our present system of education.

Too many of those who oppose the game base their opinions on the newspaper reports. No disparagement to daily papers or magazines, but they too often exaggerate the accounts of the game. Not long since, three of our daily papers gave an account of a riot being caused over a base ball game between Grove City and Westminster colleges. All the leading facts of

the case were stated, how many persons were seriously injured, and how many were in the hospital unable to be removed. Persons not knowing this to be false, as a matter of course believed it. Who was to blame in this case? The reporter sent a false report to the paper. Those who read it began crying, "Away with athletics. They are leading our young men to destruction. We need only mention one other case to prove that the daily paper cannot always be relied on. Last season a report came out in the paper of a football player lying at the point of death with a blood clot on his brain. Two days after this report he was playing in a contest game. The next week we received a severe scoring in one of the church papers, stating that the game of football was a crime, and should be prohibited by college authorities, and by the laws of the state.

The writer referred to the above player who had never received the injury. Such exaggerations have aided greatly in bringing about the deprecation of the game. Football must ever occupy an important place in college athletics, for both utilitarian and ethical reasons.

It not only furnishes means for physical development, but mental development as well. In our day and generation any healthy minded man is ashamed if he does not have a well developed body. In the present game of foot ball all the representative powers are brought into action. They are strengthened and stimulated by this much needed exercise. Dr. Porter has defined the representative power, as "the power to reproduce and re-know objects we

have witnessed or experienced." The power to reproduce or re-know objects we have witnessed or experienced belongs to the memory. We enter a foot ball contest or witness it from the side lines. We notice every play made, especially if our own team is winning. We watch the ball constantly, never taking our eyes from the play; we view the different positions of the men in the contest; how far the ball is advanced, the player who advances it, and what play is the best for gaining ground. After the contest we can recall the original act with a greater or less completeness of its elements or parts. The completeness or incompleteness usually attracts the attention and marks our memory as strong or weak. We recall every play, every action of the man engaged in the contest. We not only created a distinct and vivid picture of the game. but of ourselves as benolding it, with our feelings also at the time, and the place where we sat or stood during the contest.

Those taking part in the contest can reproduce every play and study the advantages and disadvantages of such a play. They can recall every play made by the opposing team and how it was interfered with in order that it may be impressed upon their minds so that they can better interfere with it in the next contest. The game of football involves both the spontaneous and intentional memory.

The spontaneous memory is brought into action in the clear and prompt recognition of the signals. Every player must be perfectly familiar with the set of signals. He must not only know his own signal, but

every signal given. It requires the recognition of every play, the form of the play and each man's position in it. One must act on the spur of the moment. The quickness of executing the plays and every man knowing what to do is regarded as a great intellectual convenience. The intentional memory recalls our peculiar circumstances after the game; where we were, what we were thinking and how we were feeling until all comes up before us, and we are surprised at the unexpected remembrance. Dr. Porter says, "The extent and reach of our memory is greatly affected by our bodily condition at the time when we acquire." Every object we apprehend when in certain conditions of health we can recall, and this we do very easily." The memory depends greatly on the health of the body. In football every muscle is in action. Not only our brain is working, but every muscle in the body. In order to have a strong body we must exercise and take the best exercise possible. No one will deny the fact that in order to have a clear intellect and a good memory it is necessary to have a healthy body. If we have some bodily ill it will be manifest in our works, no matter how great our intellectual powers may be. In order to get this much needed exercise, the football game is the best method possible. Cole-ridge has said, "For the ordinary uses of the student, sound logic, a healthy digestion and a quiet conscience are needed." By sound logic is intended a well balanced and well trained intellect, which by discipline is capable of fixed attention, clear apprehension and excited interest. Each of these requirements is obtained in the foot ball

game. It is necessary to have a fixed attention in order to know every play. We must be quick to apprehend every play made, and it is necessary to have an excited interest to be of any value in the game. A healthy digestion is also indispensable. If the digestion is disturbed, the mind will not do its proper work. It will be distracted by those discomforts. For a short time the person in such a condition may perform great mental work, but it is sure to be followed by a longer period of listlessness. Indigestion is often caused by a lack of exercise. Dissipation has a tendency to disturb the memory. That football draws young men away from dissipation cannot be gainsaid. The imagination is of vast importance in the game. Our imagination begins to work the moment we see the teams marching on the field. We are anxious for the fray. Our curiosity is aroused, and we try to image before our mind the coming contest. We are in a nervous strain until the whistle is blown for the game. As the teams line up on opposite sides of the field we picture in our minds the ball whirling through the air and every man in pursuit of it. We picture some players catching the ball and putting forth every effort to advance it as far as possible before his opponent tackles him. Every player should strive to imagine the style of play the opposing team is going to use. We watch the players on the opposite side and picture in our mind which way they are going. In order to form a number of plays it is necessary to picture them in our mind and study them, so that we may bring the best possible out of them.

What will arouse the imagination more, or create greater excitement than just a few minutes to play, the score a tie, the ball on the five yard line, and it is the third down and no gain. The ball goes to the other side. The signal is given, a player dashes around the end with good interference and rushes across the field, Every hat goes up in the air. All are picturing in their minds the touchdown he is going to make. By the time he reaches the ten yard line, he is tackled and brought down. The crowd is excited. Every man is doing his utmost to gain the victory. Two downs and no gain. The people on one side are shouting, "Rush it over." The others are crying, "Keep them back." One more down and the ball is lost. The crowd is growing wild. Every person is shouting for his own team. In the midst of the great nervous excitement, the referee blows his whistle and the game is done. The game develops the intellect in many ways. It adds greatly to quickness of thought. We must think and act at the same time. It demands courage, coolness, steadiness of nerve and self reliance. It requires the ability to work with others; the power of combination throws aside selfishness, sacrificing self for others and even to sacrifice individual credit for a common end. The game of football is to impress these facts both on the players and spectators.

Is not football preferable to beer drinking, billiard parlors and gambling dens?

Football is necessarily rough and may be brutal; but every athletic contest is more or less rough.

Statistics have shown that more stu-

dents have been seriously injured by slipping on the college campus than by being tackled on the football field. Most accidents occur early in the season, and among awkward and inexperienced men, or in institutions where football is frowned upon or neglected. Fewer deaths have been caused from injuries received in football contests than in any other line of athletic sports.

To give absolute data as to mental and moral effects on the players is impossible.

But those who are best fitted by actual experience to judge, have the most to say in its favor.

Statistics from the universities show that athletes, as a general rule, are of better standing than the non-athletes. They may for a time be drawn away from their studies, but are better fitted for doing greater work afterward. L. K. P.

Carbon Chemistry.

It is not our intention in what follows to consider chemistry, or any branch of it, as being more important than any other subject in the college curriculum. It is not; perhaps we should say that it is not equal to some, though the latter statement would admit of some doubt. It is our intention to say a few words about Carbon chemistry in view of the fact that it is taught in only a few of our colleges. Perhaps too, we are a little over-enthusiastic, laying too much stress upon this branch of chemistry. Nevertheless it is to be hoped that what we say may be of interest and possibly useful to some of the readers of the HOLCAD.

In taking up the study of any subject

at least two questions present themselves. First, is it an essential part of an education and hence useful for mental discipline. Second, has it any practical value, i. e., can we make use of it in life's work. It does not follow that we should study only those subjects which satisfy both conditions, nevertheless it seems evident that those which do are most worthy of our time and attention.

Doubtless many students underestimate the value of chemistry as a means of mental discipline. Many are probably prejudiced against it simply because it is a science, while others know so little about it that they are scarcely capable of forming an opinion. But when prejudice and ignorance are both removed there can be but little doubt as to the final conclusion.

Let us now turn to Carbon chemistry. Is it worthy of a place in the college curriculum? Does it satisfy either or both of the questions previously mentioned? In the first place it is a science, and therefore well classified and systematized. It should be the aim of both author and teacher of any subject to point out clearly to the student the relations existing between its parts and the basis of its classification. Such a method will certainly assist the student in forming the habit of accurate, consecutive thought. Every subject requires a certain amount of memorizing, but chemistry has a great advantage over many others because of the practical application and demonstration of the principles in the laboratory. Carbon chemistry is no exception; most of its theories admit of demonstration in the laboratory. We will give a few illustra-

tions to show the coincidence of theory and fact, and the relations existing between the different series of compounds. In the hydrocarbons of the paraffin series we have the compounds C_3H_8 and C_4H_{10} , the first one having the structural formula $H_3C \cdot CH_2 \cdot CH_3$. The second one is obtained from the first by substituting the group CH_3 for one of the hydrogen atoms. In the above formula it is quite evident that two of the hydrogen atoms bear a different relation to the molecule than the other six do and we conclude therefore that two compounds of the formula C_4H_{10} are possible. Our theory then gives us two butanes, C_4H_{10} , what about the facts? Two and only two butanes have been prepared. They have the same composition, but different properties, principally in their derivatives. If we apply the same course of reasoning to the next member of the series we find that theory indicates the possibility of three pentanes. They have all been prepared and their properties well studied. Such a course of reasoning as the above is constantly required of the student and he has the satisfaction of knowing that it is substantiated by experimental facts.

There is a certain relation existing between the different classes of derivatives of hydrocarbons. Let us take as an example the alcohols, aldehydes and acids. Ordinary alcohol has the composition C_2H_6O , aldehyde C_2H_4O , and acetic acid $C_2H_4O_2$. It can readily be shown that ordinary alcohol contains the group OH , hence we may write the formula thus, C_2H_5OH . The part C_2H_5 , called ethyl, is ethane less one hydrogen atom and therefore may be writ-

ten CH_3CH_2 . Alcohol then should be written $\text{CH}_3\text{CH}_2\text{OH}$. Now by careful oxidation the group CH_2OH is converted into the group COH , known as the aldehyde group. By further oxidation the latter is converted into carboxyl, COOH , which is the acid group. We then have $\text{CH}_3\text{CH}_2\text{OH}$, CH_3COH , CH_3 , COOH as the formula for alcohol, aldehyde and acetic acid respectively. The relations existing between ordinary alcohol, acetic aldehyde, and acetic acid are the same as those existing between the higher alcohols, aldehydes and acids, so that a knowledge of the lower members of the series is all that is necessary. Many more illustrations might be given, but enough has been said to show the value of organic chemistry for mental training.

In regard to the second question but little need be said. The practical value of chemistry is well known to all. The part it plays in so many of our industries need not be mentioned. Students who intend to study medicine find that a knowledge of elementary Carbon chemistry gives them a great advantage over their fellow students at the university who do not have such knowledge. The lawyer who knows somewhat of the character and analysis of the different poisons has a decided advantage over his less expert opponent. It may be that in the more common walks of life a knowledge of such substances as chloroform, the sugars, the ethereal salts and some of the hydrocarbons will be of great value.

We have said nothing in reference to the study of chemistry as a profession. To make a technical chemist requires at least

our years of hard study, which should include general chemistry, enough Carbon chemistry to read intelligently the current journals and to get a clear conception of the present condition of chemistry, and finally, some subject should be investigated experimentally.

Original investigation in some unexplored field of science, carried on for the sake of science and without any thought of pecuniary reward, is one of the noblest acts the world has ever seen. Carbon chemistry has many unexplored fields, and much soil that is uncultivated, waiting and ready for the explorer and investigator.

Are there not then good reasons why Carbon chemistry should find a place in the college curriculum? Will not the time spent in the study of some of the more common compounds be profitably employed? Will not the benefits derived from the diligent use of a few hours each week be of great value in life's work?

Oratorical Contests—Preliminary and Inter-Collegiate.

The preliminary contest was held in the college chapel April 26. Mr. James Scott, '98, won first place. The following program was given:

- | | | |
|--------|--|-------------------------------|
| Music, | Behr, | "L'Alerte Fanfare Militaire." |
| | Miss MacNall and Mr. Peterson. | |
| 1. | Oration, | "Lest We Forget" |
| | | O. R. Degelman. |
| 2. | Oration, | "The Value of a Purpose." |
| | | Malcolm Lang. |
| Music, | Abt, | "Twilight" |
| | Miss Balph, Miss Kyle, and Miss Turner | |
| 3. | Oration, | "William the Silent." |
| | | James Scott. |

4. Oration' - - "Love's Conquest."
Jno. Stewart.
Music, - - - Selected,
Philo Mandolin Club.
Decision of Judges,
Judges, A. L. Hazen, New Castle; W. I. Wish-
art, Allegheny, G. R. Donahoe, Sharon.

The Inter-Collegiate contest was held in
Waynesburg on May 11. The orations
were considered superior to those of pre-
vious years and first place was again award-
ed to U. of W. /a. We give the program
as it was followed out:

Western University of Penna., W. E.
Copeland.—"The Missionary as a Civil-
izer."

Geneva College, N. L. Euwer.—"Re-
publican influence of Calvin."

University of West Virginia, C. F.
Holden.—"The Sentiment of Fraternity."

Bethany College, H. N. Miller.—"The
Gem of the Antilles."

Waynesburg College, J. Brice Rine-
hart.—"Equality of Opportunity."

Westminster College, J. W. Scott,
"William the Silent."

The judges were Rev. Solon Cobb,
Pittsburg, Pa., W. S. Anderson, Youngs-
town, Ohio. and J. W. Dayis, Clarksburg,
W. Va.

Senator J. M. McCarrell was master of
ceremonies.

Waynesburg was given second place,
Bethany third and Westminster fourth.
Allegheny and Thiel Colleges were not rep-
resented.

Senator McCarrell, in an address to the
contestants said, "Any one of you can say
to any college or university in the country,
"Send on your champion and we will meet

him successfully."

The next contest will be held at Thiel
college. Our delegates wish to say that
they were entertained like princes.

Death of Jessie Sharp.

Miss Jessie Sharp, who had been dan-
gerously ill for about eight weeks with ty-
phoid fever, died April 1st. She had come
here with her parents from near New Bed-
ford about a year ago in order to attend
school, and during her residence here had
made a large circle of friends who were
deeply attached to her. She was 20 years
of age and a member of the Second U. P.
church. The funeral was held on Friday
at 1 p. m. and was very largely attended by
friends and relatives. The interment was
made at the Fair Oaks cemetery.

LOCALS.

Grier thinks she is al-Wright.

Did McPeak enjoy the preliminary con-
test?

Binno thinks that Indiana is all
Wright.

Our base ball team seems to be rather
all right.

Miss Kraeer has become an enthusiastic
snake killer.

Miss McCullough's favorite fruit is the
Berry—Gooseberry.

Miss K—e (absent mindedly addressing
a girl,) "Deg, give me that."

Ask Miss Florence Kyle the distance between two mile stones.

Why does the ball team want to go back to Indiana? Ask Berry.

Ask Miss McN— if it is true that Prof. McElree is hunting an assistant for Latin.

What did Deg have on his lips Monday afternoon when he left the Hall--buttermilk?

Edmundson seems to think when you go fishing it is the proper thing to jump in.

They say DeWitt Braden made quite a hit at Indiana, although it was not in a ball game.

The other day in Political Economy Shipler referred to "bathing and such luxuries."

Witherspoon went home for a few days to see the departure of the troops from Pittsburg.

Skinmer Davies is reported to have lost several bed slats Saturday evening, May 13, 1898.

McAleese should exercise a little more care in relating jokes in which a cat plays a prominent part.

The ladies of the Hall wish to thank a certain gentleman for the settee which he lately presented them.

It might be well to advise all those entering the chapel at unexpected hours to announce their approach.

Doc Mehadd thinks that although war has been declared, yet we need not worry, for Ohio will help us.

There was a stranger in town for two

or three days while the evangelist was here. Ask Miss H— who he was.

When Miss R called Sn Cl₄ Satanic acid the Prof. was only able to gasp that the term applied to the odor alone.

For information leading to detection of his visitors of last Saturday evening, Walter Mehadd will offer a liberal reward.

The "peace-at-any-price party" is now restricted to small boys who stealthily invade pantries in search of blackberry jam.

Jack Stewart and McCollum have been very fittingly dubbed "the twins." Also Jim Chambers and Dink Seville, "our mid-gets."

McPeak has become the crack base runner of the school. Witness his performance in the game between the Junior and Senior chemists.

Prof. Freeman to Junior Chems.— "How is lime used in the arts?"

Stage whisper from back row.— "Whitewash."

Miss I (at table)— "Are those berries?"

Miss II.— "Ask Miss McC—."

Miss McC — "I don't know; I haven't tasted them yet."

Teacher—(the poem, "From Ghent to Aix," under discussion.) "What adjective would you use in describing this poem?"

Mr. H.— "Racy."

The members of the faculty who have purchased golf suits are now in the stock business and occasionally give an exhibition of fine looking calves.

When a set of young men take as their

motto the maudlin sentiments of drunk men, one cannot help thinking that they are very hard up.

Miss McL— in Junior English: "The postoffice in this poem seems to have been a place for people to meet their friends."

A general smile from the class.

We are glad to see that a trio has been organized at the Hall. A few more musical organizations would do great good in the way of increasing interest in the conservatory.

At present Cuban affairs are attracting much attention from the world at large. Dewey's victory over the Spanish fleet has diminished Spanish backers quite materially. A few more victories like that and the war will be over.

McPeak was much affected by the chapel speech of our missionary to India, Rev. Martin. Wilbur's room mate declares that McPeak started up at midnight with the cold sweat on his brow and gasped in agonized accents, "Cawnpwiick gwhalla-poolicore busynmuthmugger oomawathy-shadeah kwlchpk—!!" and then sank back speechless with a broken jaw.

Were it not for our editorial modesty, we could tell a very good joke on one of this department staff. However, we will simply announce that the particulars of McAlmont's recent severe accident may be obtained at headquarters.

C. B. Mehard had just been attempting to translate a sentence from English into Greek.

Prof.—"Now, Mr. Mehard please read

the Greek for that."

Mr. Owsley thinks that he ought to make a good ball player. During his varied experience he has caught several things, including the measles, a licking and once in the neck.

Bill Ramsey is much disappointed in not getting to go to Mt. Grietna with the troops. Whether Bill had visions of a beautiful young lady in need, and of himself saving her and finally marrying her, we cannot say. But he evidently thinks that distinction awaited him in Cuba. We are glad it was not extinction.

MacLane thought he was getting off very easy when he was taxed only thirty cents for his share of the hammock, which the other members of Hogan's alley had bought(?)

We will always be grateful for contributions to this department. To make this paper a success it must contain news. The persons having charge of this department, as is well known, are modest and retiring, and not given to prying into the affairs of their neighbors. However, if the friends of this paper will contribute any notes which will interest the readers, the HOLCAD will carry forth an entertaining and instructive burden.

Westminster is not without her representatives among the boys in blue. McCutcheon and Grubbs, two boys who have been with us but a short time, but who have made many fast friends, have left. We were sorry to see them go, but we know that in their devotion to 'he Stars and

Stripes, they will reflect honor on the "blue and white" and put to shame us stay-at-homes.

Mr. Howard Martin's visit to chapel was very much enjoyed by all present. As is well known, Mr. Martin is the representative in part of this college in the foreign field. His address was full of valuable information in regard to the work in India. He presented to us the easier side of life in the mission field, passing lightly over the hardships. Yet we could not help but know that there was a darker side to it. While Mr. Martin did not underrate the value of financial help, he said that the great need of the missionaries abroad now was prayer; prayer; prayer rather than money.

It was night. The boys in the Elliott house were restless. As a safety valve for their spirits they seized on McCalmont, bound up his head with rags wet with red ink, threw him on the bed and told him that he was badly hurt.

Several fellows were called in and told that Mac had been hit with a brick by foot-pads, and that his skull was fractured, which statement McCalmont verified by agonized groans that struck a chill to the heart.

Miller exclaimed with choking sobs, "See how the poor fellow suffers. Let me go for the doctor." No doctor could be found and at last Tommy Jones and his box of chemicals were secured. Tommy applied lotions to the injured cranium and being given the wink expressed the opinion that the boy was seriously injured but might pull through with careful nursing. Miller

wrung his hands, while the rest plainly showed their grief and heartfelt sympathy. It was arranged by order of Dr. Jones that Miller should stay up with Mac. During the night Mac quietly slipped off his shoes and at last overcome by loss of blood(?) snored off to sleep while Russell kept his lonely vigil. In the morning Miller's righteous indignation knew no bounds when Jack got up, untied the bandages and washed away the red ink. The ladies may now be sure that Russell has a tender heart.

ATHLETICS.

The base ball team took its first trip of the season to Indiana and succeeded with little difficulty in winning from the Normal. McKim and Wilhelm pitched and never left any doubt as to the result of the score. Score, Indiana 5. Westminster 14.

Batteries—Wilhelm, McKim and Davies; Toole and Fulton.

On May 3 the second game of the trip was played with Kiskiminetas. While we won easily, our team work being good, yet it was evident that more batting practice was needed. Score, Kiskiminetas 3, Westminster 7. Batteries for Westminster, McKim and Davies.

Pittsburg College wanted our team to play for a percentage of the gate receipts, and of course our manager could not but cancel under such terms.

The western trip of the ball team has been declared off, much to the disappointment of all. Inability to have a complete

schedule so as to pay expenses was the cause.

Geneva cancelled her first game with us. There is no doubt felt as to what the result would have been.

Shadyside canceled on May 7 on account of rain.

Volant paid us a visit and were easily beaten 13-3. Yolton pitched a good game.

Grove City has again visited us and gone away with colors drooping. On Monday May 7 she went down before Harry Wilhelm in ignominious defeat. A shut out was barely escaped and there can be no doubt as to the result of the series.

Our boys did not bat as well as usual but took many advantages offered by the errors of the visitors.

Summary—2 base hits, Edmundson, Davies; 3 base hits, Mardorf, Marshall; Bases on balls, Marshall 2, Wilhelm 4; Stolen bases, Westminster 2; Hits, Westminster 10; Grove City 7; Umpire, Patton. Errors, Westminster, 3, Grove City, 6.

On May 12, University of W. Va., met defeat here. Their team did not put up the game that was expected, while our boys batted and fielded excellently. Wilhelm pitched his usual game.

Summary—Westminster 14. W. Va., 0. Batteries—Wilhelm and Davies, Lowe, etc. Hits—Westminster 19, W. Va., 4.

Waynesburg meeting rain here on the 16th stayed over till the 17th and went down under Don McKim's art to the tune of 22-4. At no stage of the game were they in it.

Summary—Westminster 22, Waynesburg 4. Batteries, McKim and Davies, Gapin and Moore.

On Saturday May 21st our team goes to Grove City.

On 28th of May Grove City comes to New Wilmington.

On May 30th Westminster goes to Grove City.

If a tie results a final and deciding game will have to be played.

The spring field meet was held Friday May 6 and showed what an impetus has been given to that line of athletics in the last year. In nearly all the track events there were from four to six entries, and what men there were in the field events showed up finely. The day was not an ideal one as it was cool and windy, but the desire was to get the trials over and prepare for Pittsburg.

Following is a summary:

¼ mile run—Smith 1st 63½, Ferguson 2d, Murray 3d, Gil- 4th.

Shot put—Chambers 1st, 33 ft. 4 in., McMahon 2d 31 ft. 2 in.

220 yd—Degelman, 1st 24, Divers 2d, Long 3d, Degelman and Sloss 4th, tie.

Pole vault—Smith 1st, Ferguson and Gailey 2d.

Hammer throw—McMahon 1st, 98 ft. 8 in., Chambers 2nd.

2 mile bike—Neville 1st 7, 12, McCague 2nd.

220 hurdle 1st heat—Sloss 1st, 32, Smith 2d, Long 3d.

220 hurdle 2d heat—McGill 1st, 30 2-5 Gailey 2nd, Holmes 3d.

100 yd dash 1st heat—Degelman 1st

1, Long 2d, Sloss 3d, McGill 4th.
 100 yd dash 2d heat—Divers 1st 11,
 Holmes 2d, Degelman 3d, Gil- 4th.
 Mile run—Cummings 1st 5:40,
 York 2d, Fulton 3d, Gibson 4th.
 1/4 mile bike—Neville 1st 40 2-5, Mc-
 ague 2d, McMahon 3.

MUSIC AND ART.

OUR MUSICAL NEIGHBORS.

The square piano has four legs,
 The grand has three to its frame;
 The upright has no legs at all,
 But it gets there just the same.

—Chicago News.

A camera club has been organized for the spring term.

The students of the music department gave a private recital in the chapel on May

On Tuesday evening May 17, Prof. Peterson and Miss McNall gave a recital which was superior to any like event in our memory. By Prof. Peterson's efforts the platform was arrayed in two very striking decorations, blossoms and national colors. The execution of the numbers was rendered in a finished and artistic manner and we are certainly fortunate in having such a musical faculty. Following is the program:
 Wagner-Liszt. Spinning Song. "Der Fliegende Hollaender."

"Fear not ye, O Israel!"

- a.) Hervey. "Violet."
- b.) Lassen. "A Dream."
- c.) Neidlinger. "Serenade."
- f. Bendel. "L'Idéal d'amour."

Korbdy. Two Hungarian Melodies.

- (a.) "Far and high the cranes give cry."
- (b.) "Shepherd, see thy horse's foaming mane."
- (a.) Grieg. "Norwegian bridal procession passing by."
- (b.) Schubert-Liszt. "Am Meer."
- (a.) Chadwick. "Song from the Persian."
- (b.) Chadwick. "Before the dawn."
- (c.) Schumann. "Ich grolle nicht."

Bizet. "Toreador's song," from Carmen.

Weber. "Concert Stueck." Op. 79.

Orchestral parts on second piano.

Alumni and College World.

The trustees of Westminster at a meeting not long since conferred the degree of D. D. upon Rev. S. R. Lyons, who has been recently elected president of Monmouth college.

Rev. J. L. Fulton, who was a student here a number of years ago, died at his home in Allegheny, Pa., a few weeks ago.

The recent debate between Cornell and Pennsylvania was won by Cornell. Miss Laughlin of Cornell, who is the first woman to take part in a great inter-collegiate debate, is said to have been the most effective debater of the occasion.

At the Carlisle Indian school there are enrolled 808 students, representing 61 different tribes. The graduating class this year numbers 126.

Cambridge University is sending an expedition to New Guinea for purposes of exploration and scientific research. It consists of seven members, mainly graduates of

the institution.

Compulsory education is soon to be established throughout European Russia. This will certainly be a great benefit to that country, as it is estimated that only eight per cent. of her population of 130,000,000 can read and write.

The authorities of Brown university have decided that students there must either give up the use of tobacco or leave college.

Ten hours of study, eight hours of sleep, two of exercise, and four devoted to meals and social duties, is what Pres. Elliott of Harvard recommends to students. Most students might save a great deal of time that is often wasted if they would only economize it by using it in a systematic way.

England has eleven universities with a total of 344 professors and 13,400 students.

A new library is being built at Princeton in which, it is said, there will be thirty miles of book shelves.

Daily newspapers are now printed in ten colleges and universities in the U. S. They are, Yale, Harvard, Cornell, Princeton, Brown, Stanford, Tulane, and the Universities of Pennsylvania, Wisconsin and Michigan.

Braden McElree, '96, met with a severe accident not long ago while engaged in a game of ball. He was struck on the head with the ball; he, however, pluckily finished the game, but after the game was over, it was found that the accident was more serious than had at first been anticipated. He was taken to the hospital where he received the best of attention, and is at pres-

ent convalescing.

The students of W. & J. college have organized a military company. Then have begun a thorough course of drilling, and have notified Gov. Hastings that they want to go out on the next call.

Yale buys yearly \$7,500 worth of books for her library, Harvard spends \$16,000 for the same purpose and Columbia \$43,000.

President McKinley will deliver the commencement address at Iowa College this year.

Stanford University, after receiving its share of the Stanford estate, will have an income treble that of any other American University.

The Ann Harbor League is working hard to bring their university into no license territory, calling for a "three mile act" or a "five mile act." insi ting on the enforcement of the laws as they now exist, and the enactment, as soon as practicable, of other laws which will allow communities which wish to do so to rid themselves of saloons entirely.

An international chess match has been arranged to take place some time in April between Oxford and Cambridge, and a chess club composed of the leading players of Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Columbia.

A college of Forestry is to be established at Cornell University. The legislature has appropriated \$10,000 for that purpose. The trustees of the university are authorized to purchase, with the consent of the State Forest Reserve Board, not more than thirty thousand acres of land in the State park in the Adirondacks for the purpose of

establishing the proposed college. The faculty of the college will consist of a professor, two instructors, a forest manager, and such managers, superintendents and subordinates as may be required. The college shall be conducted so as to give instruction and experiment in the latest scientific forestry. The proceeds of timber cut on the land shall be paid to the state.

EXCHANGES.

One hour today is worth two tomorrow.

"Many of our cares are but a morbid way of looking at our privileges."

"He who composes himself is wiser than he who composes books."

"The strength of a chain is in its weakest links."

When the leaves begin to turn—the day before examinations —Ex.

The Penn Chronicle contains six excellent articles written by college presidents on subjects of interest to students. They touch on several phases of student life such as how to secure literary development, athletics, habits, individuality, the new student and college education through difficulties.

Professor in Zoology.—"What animals are characterized by their big heads?"

Student.—"The Preps."—Ex.

Junior (who has answered correctly to

the astonishment of the professor)—"You look surprised, Professor."

Professor.—"So was Balaam."

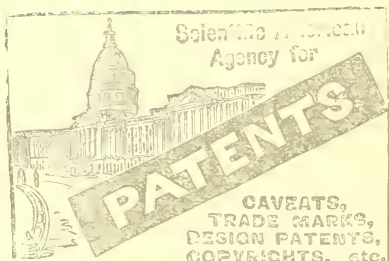
"The Advantages of College Life," in the Hiram College Advance, is very interesting and instructive. We quote from it: "To set the bent of a youth exclusively toward things which he can measure or weigh; to cause him to become cool and calculating, especially in matters pertaining to self; to induce the habit of too great thrift in material matters is to inflict often incalculable damage."

Many a moment could be saved by systematic work. The average student procrastinates until fairly overwhelmed with work, and then by a mighty effort frees himself of the burden, but fails to do justice to himself or the work allotted to him. —Ex.

The self made man was speaking. He said: "My father was a raiser of hogs. There was a large family of us"—and then his voice was drowned by applause.—Ex.

A hearty school spirit is the unfailing sign of an active student body. It can never be acquired except through organization —Ex.

The Delaware College Review contains an excellent article on Francis Bacon. The biographical essay is always interesting and instructive although, perhaps, not so original in thought as the essay on some practical subject.



For information and free Handbook write to
 HUNN & CO., 561 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
 Finest bureau for securing patents in America.
 Every patent taken out by us is brought before
 the public by a notice given free of charge in the

Scientific American

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the
 world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent
 man should be without it. Weekly, \$2.00 a
 year; \$1.00 six months. Address, HUNN & CO.,
 PUBLISHERS, 561 Broadway, New York City.

Teachers Wanted.

Union Teachers' Agencies Of America.

Rev. L. D. Bass, D. D., Mgr.

*Pittsburg, Pa., Toronto, Can., New Orleans, La.,
 New York, N. Y., Washington, D. C., San
 Francisco, Cal., Chicago, Ill., St Louis,
 Mo. and Denver, Colorado.*

There are thousands of positions to be filled.
 We had over 8,000 vacancies during the past sea-
 son, more vacancies than teachers. Unqualified
 facilities for placing teachers in every part of the
 United States and Canada. One fee registers in
 9 offices. Address all Applications to Pittsburg,
 Pa.

 * J. C. Bragdon, *
 * Wood and Photo Engraver, *
 * 78 and 80 Fourth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa. *

WRIGHT, LESLIE & CO.,

Desire to call the attention of students and patrons in general to their large
 and complete line of goods for **SUITINGS, PANTALOONINGS,**
OVERCOATINGS and GENTS' FURNISHINGS GOODS in General.
 Special attention given to clothes made to order. Call and examine our
 stock.

No 75 Washington Street, New Castle, Penn'a.

Blank Books, Writing Tablets,

AND

All Kinds of STUDENT'S SUPPLIES.

A LINE OF THE FINEST CANDIES IN TOWN.

John McKinley, M. D., Successor to McKinley & Haley,
 NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. XIX.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., JUNE, 1898.

No. 10

The Holcad.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

Editors.

HARRY N. HOLMES, '99 EDITOR IN CHIEF
SANNIE STEWART, '00 ASSISTANT
RENWICK GEALEY, '99 LIT. DEPARTMENT
MAE TURNER, '00
RUSSEL MILLER, '99 LOCAL
EDWARD FRAZER, '01 ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD
O. R. DEGLEMAN, '99 MUSIC, AND ART
FAITH STEWART, '00 EXCHANGES
MONROE NITHERSPOON, '99 BUSINESS MANAGER

Publishers Notice.

THE HOLCAD is a monthly of ten issues a year, published by the undergraduates of Westminster College.

Entered at the Postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second class mail matter.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni, or any who are or have been connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Address all communications to THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

TERMS One copy per year, \$1.00. Single copy 15c.

EDITORIAL.

The faculty have for some time past been considering the advisability of adding

another year to the Preparatory course. When this plan is adopted, as it probably will be in the near future, the study of Greek will begin in the Second Preparatory year and Xenophon and Homer will be required for admission to the college course, thus practically adding one year to the present course in Greek. The sciences will receive a great deal of attention from the beginning, and either French or German will be taken up during the Second Preparatory year. Students will be required to take four studies until the beginning of the Freshman year and several other new features will be introduced. The adoption of this plan will further the movement recently set on foot to establish uniform requirements for admission to all United Presbyterian colleges in order to facilitate intermigration. It will also greatly improve our curriculum and all friends of the college who would have Westminster second to none in the land will hope for its speedy accomplishment.

Great emergencies in our nation's history have always brought out Yankee pluck. Some daring spirit has ever been ready to seize an opportunity to strike a de

cisive blow for his country. An Englishman or German waits until he can act with the least risk, but an American, when it is necessary, risks everything to win or lose it all.

There has been no more reckless character in our history than Paul Jones. With ships that England laughed at, he bearded the British lion in his den, gave battle to greatly superior forces and created a wholesome respect for the stars and stripes. His dashing bravery and unfailing success was no small factor in securing the aid of France. But there was reason in Jones' recklessness. Without running the greatest risks he could have accomplished nothing.

Another example of American nerve is found in Lieut. Decatur. During the war with the Barbary pirates the frigate, Philadelphia ran aground in Tripoli and was captured by the Tripolitans. Lieut Decatur and seventy-five men ran a small sloop into the bay, set fire to the Philadelphia, and stayed there until the ship burned to the water's edge. although at any moment he expected to be blown into eternity by the guns at the castle.

And what of Cushing, who destroyed the Rebel ram, Albemarle, taking one chance out of a hundred for getting out of the adventure alive?

The present Spanish war has been only another opportunity for the exercise of Yankee pluck. Consider Admiral Dewey's situation when his fleet was orderd out of Hong Kong harbor with a scant supply of coal, not enough to reach a friendly port. But his American grit rose to the occasion,

and he risked his all on a single throw by attacking the Manilla fleet. If he had not won, his situation would have been desperate, for he would have had no base of supplies.

Our American heroes seem never to consider the possibility of defeat, but by decisive and dashing courage nearly always win the day.

Isn't it true that we all like the people who give us unstinted praise for deeds well done, and even add a little delicate flattery now and then? To be effective, flattery must be applied with masterly skill. In fact its use has become a fine art in France, and we Americans are fast losing our Puritanical narrow-mindedness and are taking thought of our neighbor's pleasure. A sure road to popularity is to bestow neat compliments wherever they give pleasure. If one has not the necessary command of language one can flatter by polite attention to a speaker. Care should be taken not to go to the extreme by applying the sickening flattery that is stamped on its face as untruthful. The success of any style of compliments depends upon its resemblance to merited praise. Then if you can smooth some brother's way or make his burden easier to bear by unselfish praise, do so, and you may pull him out of the Slough of Despond.

Method is indispensable to one who would accomplish much in life. A person may have great capacity for work, his power of endurance may be unsurpassed, he may be exceedingly industrious and dili-

gent, yet if he does not systematize he will receive a comparatively small return for the amount of energy he expends. By following a plan previously formed the time spent in deciding what to do next, and the spare moments usually wasted may be worked up into results of the greatest value. Watt is

said to have taught himself chemistry and mechanics by utilizing odds and ends of time. Sir Walter Scott also had a knack for economizing time and this largely accounts for the immense amount of work he accomplished in the field of literature.

The daily routine of school or college life tends to develop regular and methodical habits, mental training enables one to use his mind systematically and under the control of his will, and if education accomplishes nothing more than this, it is by no means fruitless.

The failure to hold the inter-collegiate field meet at P. A. C. park on account of rain was something of a blow to our athletic interests. Westminster lost the best chance she ever had of defeating W. and J. but that is no reason why we should not do it next year. Both Geneva and W. and J. had weak track teams, while our own was stronger than ever before and our prospects were never more brilliant.

If discourages an athlete to train all spring and deny himself the pleasures of riotous living and then have no opportunity to win for himself glory and renown. It is tiresome enough to train when a contest is certain, but to train for an uncertainty requires college spirit that should be appreciated at its full value.

Taking everything into consideration the college has been the gainer and not the loser by this spring's track work. Several new men have been developed, and an increased interest has been taken in field sports.

No man's learning should be judged by his much speaking for it often varies in an inverse ratio to the number of his words. He may deceive some of the people all the time and all the people some of the time by putting in his oar at every possible opportunity, but he can't "fool all the people all the time." Sooner or later the talkative man falls to par and is rated at his true, microscopic worth.

There is no more unpopular student in the class-room than the bright(?) young man who answers questions for the whole class whether they belong to him or not. It is only fair to say that he is usually fresh—"ahem,"—fresh from the family circle and the public school where he was trained to consider himself the beginning of a great man, perhaps another Washington or Edison. And in time he might become a great man, but he would have to live two thousand years longer than Methusaleh to get there. He is anxious to make a good impression on the grade book and consequently tells all he knows, quite forgetting that any one else has a right to part of the recitation period. Nothing is more provoking when we are asked a question and pause for a moment to find out in which one of our mental pigeon holes we have placed the desired fact, than to hear some clever(?) student eagerly give the answer with an irritating air of super-

iority. And the professor turns a beaming smile on the smart young man, gives him a ten and the other fellow a zero.

It is nearly always true that the quiet student, who modestly answers only his share of the questions, has a better knowledge of the subject than the man with the hair trigger tongue.

Give the slow fellow a chance. If he is slow he may be sure.

It might be well to add that the girls offend just as often as the boys.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

William the Silent.

Christianity is a sparkling stream flowing through the vale of history, fertilizing the hard and barren soil of human nature. It clothes the once arid tract of selfishness with the tender verdure of brotherly love. But as a river, diverted from its accustomed bed, hurls black, death-dealing destruction over the land which once it blessed, so Christianity turned from its Christ-appointed course; uproots all the tender, clinging plants in the "garden of souls."

History furnishes many instances in which heartless oppressors have perverted the laws of God, and behind the cloak of duty wreaked deadly hatred on trembling human souls; where soulless tyrants, with the fetters of iron-clad creed have manacled the hands of reason; where despots, with fire and sword and the terrors of the rack, have forced humanity to embrace the worn-out tenets of a corrupt religion, and laid all this misery at the door of conscience, and

proclaimed the horrors to have been enacted in the name of God and law.

But the annals of time record no instance more terrible than the establishment of the "Spanish Inquisition" in the Netherlands. Philip II, the brutal bigot, the death-dealing despot, the demon, who in a demoniac age was shunned as a deadly viper, the fiend whose only smile on earth played above the flickering flames of a city's doom and ten thousand mangled forms—this monster, with the wealth of the world at his beck and call, armed with place and power had decreed that a nation must renounce the worship their souls believed to be right and must embrace his narrow creed, or perish from the earth.

The crisis was now at hand. The civilization which had risen from the wrecks of Rome had culminated in the Netherlands. The seeds sown by Calvin and Luther had taken root in that fertile soil and the tree of religious liberty had unfolded its blossoms to the summer's sun. Philip II, representative of the old regime, had sworn to hew that tree down. What a strange, sad spectacle! A little country, which patient toil had rescued from the arms of the sea, born down by the ruler of half the world! Seventeen provinces, with jealously guarded autonomy, suspiciously eyeing one another askance, while the serpent tyranny was coiling its sinuous folds around the body politic! Three religious sects engaged in senseless conflict, while the great foreign invader was binding them hand and foot! The hour arrived, the dogs of war were loosened, the fires of the Inquisition burst forth on every plain and hill-top. The sky was

rid with funeral pyres. In the dead of night, warned by the death shrieks of loved ones the people fled affrighted, their footsteps guided by the flickering flames of their once dear homes.

When things had reached this critical pass, there appeared on the political horizon a man whose name shall ever shine brightly in history's glowing firmament. This man was William of Orange, Prince of Nassau. Opposed to war and carnage, he had remained silent while the evils were sufferable, and now rose as the echo to a nation's wailing cry, to battle manfully in a well-nigh hopeless cause. There was that in the character of this youth which the world might well pause to contemplate. Young in years, he displayed the wisdom of a sage. A noble by birth, he possessed the rare love of humanity which characterizes those who have risen from the humbler ranks of men. Reared to travel the path of luxury, at the call of duty he descended into the valley of poverty to tread a pathway of thorns. Devoid of the cant and bombast of ordinary enthusiasts, he held in his heart a power of purpose which language cannot express. Quietly accepting his mission as a call from the Creator, he shouldered the burden of a people's sorrow, and sacrificed his wealth, happiness and life in his country's cause.

Many men have performed prominent parts in the drama of history—men whom the world calls great. Some, like Caesar, possessing all the power to serve humanity in its hour of need, yet impelled by an innate selfishness, have betrayed their country and their God, and written in letters of blood their own eternal doom; others, im-

pelled by a love of mankind, like John Brown, have been devoid of power to strike one telling blow in freedom's cause; but who, like William the Silent, possessed both the power and the desire to wield it in a worthy cause? From the beginning of his eventful career to its tragic close, he was never confronted by an emergency he could not meet, nor asked to render a sacrifice, however great, that he did not freely make.

His talents were varied in a marked degree. No narrowness of principal was ever found in him. He was broad as the universe. He conquered liberty not for himself but for the world; he warred not against Philip, but against tyranny; he died not for a single people, but for posterity in every age and every clime.

His eloquence was extraordinary. His voice, rich and powerful. His sublime flow of words, and his convincing earnestness could quell the wildest mob. He was pre-eminently the first statesman in Europe. With consummate cunning he baffled the schemes of the Machiavellian diplomats of Spain, outwitted the subtle priest, Granvelle, and frustrated the plots of Philip almost before their conception. His organization of the jealous provinces, his pacification of the warring religious elements, and his enlistment of neutral nations in a seemingly hopeless cause against the most powerful potentate of Europe, are standing monuments to his diplomatic powers. His ability as a soldier is beyond dispute. Confronted by the largest and best equipped army in the world—without militia, without generals and without money, save his own private fortune, he organized and equipped an army

and led them to victory against odds such as few men dare face. Requesens, Parma, and Alexander Farnese acknowledged his skill, while Don John of Austria, the hero of Lepanto, met his first defeat at the hands of this intrepid leader.

Eloquence, statesmanship, generalship, the power to convince, to organize and to command—a triumvirate of the attributes of true greatness—but attributes which uncontrolled by higher moral powers prove but a life blasting curse. Let the world thank God to day that William's character did not end there. The higher elements of the soul, for which genius is but an instrument in accomplishing God's purpose, were unusually developed in this man. His unselfishness, his piety, his tolerance of opinions at variance with his own, were phenomenal. The people, selfish and intolerant themselves, looked up to him for guidance and light. Perfect trust in their leader alone enabled them to withstand the sieges and endure the hardships which they were called upon to bear at Lyden, Haarlem and Antwerp. However great their sufferings, they always knew there was one man who suffered more than they. The people placed implicit trust in their patient commander, and never was that trust betrayed.

Time and again had Philip placed offers of untold wealth before this man, to lure him from the cause he had beggared himself to promote. With subtlest sophistry he worded bribes so circuitously as to make their acceptance appear a virtue. Yet each and all were met with a quiet scorn. Despairing of bribing the incorruptable patriot, and failing to conquer him by fair

means, he determined to resort to foul. The "Ban" was published. The vilest document of human history was scattered broadcast. William was branded a traitor, murderer and a foe to humanity, and thirty thousand crowns were offered the assassin who would deprive him of life. With characteristic promptness William answered with the "Apology." In scathing terms the "modern Demosthenes" hurled the Philippics at a tyrant such as Greece had never beheld.

Unheeding the dangers which now menaced him every step, this heroic man pursued unfaltering the path of duty. "My life," said he, "is not my own. I have consecrated it long since, to my country and my God." The cut-throats of Europe now dogged his steps. After five unsuccessful attempts, his murder was accomplished under conditions so revolting as to turn the heart sick with horror. The true nobility of soul, which ever distinguished the patriot, enabled the assassin to compass the crime. Ever suspicious of those whom he had reason to regard as enemies, he was never outwitted by the shrewdest Machiavellis of Europe. But bold, upright and true of heart, he could not conceive of a nature which, Judas like, could betray a man while approaching him as a friend. Thus he was ever unsuspecting of the insignificant Gerard, who, appealing to him for protection, was sworn to take his life. In the bounty of his heart, ever amendable to the cry of suffering, he unconsciously furnished the weapon that took his life.

On Tuesday, July 10, 1584, as the prince was ascending the stair which led

from the dining room to his chamber he was confronted by Gerard, who discharged a pistol full at his heart. With the single cry, "God pity this poor people," he sank to the floor, perhaps the truest, noblest heart God ever made ceased to throb in humanity's cause. He died, as he lived, thinking not of himself, and in death accomplished the purpose for which he had so long striven in vain. For the Protestant states, whose jealousy and suspicion his loving life could not dispel, coalesced within three months of their leader's death. As warring brethren, their petty differences hushed by the death of their common grief, clasped hands in silent agony above the grave of a dear, lost, loving father those provinces, their quarrels forgotten in their grief for "Father William," united into a compact and powerful state.

Philip was foiled. The end which he had labored to prevent, had been hastened by his own foul crime. He viewed the revolt as a torrent and William as the fountain head. He believed that by removing the fountain he would purge the stream. Although he argued falsely, he was not the first or wisest man who had taken the exponent of a principle for the principle itself. Man is transient, but truth is eternal. Maddened by truth as typified by Socrates, the Greeks endeavored to drown it in the poison bowl; mocked by the purity of Christ, the Jews hung him on Calvary's cross; shamed by the spotlessness of Joan of Arc, the English burned her at Rouen's stake; but truth still lives and triumphs over time and space and the schemes of servile men.

No one who has ever wrought for truth has lived his life in vain. Their lives become guiding stars for future generations. The record of William the Silent stands like a bright pillar of the past. Inscribed thereon are the elements of his greatness—power of purpose, depth of conviction, tolerance of spirit and unselfishness of action. Four centuries have passed since, mid a nation's sobs, all that was mortal of William of Orange, was laid in the cold and silent tomb. The world has not read his lesson in vain. That little spot of ground consecrated by his blood, long furnishes refuge for the world's oppressed. It was from that shore our forefathers turned the Mayflower's prow toward far off Plymouth Rock. Today freedom's flag floats on high. Ten thousand churches, their spires reaching skyward, proclaim religious toleration under civil liberty, the foundation on which all true governments rest. Proud America now typifies the principles for which William, the Silent, bled and died. His marble monument may moulder to dust, the little country he rescued from tyranny may sink beneath the sea from which it rose, but so long as there lives a man whose heart throbs true to humanity's cause the fame of "Father William shall shine untarnished by calumny's destroying breath.

With Cupid's Aid.

Dorothy Warwick, dressed in her most becoming gown, sat in her chamber waiting. It was half after three—fifteen minutes and he would be here! No fear of his being

late; he was almost too punctual, sometimes. And she knew why he was coming, too. He was going to ask her to marry him. She was curious to see how he would do it. Still, he usually showed good taste and, of course, he would do this—at least, not awkwardly. If she knew, though, how he would do it, she could choose the proper place and chair. She would have to be on the alert and let him show her where the field of action was to be. Then the bell rang and Dorothy ran down stairs to meet him, without having decided what she would say to him when he asked the momentous question.

Mr Samuel Severance was standing on the broad porch and enjoying the odor of the roses that climbed riotously up the pillars or ran wild along the railing. His eyes lighted up with pleasure as he turned and saw Dorothy in the doorway, clad in the dress he liked best, the color in her cheeks reflecting faintly the brilliance of the red Jacqueminot in her hair, a shy smile of welcome destroying regretfully the perfect curves of her winsome mouth.

"How do you do, Mr. Severance? Will you come in or shall we sit out here?"

"You're growing dreadfully formal, Miss Warwick. One wouldn't think you had been calling me 'Sam' for—how many years? But, let us go in, I believe it will be cooler inside."

Then, leaving his hat and cane in the hall, he went into the darkened parlor, drew forward for her the chair in which he liked best to see her, brought his favorite low chair into position, not so very far distant from hers, brought her her fan from

the table, and sat down. For a few moments he watched her, she kept her eyes on the fan. At length she looked up at him and that seemed to inspire him to talk. He didn't discuss the weather, or their neighbors, or the last social affair. He was a young lawyer and believed in proceeding at once to the most important matter to be considered.

"Dorothy," he began, "you know, perhaps as well as I, how much I love you. I've shown you that in many ways, for a long time. And I have let myself believe you loved me, too. Was I right?"

Her answer was very low, but it evidently encouraged him to go on with his little speech. He was even aroused to make a gesture, but his hand seemed to forget its mission, and fell, by chance, on hers.

"Well, then, dearest," he said joyfully, "you'll marry me, won't you.—and soon?"

"I don't know," she said, "that's just the trouble."

"But you said you loved me?"

"Oh yes, I do. Still I don't know whether to marry you or not."

Sam was dazed for a moment. He remained silent for a while and meditated, and at length said slowly, "Well, I don't see how you are to find out what to do; unless—you might write to Ruth Cashboy, state the case and get an answer through her column. A young man loves a young woman who returns his affection but is uncertain whether she ought to marry him or take the veil in some nunnery. Or you might ask your papa and mamma."

"Now then,—your'e making fun of me,

when you ought to be the very one to help me," said Dorothy reproachfully.

"Why how can I Dorothy?"

"Well, you can, you needn't look as if such a thing were impossible. You're the best friend I have, you know, and your judgment is good and I thought you could tell me whether to marry you or not."

Sam suggested the conceivability of his opinion being biased by his feelings. No, he was to look at the matter from her standpoint and give his advice merely as an attorney. So he asked her to play some soft music while he gave his entire attention for awhile to this difficult case. And for half an hour he sat in a big arm chair and pondered. While she, at the piano across the room, played the sweetest, caressing melodies or sang the simple, beautiful slumber songs and serenades.

In the midst of one of these, he arose and, coming over, stood behind her. When she finished the song, he said, in a grave, hard voice, "The attorney has decided, after careful deliberation, that you must not think of marrying me."

Before she could answer, he had turned and was gone, his almost forgotten 'good bye' floating back to her through the window from the shadows of the night.

* * * * *

A week later, the postman left a tiny violet scented note at the Severance mansion for Mr. Samuel Severance. But he was away and not until three weary weeks had dragged themselves by did he come home to find the missive on the dresser before her picture. He knew the writing at once and,

tearing it open eagerly read: "I have consulted another lawyer, one Dan Cupid, who has found a flaw in your reasoning. He advises me to plead guilty, even though that means being cast into chains for life. If you call, I will pay for your services as attorney."

Then, although he had been traveling all night and had had no breakfast that morning, yet he wasted no time in going to collect his promised reward.

DINKIE SEVILLE.

Sentiment of Fraternity.

Winning Inter-Collegiate oration delivered at Waynesburg, May 11, by C. F. Holden, of the University of West Virginia.

If we could trace successfully the secrets of thirty centuries, we would see that every age has had its distinguishing social tendency. Mighty and eternal forces have always been manifest in the drama of human experience, which, like the converging branches of a great river, have united to swell the tide of modern civilization. Ever since the progenitors of modern nations spread themselves like inundations of the sea over Europe, history shows a well-defined evolution of mankind into higher and better conditions of living. Gradually, the old formula and hoary systems of every age have been thrown into the smelting pan to be cast anew. The age of chivalry is no more. The knight, who, with his coterie of kith and kin, made offensive war a business, has no place in modern civilization. The egotistic spirit has given way to the altruistic, until nations now recognize the

sentiment of fraternity, which thrills and glows in the great heart of humanity. It is no vain fancy to follow this growing sentiment, which, through the endless play of ages, has broken through all obstructions, streaming from the page of history all gloriously upward above the achievements of material grandeur, transforming man to his present high estate.

This movement is analogous, somewhat, to the evolution of the political enfranchisement of nations, which has come up through centuries of revolution, until the ambitious colonist and state builder have encircled the world with the idea of representative government. Coincident with civil liberty has fraternity grown, involving gear by gear, more of kindliness and generosity between man and man. To-day, every act of individual and national achievement is estimated by its worth to others. Nations no longer have the old time conception of war. That nation which encourages conquest is a barbarous nation. War can only be justified when carried on for humanity's sake. The seeds of great truth and power which were once cast with war trumpets now have their origin and operation through the reason and judgment of men.

Naturally, we turn first to our own country for the most striking example of this higher conception of human relations. The civil war saw this land rent in twain by strife and again united in purpose and aspiration, until sectional lines exist only in the memory of men. The struggle for asserted rights was illumined by deeds or desperate

valor by both north and south. The bitter asperations generated by selfishness and ambition are smouldering in the graves of our dead. The rehabilitation of homes and the establishment of a country without section, show that men now recognize the fraternal sentiment, that animosity is to be merged into fellowship and that sectionalism must yield to broad universal patriotism. The heroes of the conflict are the heroes of a united people. The willow that waves its mournful branches over the graves where southern soldiers bivouac in their tents of green is expressive of as much national sorrow as the myrtle that twines its tendrils around and festoons with blossoms the graves of the soldiers of the north. Every monument erected by hands of hearts of poverty and patriotism, every statue crowning hillside and public square, every wreath and garland strewn by loving hands, prove that the fire of conflict is ended and in its place the spirit of fraternity reigns.

And, while the morning and evening gun still stir the heart of brave men to action, the old time spirit of militarism is doomed. What could be more pathetic, what more touching, than to see the scared veterans of France, men of heroic mould and unflinching spirit cheering an attack on war? The anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar, a celebration which once produced a blaze of patriotism throughout England now awakens no more than official enthusiasm. The Fatherland only lately glowing with martial victory no longer prides herself in her ability to destroy, but extols the advocates of peace who, without firing a shot,

has found a way to extend German influence through the medium of the common schools. England and America bound by common ties of language, kinship and aspiration have arisen to the very heights of national grandeur by adjusting differences by arbitration.

The Great Powers of Europe which have existed as independent sovereignties for a thousand years, each with its own peculiar civilization, are stirred by this humane cause. A Peace Congress of sixteen nations meet to further humanity's cause. A Congress of Religions, representing almost every country and creed on the globe meet on common ground to augment the common good. Ever since Mediaeval times, when national boundaries were insecure and transitory, we have seen a progression of divinely ordered preliminaries toward greater national contentment. Witness, if you please, the enlargement of our own country from the easternmost cliff on the Atlantic to the last promontory on the Pacific, "which catches the parting kiss of the setting sun as he bids adieu behind the Golden Gate." Note the union of Italian states, the consolidation of German states, the incorporation into Russia of Asiatic states, the permanent union of Central Europe from the Baltic to the Mediterranean in a defensive bond for greater unity of interest.

What significance has this waning of warlike tendencies except for humanitarian purposes? It is the growing consciousness that man antagonistic is man savage; but man co-operative is man civilized. It

means that the true greatness of a nation is not in the maintenance of a useless army, which withdraws from industrial activities the best element of a people, but in moral elevation, in co-operative business relations, in the arts of peace.

Not only in the decline of the militant idea do we see fraternal tendencies, but in the co-operative spirit. Men have become more and more conscious that peaceful association is the first essential of progress and paves the way for greater achievement as this association becomes wider and closer. Trade and commerce have brought us face to face in recognition of the Golden Rule. Social organizations, world-wide and powerful, bind men together with common purposes. The ties which unite working men are real and are felt wherever there is an intelligent wage earning class. Invention too has made us more dependent on each other. When we compare the modern printing press, driven by steam, with the scribe's toilsome pen; the ocean steamer defying the sea, with the row galley; the electric current, with the lumbering stage coach we see the material bond that unites us into one great organism, made up of the distinct parts, but linked in brotherly and sympathetic union.

The supremacy of selfishness is to be superseded by charity. The Laplander, chilling amid his banks of eternal snow; the Turk, cringing and crowding in narrow limits without opportunities of life; the Asiatic bowing to his gods of wood and stone or suffering the pangs of famine and pestilence, awaken a feeling of benevolence

sentiment which vibrates at every touch to all movements from the alleviation of suffering men and women. We are at present witnessing a spectacle, the like of which history bears no record—a spectacle in which a great Christian nation is moved by humanitarian purposes and offers bread and sympathy to an oppressed people. Public charity has ennobled its thousands. It pierces the dark places of earth and brings light and life to the unfortunate.

Never perhaps will we live to see the time when society will cease producing the millionaires and mendicants. for natural justice decrees that reward shall be proportionate to merit. But, the sacred ties of family bind generations together the world over. The expanding power of great languages puts spirit in communion with spirit in different lands and climes. The catholicity of the Christian religion brings men to the consciousness of the solidarity of the human race. It embodies, as its vitalizing principle, the brotherhood of man, a primal truth, uttered by the lowly Nazerene, the Prince of Peace. That Christianity concerns not only individual but social life is the brightest emanation of the gospel, giving to humanity a manhood, capable of all nobleness and divine uplift.

Although the ship of social and political progress has been driven through the sea of time by iron and blood, we feel we are the children of a purer civilization, the legatees of a Christian future. The present is pregnant with such tendencies. Our intervention in Cuban affairs is not for national aggrandisement but is actuated by

feelings of brotherly kindness for suffering men and women. The great, pulsing heart of this nation, made strong and enduring through strife and peril is moved by the cry of the oppressed. The flood gate of our sympathy is open. Upon humanity's altar, made sacred through centuries of martyrdom for right and justice, we offer our lives and our honor for the liberation of men. It is not our purpose to annex Cuba, although this would give us greater territory; we do not wish her fruits and grains, although this would add to our commercial power; we do not desire her people, although this would add to our national strength; but, above these, above all, we wish to see the last vestige of oppression fall dead as did the sacriligious Jew, who laid his hands on the ark of the covenant of the living God. The doom of Spanish infamy is written. The nation, that gave assistance to the persecuted Armenians, succor to Ireland, bread to the Hindoos, now intervenes to lift from the "Pearl of the Antilles" the shackles of oppression in the name of humanity. Neither the ancient nor modern world has witnessed such a spectacle. For months the United States has stood with its hand upon the hilt of its sword, unwilling to draw it, until it saw a nation perishing from the face of the earth. Love of humanity, the vital spark of our national greatness, has struck the blow, which shall end for hundreds of years greed and infamy and give to Cubans and to the world a land which shall blossom once again as the rose.

Only for humanity's ennoblement does the modern world justify war. A fraternal

tinge is coloring the age. Fraternity is the girdle of nations. It alone can quench the burning fires of materialism and urge the world on apace to that good time coming. While the world is not yet attuned to the harmonies of a great brotherhood, the nobler currents of human endeavor is centered in this movement. It must triumph. It was the burden of the song of angels nineteen hundred years ago when they announced to the world, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

'98 Class Poem.

Oh what is so rare as this day in June!
 Now or never comes the one perfect day;
 All nature is filled with harmonious cheer
 To bid us "God speed" on our way.

Other days there have been in Junes that are gone,
 But there's no need their worth to discuss,
 For Nature was practicing up, just to know
 How to perfect this one day for us.

'Tis only four jolly and free-from-care years
 Since the day we began the rough way
 To the storehouse of knowledge and lore; you
 might think
 We'd know all that's worth while, by to-day.

No, Socrates-like, we're wise enough now
 To know when we really don't know,
 So swelled heads, and swagger and bluff and
 such stuff
 We've left to the class-men below.

Oh, a gay set were we when we rushed into town
 On the regular limited mail
 And we found that the college was waiting for us
 At the station, to cry us 'all hail.'

Brother Veazey had scampered about among friends

Of the college, to hunt the long green;
 For young '98 was just coming to school
 So things must be fit to be seen.

The walls were new painted, new matting was laid,

The gymnasium enlarged and made new;
 New hot water pipes were warming the air
 Before the keen winter winds blew.

And well might our mother put on a new dress
 To honor the incoming class;

For by our mere presence, new life was inspired,

And verily brought it to pass.

Then up there at Meadville, the very same year
 We conquered old Thiel and the rest,

And showed that on track and platform as well,

Westminster was clearly the best.

And that was the year they first wore caps and gowns;

The reason is easily seen:
 They needed some mark to divide them from us;

Even then we'd a dignified mien.

You may wonder why, then, we are wearing them now,

If we're dignified lasses and lads;
 It's to let strangers know, when they see us alone,

We're not preachers, professors, old grads.

The next year brought sorrow to college and class,

The antis grew earnest and bold,
 Asserted some brethren belonged to the frats
 And should straightway be cast from the fold.

One day was allotted the faculty grave

In which to obey their decree,
 Then sadly they left us to live on in sin;

Minus five zealous classmates were we.

And then there came sadness of quite other
sort,

Our Juniors must needs be prepared ;
But firmly resolved to be kind to the world,
Our knowledge we gen'rously shared.

But by far the best part of our whole college
life

Was the year that is ending to-day ;
Yet sorrow and gladness have both striven
hard

To hold o'er our feelings full sway.

Though all through the year we've been count-
ing the weeks,

And worked with this end in full view,
We're not yet content to leave the old town
And bid it a last, long adieu.

For many years we've lived at ease, and never
toiled nor spun,

We've been arrayed like one of these, and
had much jolly fun.

But now, alas ! we've reached the spot where
toiling must begin,

No more we'll hear the Doctor say, "Herr
Veazey will be in

The Holcad room but one day more, so kindly
leave your dues."

Nay now to earn our wherewithall, much care
we'll have to use.

We've finished up Astronomy, Geology and
Dutch ;

We've studied Greek and Botany, of Latin we
know much.

Some loving mathematics, had elected Calcu-
lus,

And others working in the Labs. have learned
to sadly cuss.

All sorts of girls are in the class, the grave as
well as gay ;

Oh ! what a frightful vacancy, when these are
far away.

We've brainy ones, and giddy ones and some
for goodness known,

And some will marry soon, no doubt and some

remain alone.

We've sat and smoked our briar when fell the
evening shades,

Perambulated to and fro with Mount Moriah
maids.

We've even lingered late within Pulaski's
wicked bound,

Next morn we'd sleep and fail to hear the ris-
ing bell's sweet sound.

Grove City's been for many years our bitter
natural foe ;

No doubt in ages yet to come she'll still contin-
ue so.

In baseball oft she's gone to sleep from Dutch-
ie's anaesthetics,

We'll soon be first in foot ball, too ; as well in
track athletics.

Westminster then will victor be, twill righteous
be and just,

That all her scrubby enemies should lick the
very dust.

In that proud day of conquering joy, for which
we longing wait,

Our alma mater's praise will ring from loyal
'98.

Keen regret our heart is filling,
This farewell may be for aye,
Each familiar spot of nature
Calls with urgent voice to stay.

How we'll long when far we've wandered
Much of weary life have seen,
For the easy, pleasant duties
Centering 'round the campus green,

Then mere play will be the label
On our studies burdensome,
If for life's work we're not ready
'Twas not proof alone we're dumb.

Oft with lagging step we followed
Toward ideals for self raised up,
Flaws in character neglected,
Drank too oft from pleasure's cup.

Still we've widened our horizon,
We're not quite so blind to truth,
Now we've learned to turn the grindstone
Left the butterflies of youth.

Soon, when in the world transplanted,
Tho' to leave this warmth we're loth,
We shall grow, develop roundly
Till we reach our perfect growth.

Now our college day is closing,
Fades the golden light to gray;
In this even-time we're waiting,
Wondering what will be the day.

Glad has been the time of forging,
Chains we sadly now must break
We who long have lived together
Each a separate way will take.

Though we part, we'll still be
Lessons learned for life And so
Faithfully we'll journey goalwards
Till the light of life burns low.

When we're far away we'll still be
Children of Westminster dear;
Worthless be our lives, or worthy,
Of our deeds she's sure to hear.

Well we know she wants each fledgling
Flying from this sheltering nest
To be pure and good and noble,
Ever after truth in quest.

So we'll save her disappointment
We'll be brave and strong and true,
Intertwine our Black and Orange
With the dear old White and Blue.

George H. Seville.

The Lost First Baseman.

[With apologies to Mr. Browning.]

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat.
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote.

They most seductively doled him out silver,
Made him their captain, "expenses" allowed,
How all our kindness was wasted upon him!

Rags, were they Blue and White, he had
been proud.

Wilheim was of us, Davies was for us,
Pierce, Fulton were with us—those athletes
of old.

He alone breaks from the van of true sports-
men,

He alone sinks to the rear—plays for gold!
We shall play prosperously—not through his
presence,

Home runs inspire us—not from his bat.
Games will be won, his voice rest in quiescence,
Mute in defeat, overwhelming at that.

Give him his grades then, take back the blue
sweater,

Count him no more with true Westminster
men,

Mourn not his absence, nor e'er wish him with
us,

Loyalty, bartered once, ne'er trust again.

One Girl's Romance.

It was a warm June evening The air,
heavy with the scent of roses, the drowsy
chirping of birds, rendered out of-doors
more conducive to listlessness than to any
mental exertion; and so the pompous-titled
book which Josephine had brought out with
her, thinking to judge for herself of the
merits of this much-talked-of work, dropped
idly from her hand.

What a beautiful evening it was! She
gave herself up for the moment to the pure
enjoyment of it. The sweet, soft air, the
warm sunlight, the rich green color every-
where, the beautiful flowers, all had con-
spired in making an exquisite harmony of
sense.

It was the last week of her college life. Four long, happy years had found her busy and happy in looking toward the goal of graduation. And now it was all but here. She felt a certain sense of gratification, a consciousness that she had accomplished her purpose, but she was far from happy. Beyond these bright days of her young womanhood, she had never looked. Now the curtain was to be drawn aside and she was to step down from the brilliantly lighted stage of preparation to the great world of business and action.

And while these half sad thoughts filled her mind, a dreaminess in harmony with her surroundings stole softly over her and some things appeared to her in a stronger light than ever before.

The bright commencement season was over. Friends were gone, every suggestion of college had vanished. She seemed ever confronted with the dread question, "What is to be my life work?" She had no rest. She felt herself growing hard and bitter. Of course she could go home. They would welcome her there, but she felt that she was not needed. To do nothing would be simply intolerable, but what should she do?

She longed for a man's freedom of choice in his profession. Further study, what would have been the delight of her heart, was impossible. Only one avenue seemed open, and to that she unwillingly turned. An uncle, who happened to have influence in the school board of a neighboring city, secured for her a position. There she began her struggle. It all came so distinctly before her, as she passed from one

detail to another. She saw the dingy school building, her class room, the mischievous pupils, her vain endeavors to maintain order; she even felt the weariness of the long schoolroom hours coming over her. There was a bright spot or two. Some of the children could not fail to interest her. Their originality and eagerness to learn were refreshing indeed, but throughout it all surged the bitter feeling of genuine dissatisfaction with her work. By and by a diminishing of her father's income makes her teaching necessary to her support, but none the more congenial. Wearily she plods along, and continues a sad, discouraged woman, who has fallen into a settled routine of duties, who looks out upon a much narrower horizon than the girl of old. She seems to see a vista of long, empty, desolate years before her.

It was a dark, ever changing picture. She felt cold. She thought of death and welcomed the thought, timidly, yet gladly. Soon she perceived that she was sitting alone outside in the dark, in the damp June night with the moonlight streaming fully upon her. She was a girl again and Commencement was not over.

E. B. N., '98.

LOCALS.

Robert Veach, '96, was a spectator at the G. C. game.

What made Miss Lyde Pomeroy look so happy last week?

A. J. Millen, '91, of Pittsburg, spent a few days in town.

Will Reddie Littell shut the gates after this?

Does Edmundson now know where the shoe store is?

At last "Old Glory" waves over the College building.

The exchanging of pictures is about the proper thing now.

What made Miss Andrews look so happy the last Saturday of May?

Prof. Barnes shows a decided preference for the Elizabethan style.

It is said that some of the Sophomore boys are afraid of the Woods.

John Elder, '95, is home on his vacation from the medical college.

The winners of Junior contest are to provide a supper for the defeated.

H. E. Barr, '94, is home from Johns Hopkins for the summer vacation.

Why did Bruno look so sad Saturday night? Was Indiana quite forgotten.

That Chemistry exam. is going to cork some of us. May the fates be propitious.

McCalmont is reported better, his wounds leaving no scars.

As a remembrance of May 28, Irish wears a fine pair of patent tans.

A 3d Prep wants to know how a heavy armed soldier could be called a hop-lite.

Lloyd Davies was called home for a few days by the death of his grand-mother.

"What's the use" in people getting offended at articles in the Holcad columns?

The latest styles in shirt waists are like the English language, awfully pronounced.

According to Nelson a fellow has a poor show, so poor that you cannot count,

Samuel L. Johnston, '79, of Pittsburg, witnessed the Grove City game May 28.

Peacock has almost deserted the "farm;" occasionally he visits Edmundson.

Messrs. L. M. and T. R. Lewis, '78, were home for the interment of their father.

Among the features of Memorial day McPeak and his bass drum were not the least.

Miss Marion Crawford gave a reception to some of her college friends and a very enjoyable time was passed by all.

C. DeWitt Breaden not receiving word from Indiana, is putting in the time taking pictures.

It couldn't have been a United Presbyterian who got out those Senior invitations. More care might have been taken.

Breaden McElree, '96, who was injured while playing ball with Chicago University is recuperating at home.

One of the Memorial Day speakers alluded to the campus as "the sleeping place of the dead."

McNaughton's croquet ground is at present a favored resort, where Miss McCarrow is the acknowledged champion.

Badly rattled student, describing the petal of some flower.—“It’s thin but thick—oh.”

The United Presbyterian General Assembly elected Dr. Ferguson moderator at its recent meeting in Omaha.

Prof.—“Define Botany!”

Ambitious Soph.—“It’s the study of most any of the green things around.”

The game with the “Alumni” commencement week is being looked forward to with great interest.

Doubtless one of the Seniors at last looks forward joyfully to the near future when she will be Scott-free.

W. & J. again played the “baby act” when they cancelled the ball game. W. & J. are out after some things only.

Miss Black says that everything in life has its drawbacks except fishing and even in that there is a drawback on the line.

Dr. J. B. McMichael, ’59, former president of Monmouth College, will deliver the annual sermon to the Christian Associations.

Billy Clark says that if anybody is looking for mattress stuffing, just to call around and he will do his best to accommodate them.

One of the 3d Preps recently accomplished his destiny and came to a bad end. He walked behind a mule and took the elevator.

Does Witherspoon enjoy going swimming and being compelled by the force of

circumstances to come home in undershirt and trousers?

Ren Gealy has continued his botanical studies through the Junior year, and is now lost in his admiration of the beauty of a certain Fair-field.

Misses Emma Campbell, ’93, who is teaching in Canonsburg, Nellie Sloss and Margaret Pomeroy, ’96, are home for the summer vacation.

The noisy white ducks which always come in pairs with returning summer are arriving. (The Drake having come earlier in the season, about the first of the term.)

Prof. McElree very plainly expressed his relief by saying that he would be glad when the through coach carried all the students home the day after commencement.

W. H. Maynard, a former student here visited town last week. Mr. Maynard graduates from Princeton this year and expects to begin the study of law in New York.

The two young men who went to G. C. in a single rig with the expectation of riding home with different companions were sadly disappointed.

Hello Windy.

We understand that some of the hall girls are getting in training for the Pipe of Peace ceremonies. At any rate Tommy Ashmore asserts that never did cigarettes go so fast as now.

Oliver Degleman won the 100yd, 220 yard and 440 yard dashes Decoration Day at P. A. C. meet. J. A. Smith took first

place in pole vault. No wonder W. & J. didn't want to meet our boys.

Shoemaker in society, getting Friday and Monday mixed—"I didn't know I was on the program last Friday night." The Hall girls should inform Freddy when he is on for performance.

When the wind howled gloomily around the Means house mysterious rustling Voices might have been heard a few days ago. But it was only Shippler's new awning manufactured from copies of the New York Voice.

Chambers, in society.—"It is the duty of the executive committee to examine the society books, but they have not done so."

Jack Stewart, chairman of the executive committee,—"The gentleman is mistaken. I have just examined the dictionary."

There are several promising ventriloquists among us who can really do wonderful feats. Some of them can throw their (New York) Voices across the street and then send a dog after it to bring it back in his teeth.

We are glad to note that a few students have purchased white duck trousers just like the street-cleaning uniforms of New York city. When the boys get the full suits our streets will become a marvel of cleanliness, no doubt.

When Prof. Freeman announced that he would give a private quizz in his office for each chemistry student, one of the new girls said (in her ignorance) that there

would be a splendid opportunity for sparking with the Prof."

'Twas a calm, beautiful afternoon in May. The sultry breezes scarcely moved the tender leaves and the only sound was the murmur of the lazy Neshannock as it kissed the grass-green shores. The gentle-eyed cows lazily browsed under the restful shade.

But the stillness was destined soon to be broken. A merry party of picnickers came down the dusty road, armed with umbrellas and provision baskets. The constant giggle of the boys proclaimed the ladies' wit.

A charming spot was chosen for headquarters and the company scattered in little groups along the stream, some fishing, some duck hunting, while others wandered off ostensibly in search of geological specimens.

Thus the afternoon was whiled away. The sun sunk low in the west and the cattle slowly wandere'd homeward. The sight of the cows awakened a longing in the hearts of two of the homesick youths, and seizing a bucket, thinking themselves unnoticed, they slipped away, intending to bring back familiar home scenes by engaging in their customary evening occupation. But, alas for mortal hopes! They leaped before they looked! Just as they were at the point of realizing their desires, the owner of the cow appeared unexpectedly on the scene and made known his presence by a volley of eloquent expletives. It is needless to say that the boys disappeared with great agility. Moral; Mr. S.—and Mr. F.—, it is no fun to milk on a warm night particularly when a man is driying the cow.

Why is an elephant like a dear? Ask Bill Ramsey and he will answer in Greek.

In the work of two of our men at P. A. C. meet, Deg. took three firsts and Smith one, the latter beating W. & J's crack pole vaulter.

More midnight oil is being burned now by those who have to present accounts to parents than any time this term. Imagination now has plenty of room to work.

The chapel looks quite bare now without the grave and reverend seniors to fill up their corner. Whether it is an improvement or not we will not say.

The students of analytics are greatly interested in the (el)lipse and are only too ready to illustrate the point of contact of two of these curves.

Away up on the house top
The camera crank goes flipity flop
And snaps you
Whether you will or not.

On Sabbath evening last Prof. Peterson, while sitting in his room, heard a gentle tapping on the window. He had been dreaming of days gone by and perhaps the tapping had fallen right in with his reverie, for his vanity and curiosity was at once aroused. He went to the window and looked out, expecting to see some fair maidens serenading him, doubtless his class at the hall. He was doomed to disappointed, but he heard a suppressed giggling from above. He ran up to find that it was only the other Prof's. indulging in a little dignified Sabbath recreation by tick-tacking on his win-

dow. Hereafter he will pay no attention to unusual noises in the evenings.

ATHLETICS.

Oliver R. Degelman has been elected track manager for next year.

The school has appreciated the endeavors of the track team and has shown its interest by its cheerful support.

Indiana State Normal plays here Monday and perhaps Tuesday of commencement week.

Westminster played Homestead A. C. June 2 and were beaten 4-2. McKim pitched a great game, but the boys did not bat behind him.

W. and J. as expected, evaded a game with us. They reduced the amount contracted to such a sum that it was impossible to play there.

Three more games with Grove City.
Monday, June 6, at Grove City.
Wednesday, June 8, at Sharon.
Saturday, June 11, at New Wilmington.

Everybody turn out to see the final and most interesting game of the season commencement day. It will be between the college and alumni teams and will interest students and alumni.

An athletic meet to be held commencement week has been talked of many times, but this year it would surely prove successful.



WESTMINSTER BASKETBALL TEAM, SEASON 1924



BASKET BALL TEAM.



An afternoon's entertainment would be assured by bicycle, sack, three legged and potato races, some sprints and hurdles and two or three well matched relay teams. Then if the weather permitted an outdoor game of basket ball would be a fitting close.

It is the desire of Mr. Holmes and of some of the boys who have done earnest work this spring to send a relay team to Pittsburg on the 4th of July to compete in the sports at Schenley Park. This would not only do honor to the school, but would also give the boys some satisfaction for their training. The relay team would more than likely be composed of the same members as last year, and no doubt will acquit themselves well.

The Western Penna. Inter-Collegiate field meet was not held on May 21 on account of rain. This was an occasion for which Westminster has been working the last three years; an occasion for which everything had been duly prepared, and where victory was to be the sure reward. This was the year when none but "students" were contesting and when Westminster's chances were high, but in a half hour the rain accomplished the destruction of all our hopes and endeavors. The grounds were in a condition unfit for the carrying on of the sports and the question to be answered was, "When will the meet be held?"

In a meeting of the representatives of the three colleges, Geneva said that the time was too late to think of a postponement and W. & J. claimed that money was not forthcoming for another trip (a losing team's complaint,) so by a vote of two to

one the meet was declared off for this year. The medals are to be left for next year's meet.

While credit can be given to all the colleges for their preparation for the meet, yet it is a regret that a later date could not be settled on.

The second game of the season between Westminster and Grove City was won by the latter by a score of 4-3. Wilhelm pitched a good game, but the boys did not hit as usual. Batteries, Wilhelm and Davies, Marshall and Marshall.

On May 28 Grove City came to New Wilmington and went down before the "Irishman" 11 to 9. It was a game replete with hits and errors, but as we had the better number of both we won. McKim helped win his own game by a timely three-base hit. Marshall and Radcliffe for the visitors put up a very ragged game.

The total is as follows:

Earned runs, Grove City 1, Westminster 5; Errors, Grove City 3, Westminster 5; Passed balls, Davies 3, Marshall 1; Hits, Grove City 12, Westminster 13; Struck out, By Cline 4, McKim 4; Base on balls, By Cline 1, McKim 1; Hit by pitched ball, By Cline 4, McKim 2; Left on bases, Grove City 8, Westminster 9; Batteries, McKim and Davies, Cline and Marshall.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Westminster.—1 0 6 0 0 0 2 2 x-11

Grove City. —0 0 2 2 0 1 0 0 4- 9

On Decoration Day a great many of Westminster's rooters went to Grove City to see our boys lose again. It was a hard

game to lose, as luck seemed to be the predominant factor. The game was lost in the eighth inning, too late for us to bat it out. Edmundson and Phythyon played a star game for Westminster, while Radcliffe distinguished himself at Grove City.

Summary.—Earned runs, Westminster 1, Grove City 3; Hits, Westminster 2; Grove City 10; 2 base hits, Davies, Braden, W. Marshall; Home runs, W. Marshall and Mohr. Errors, Grove City 3; Westminster 5; Bases on balls, Off Wilhelm 1; Hit by pitcher, Edmundson, Chambers; Struck out, By Marshall 6; Left on bases, Grove City 5, Westminster 3; Double plays, Grove City 1, Westminster 1.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Westminster.—0 1 2 0 0 0 0 0 0—3

Grove City.—0 0 0 0 0 0 0 6 1—7

Batteries, Wilhelm and Davies, Marshall and Marshall.

MUSIC AND ART.

On Friday afternoon, June 10, the pupils of the music department gave a private recital in preparation for the term concert.

The pupils' recital will be given Monday, June 13.

A picture frame representing Westminster life, athletic and studious, by Miss Hodgens, has been on exhibition in one of the store windows. It would make a very pretty decoration for a students' room and indeed is quite an original idea.

Hunger, the photographer, took the pictures of all the literary societies on his

last visit. He also got pictures of several of the classes.

The photographic department of the school is the one department that does not lose the students' interest this term. Indeed, it does not accommodate all those who demand its use.

On June 6 Ernest Gamble again delighted his audience with his wonderful voice. His program was varied and he was ably assisted by Mrs. Colby, pianist. The program was as follows:

Leslie Stuart - - The Bandolero.

Mr. Gamble.

Rhineberger { a. Fugue, Opus 5, No. 3.
b. La Classe, Opus 5, No. 1.

Mrs. Colby.

Handel, { a. Where'er You Walk.
Perkins, { b. The Tempest.

Mr. Gamble.

Wagner-Brassin, { a. The Magic Fire Scene.
Westerhout, { b. Bal d' Enfants.
Booth, { c. Octave Etude.

Mrs. Colby.

Somervell, { a. Once at the Angelus,
Blume, { b. The King and the Miller of the
Old English { c. Young Richard, [Dec.

Mr. Gamble.

Lavalle, { a. Papillon.
Moszkowski { b. Waltz.

Mrs. Colby,

Mozart, { a. O Isis and Osiris.
Cornelius, { b. The Monotone.
Irish Tune, { c. The Donovans.

Mr. Gamble.

On Saturday evening, June 11, the term concert was given. It was enjoyed by all and showed the advancement that has been made in that department.

PROGRAM—PART I.

Rathbun, : : Dreamland Waltzes.
ADELPHIC ORCHESTRA.

Stevens—Glee, "Blow, blow, thou winter wind."
CHORUS CLASS.

Stanill—" Love Divine All Love Excelling."
(Duet from Daughter of Jarius.)
MISS THOMPSON AND MR. DONALDSON.

Herk, : : Marche Militaire.
MISS BALPH AND MISS MARGARET McNALL.
MISS KRAER AND MISS McBANE.

Rotoli, : My Bride Shall be my Flag.
MR. PETERSON.

Hatton. Four part song. "Softly fall the
shades of evening."
CHORUS CLASS.

PART II.

Gounod-Timon. Waltz and chorus from
"Faust."

MR. PETERSON AND MISS BALPH.
MISS MACNALL AND MISS KRAEER.

Schumann. Gipsy Life. Op 29.
CHORUS CLASS.

Roff. "Day is at last departing."
MISS BALHH, MISS KYLE AND MISS TURNER.

Coslo. "With sheathed swords." Chorus from
"Damascus."
CHORUS CLASS.

Weber. Concert Stueck. Op 79.
MISS MACNALL.

Orchestral parts on second piano.

'98 Class Song.

We join in song before we part
Where duty calls each one
To aid the cause of truth and right
'Till victory is won.

O, may the favor that has crowned
The work thus far we've done

Be still with us to light and bless
The work just now begun.

Our Alma Mater's praise we'll sing
In ever grateful strain
For truth and zeal and virtue learned
For higher, nobler aims.

We thank her for her faithful care
And for the light of truth,
For freedom from the narrow life
Where Error leads her youth.

May virtue, truth and right direct
The class of '98

In the peaceful paths of wisdom where
They with their pleasures wait.

In paths which now we each may choose
May Wisdom go before
And tell us how to teach mankind
To heed her voice the more.

Orvil Warren Raney.

ALUMNI.

Mr. J. T. Frazer, '96, spent a few days
in town not long ago.

Rev. D. S. Kennedy, D. D., '58, died
May 17 at Somonank, Ill., after a short ill-
ness. One of his sons is Reid Kennedy,
'89, the present Mayor of Homestead.

Mr. A. J. Millin, '91, recently paid a
visit to his Alma Mater and looked quite
natural as he served so ably in the im-
promptu band on Memorial Day.

Rev. Thos. F. Cummings, '84, has
brought his family home from India for a
year's rest, and is located in the old home
where he spent his boyhood.

John G. King, '95, has been graduated
from Xenia Theological Seminary this

spring and takes charge of the U. P. congregation at Rock Rift, N. Y.

John Hezlep, '95, has completed his course in the Xenia Theological Seminary and expects to spend a year in study at Edinburg, Scotland.

Hon. John Mattox, '83, an ex-representative in the State Legislature, managed the campaign of C. W. Stone, the successful Republican candidate for the nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania.

Peter McKenzie, '95, was graduated in May from the Auburn, N. Y., Theological Seminary, and has been called to the pastorate of a Presbyterian church in southern New York.

Mr. James Ferguson, who has been teaching during the past year at Norfolk, Va., has returned to his home here, where he expects to assist Prof. Barnes in carrying on a normal school during the summer.

W. H. Fulton, '94, did not neglect Westminster as he was paying his farewell visits preparatory to his departure to California where he expects to serve the church for some time in San Francisco and Alameda.

Rev. A. A. Graham, '91, is chairman of the local committee making preparations for the O. Y. P. C. U. convention Aug. 3-8, at Saratoga Springs, and he extends a cordial invitation to all the young people to avail themselves of the opportunity to attend the convention and visit the famous watering-place.

Rev. L. M. and Rev. T. R. Lewis, '79, and Rev. J. A. Duff, '81, were called to New Wilmington recently by the illness and death of Mr. M. Lewis. Rev. Duff is well known to the young people of the United Presbyterian church on account of his having served as chairman of the General Committee of the Y. P. C. U. and so ably planned the convention at Omaha.

Miss Margaret Pomeroy, who has been teaching in Salt Lake City, Utah, returned home a short time ago, stopping on her way at the General Assembly, which met at Winona Lake, Ind. Miss Pomeroy expects to return to her work about the middle of July.

Miss Mary Kuhn, '95, who has been teaching at Lexington, Ky., Miss Emma Campbell, '93, who has been engaged as teacher in the High School at Caunonsburg, Pa., and Miss L. F. Houston, '87, who has been teaching in the mission school at Norfolk, Va., have all returned to their homes here to spend the summer.

The following young men of the class of '95 were graduated this spring from the Allegheny Theological Seminary: William Brown; Pittsburg, Pa.; C. D. Fulton, Stuartsville, Ohio; Mr. John D. Gibson, Baldwin, Pa.; C. T. Littell, Pittsburg, Pa.; F. J. Walters, Gettysburg, Pa. W. H. Fulton, '94, was also graduated from that institution this year. Out of this number, Mr. C. D. Fulton has received a call to the United Presbyterian church of Coraopolis, Pa., and Mr. N. J. Walters has been called to the pastorate of one of the churches of St. Louis, Mo.

COLLEGE WORLD.

The war craze has invaded the student body of our country probably more than any other class of men. John Hopkins University is said to have over a thousand students at present who are receiving military instruction.

Yale, Harvard and Cornell Universities expect to hold a triangular boat race about the last of June, in which great interest is being shown among the athletes of the eastern colleges.

A new scheme has been adopted by the authorities of Colorado College to stimulate an interest in the work of the literary societies. Work done along this line will hereafter be given the place of an elective study. This is rather a new plan, but it certainly seems reasonable and just, as it will give the student who is willing to work credit for what he does, just as for any other branch of work. This plan would probably be more effective than an attempt to make literary society work compulsory.

The willingness of students to serve their country in the present war crisis, is reported to be having a very demoralizing effect upon athletics in some of our colleges. W. and J. College has a very sad story to tell. It seems that a large per cent. of her athletes and about half of her ball team have left school and gone to join the army. Under such conditions we cannot but extend our sympathy, but in the same connection we would like to enter a word of protest in behalf of the athletes of our

own college. Why is it that W. and J. refuses to contest with us either on the athletic field or on the ball diamond, while she does not hesitate to play other teams with whom games have been arranged? We think that it does not show the true athletic spirit to refuse to join in a contest of any kind, especially when the arrangements have been made, with no other excuse than simply this—that they can't win.

The following is given as the sentiments of the college paper of Heidelberg University, speaking in regard to the abolishment of senior orations at commencement: "It is about time that, along with progress in other lines, the antiquated custom of compelling a whole class of graduates to get up in turn and bore and torture sensible people with a lot of visionary theories, be abolished? This may probably contain a good suggestion for a part of our students just at present.

EXCHANGES.

The Ladies' Home Journal for June will be an intensely interesting number. A number of anecdotes of Mrs. Grover Cleveland have been contributed by her friends. Robert Browning's Romance is written of by Clifford Howard and the poetic life of the poet is well set forth. The peculiarities of the Shaker community of Mount Lebanon are described by Madeline S. Bridges. Lilian Bell in another of her series of articles writes of her experiences in Poland and fiction is represented by "The

Graves in the Old Breastwork" and by the third installment of Julia Magruder's "A Heayen-Kissing Hell." The editorials are vigorous and another feature is an article by Burdette.

The Cosmopolitan has published an exceptionally fine number for June. There is a wealth of short stories, the most striking being "The Last Throw," by Winthrop Bathon. An article on liquid air is of great scientific interest.

Our exchanges are steadily improving. The heat of the summer days does not seem to interfere with the brain action of the editors. The stories which are crowding much of the other work out are becoming less crude.

If we may judge from their publications the colleges seem to be full of the military spirit. Companies have been organized in many schools and almost every paper records the departure of some student, loyal to his country, to join the army. All honor to the brave!

Sarcasm is a coward's cheap weapon. It seems a light thing to make a side remark upon the failure of another or sneer at a mistake. One who is truly courageous will never do this. It is like shooting into darkness with a poisoned arrow. Sarcasm may have its mission, but it ought never to be directed against failure in an honest endeavor. If used at all let it be against pride, laziness or self presumption.—Ex.

Our ships may whiten every sea, our armies may cause nations to tremble, our very name may make men quail as before a mighty storm, but beware if selfish ambition is the end of this mighty power. The goal of every nation is success. Is there no true success? The son of the Galilean carpenter found true success. With no place to lay his head he was the King of Kings; without shelter save the open sky he gave to man his home; receiving then only revilings and curses he now claims the highest honor and worship; then the servant of the most lowly, now the highest of earth and heaven.—Ex.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. XX.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., SEPTEMBER, 1898.

No. 1.

The Holcad.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

Editors.

HARRY N. HOLMES, '99 EDITOR IN CHIEF
SANNIE STEWART, '01 ASSISTANT.
RENWICK GEALEY, '99 LIT. DEPARTMENT
MAE TURNER, '00 LOCAL
RUSSEL MILLER, '99 ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD
EDWARD FRAZER, '01 MUSIC, AND ART
O. R. DEGLEMAN, '99 EXCHANGES.
FAITH STEWART, '00 BUSINESS MANAGER
MONROE WITHERSPOON, '99

Publishers Notice.

THE HOLCAD is a monthly of ten issues a year, published by the undergraduates of Westminster College.

Entered at the Postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second class mail matter.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni, or any who are or have been connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Address all communications to THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

TERMS One copy per year, \$1.01. Single copy 15c.

EDITORIAL.

Another vacation has become a matter of history and another year's work lies be-

fore us. With some of us the summer has been a season of hard work—piling up muscle "down on the farm" to be expended in frantic rushes down the gridiron, or canvassing for something the people didn't want. A fortunate few who were after all not so fortunate in benefits received, had no harder work than the pursuit of fleeting pleasure. But whatever may have been our occupation, we have had a rest from college toil and can begin the year's work with vigor. We are expected to do almost as much in the fall term as in the next two sessions, so let us make the best use of our wits before they are dulled by much study.

In establishing a chair of Modern Languages Westminster has taken a step which will be greatly appreciated by the students and in fact by every one who is interested in the welfare of the college. In this one respect has our curriculum been somewhat weak heretofore, and now we may well be proud to compare our various courses of study with those of many colleges which are larger and more highly endowed. Of late years much more attention is being given to the modern languages and our schools and colleges are giving them a

THE HOLCAD.

prominent place in all their courses. For some time past there has been a growing demand among our students for instruction in French, and there will probably be no difficulty in maintaining a large and enthusiastic class in this branch from the beginning.

There is a growing tendency among fourth class colleges and so-called universities to lower the value of college degrees by using them for advertising purposes.

The first offense was committed by our formidable rival, Volant College, when it conferred the degree of D. D. upon Rev. Frank Talmadge, who, though he had never heard of the school, was willing to pay for his D. D. with a commencement day address.

When Dewey became the hero of the hour, the Western University of Pennsylvania fell all over herself in her haste to make him an L. L. D. As an advertising scheme it was unexcelled for, as was intended, the matter was published throughout the United States and some weak-minded people thought that W. U. P. must be quite an important school. We have no objections to some famous university rewarding Dewey for his victories, but we never heard that the American people appointed a one-horse school like W. U. P. to bestow the reward.

It's a great pity that George Washington died so young. If he had only lived until this year, W. U. P. would have made him a Ph. D., but then the Shah of Persia is still living.

Our war with Spain has passed into history and the names of many men unheard of before, have been made immortal. Never has there been greater bravery and better judgment displayed in any war and as a result the prestige and power of the United States is greater to-day than ever before and her place in the family of nations has distinctly advanced.

Foremost on the list of heroes comes the name of our gallant President. For directing affairs, both before and after the war began, President McKinley demonstrated his firmness, wisdom and patience in a way that has been greatly appreciated by the American people.

Although his honesty was questioned and his motives impugned at first by a few prating demagogues and members of opposing parties, even these were finally forced to acknowledge the wisdom of his course and could not do otherwise than commend him. William McKinley has earned the everlasting gratitude of the people of the United States and his name side by side with that of Lincoln, shall be loved and honored so long as the American Republic stands.

It is surprising that so small a proportion of students take an active interest in literary work or even belong to a society. Some will allow themselves to be dragged in when it is made compulsory, but as a rule such members receive no benefit themselves and bring no honor to their society. Others exhaust all their energy in playing the role of "society kickers" and seem to be blissfully ignorant of the fact that there is ever any

work to be done. Few indeed are the faithful, earnest workers who can always be depended upon to place the interests of the society before their own convenience or inclination. Many shrink from undertaking literary work, feeling that they lack ability in that direction, but it is just as true of this line of work as of any other, that success is much oftener due to persistent application than to genius or natural endowment.

No other feature of college life may become more fascinating even to one who has no taste for the work in the beginning and in addition to this, the training is indispensable to the student in after life, as almost every one of ordinary intelligence finds it necessary to appear before a public audience at some time or another, and under such circumstances experience alone gives ease and assurance.

A college literary society is a most favorable and fitting place in which to acquire this experience and it is to be hoped our halls will be filled to overflowing this year by members who appreciate the value of this training and are willing to devote some time and labor toward receiving it.

Last June there was handed to the Board of Trustees a petition asking that attendance at gymnasium be made compulsory, that Westminster athletics be controlled by an advisory board of faculty and students and that each student be taxed one dollar per term, the money to be used to encourage the athletic interests of the college.

The board laid the petition "on the table" until the September meeting, when we hope they will grant at least two of the requests. Judging from the number of signers the petition seems to have the hearty support of the student body. If the athletes are very anxious to secure the adoption of the measure they should immediately use their influence wherever it will do the most good.

The first clause of the petition may rouse some opposition on the ladies' account, but there can be no question as to the necessity of the last two clauses. Athletics in the eastern colleges are controlled by advisory boards and the plan gives great satisfaction. By all means, let us be abreast of the times and have an advisory board.

Our greatest need in athletic circles here is not for more athletes, although they would be welcome, but for more money to train them and give them a chance to do something. The small size of our college town places our teams at a great disadvantage as compared with W. & J., for instance, and the board of trustees should make some attempt to help us out. The foot ball and base ball managers usually come out in debt, while the track team has a hard struggle for existence. Then, too, good dressing rooms and baths are absolute necessities at the athletic field. All this can be remedied by the adoption of the last clause in the petition or at least a modification of it.

The income from such a tax would place our athletic teams on a par with those

of colleges two or three times as large as Westminster. There is no better advertisement for a college than a winning track team or ball team, for if a boy has a choice of two colleges of equal educational facilities he will generally decide in favor of the one best known in athletic circles. The track team, at least, should receive some aid, for it has no regular means of support, and deserves to be encouraged by the "powers that be."

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Some Aspects of Realism.

In 'the elder days of art,' we sat with Arthur at his table round, and listened with eager ears to tales of knightly daring. We beheld brave knights ride forth to do battle for the honor of their ladies, to slay strange monsters, fearful in mien, to overturn tyrants, rescue captive princesses and do many mighty and full honorable deeds. We saw the enchanted palace, and the sleeping princesses, the confident approach of the prince, the kiss, the awakening, the happiness of the lovers and the joy of the court. Coming down the years we strode with Rob Roy among his Scottish Highlands; or followed the trail of the Indian as toward the land of the setting sun he was driven by an irresistible force. We tarried with the New England farmer on the long winter nights; or partook of the boundless hospitality of the Old Dominion in the days 'befo' de wah."

But no longer in this pleasant land of romance may we tarry. "The stories are

all told," says the realist, and so for our delectation he provides with careful forethought his photographic observations of life. Photographic is even too strong. He does not see as much of real life as a camera does; except life of a certain sort, the details of which he presents with unblushing effrontery. A certain person in answer to the question, "What is realism?" spoke thus: "It is the writing of what we are too clean to speak, and reading about what it would make us blush to look at. It is going in books where to go in real life would disgrace us."

The question immediately confronts us: Can literature be so separated from life that we can say that that which is vicious when met in life is "harmlessly delectable" when met in a book? Is the artist absolved from the moral responsibility for the keeping under of vice that is laid on all other men? How is it possible that a man is to be made better, his vision enlarged, his prospects glorified, his ideals heightened—for such is the true end of art—if he is to have offered to him for his perusal the pages of the modern realistic novel? Is it not hypocrisy of the worst sort for an author to claim that he is inciting to virtue when he is describing vice? The human family is so constituted that in the hurt of one member all its members suffer. Says Dr. Holmes: "A man's vocabulary is terribly retentive of evil words and the images they present cling to his memory and will not loose their hold. One who has had the mischief to so fix his mind by reading certain poems of Swinburne will never cleanse it to its original white

ness. Expressions and thoughts of a certain character stain the fabrics of the thinking organ, and in some degree affect the line of every idea that passes through the discolored tissues." Accordingly as a man's thoughts retain their purity so will his character be pure. This is when that terrible, unconscious force exerted on the world around, the world to follow, enters. We owe to ourselves, to those around, to those who will follow, to keep our thoughts pure.

Said Maurice Thompson to the Yale students, "Have you thought out the secret force which controls the movement of this so-called realism and always keeps its votaries sneering at heroic life, while they revel in another sort of life which fitly to characterize here would be improper. I can tell you what that force is. It is unbelief in ideal standards of human aspiration and it is impatient scorn of that higher mode of thought which has given the world all the greatest creations of imaginative genius." We have not had too much of heroism or too many tales of heroism. The realists may sneer, but the tales of the great masters of romance never incite the grosser nature as do their creations. One may long for the days of chivalry on leaving Walter Scott, one may wish to have been a Musketeer of the King after reading Dumas here, or to have followed a trail with Hawkeye, when in the midst of a tale of Cooper's, but these sentiments do at least no harm. But can a pure man take up the disgusting pages of Zola or Hardy and still be pure? Are his ideals of life not lowered after meet-

ing Hardy's "Tess" or James' "Daisy Miller?" What the world needs is more of the romances of heroism, higher heroism. It has been said that "every man who has shaken the world has done it with the lever of imagination." It is to this that the romance of heroism appeals. This appeal is the characteristic of every great work of fiction and the artist who is wise will use this power for the lifting of men to higher levels. This realism can never do. It might accomplish something if the real truth of life were presented, but it grasps merely the superficial. It seeks to present all the details. It misses its aim in going beyond it. "Truth is lost in its own excess."

Down the centuries we move toward perfection, now slipping back, but slowly getting nearer. Realism may flourish for a time, but the students of the history of literature in the years to come will regard its devotees with pity and wonder, as we regard the Alexandrine school, who while criticising Homer, sought to produce an artificial literature of their own fashioning, deeming it "a finer art than Homer's to write an ode to a woman's hair." And it will be written of them as it was in an Ancient Record of the folly of an elder brother of the race. "They sold their birthright for a mess of pottage."

WM. E. BROOKS

The Downmost Man.

Human perfection is the goal of universal history. Man is the creature of an infinite design. God is an eternal missionary

force.

Strife was born of outraged law. Its non-existence is the ideal of the prophet-statesman. This spirit of conflict has strewn its pathway with ruins. Empires crumbled mark its progress. The honest poor prove its existence.

Problems are the creatures of men. When dawning intelligence reveals the reality of life, it also reveals its tasks and duties. In stern reality, it presents problems of a day, of a year, and of a lifetime. Some of these may be of little practical importance. But others that were born of human transgression will be uppermost in the minds of thoughtful men until the law of love proclaims the dominion of universal brotherhood.

The problems of social evolution develop slowly. Generations are their originators; centuries their tutors. Epochs of progress furnish their solution.

But as society advances conditions arise which retard its own development. Classes are formed which are constantly drifting apart. Unjust social conditions have created the aristocrat, and these conditions exerting their influence in an opposite direction have produced the downmost man. This tendency of classes to drift apart has been the destroyer of nations, and to counteract its influence is the greatest problem of modern politics. Grasp the pen of the historian and write the history of the nations that were, and you can only record that the tendency to inequality although combated, worked its results, and those nations exist only in history. The honest

seer standing on their ruins exclaims with all the sincerity at his command, "Kingdoms of the earth, lift the downmost up, that all classes and conditions of men may advance as one united whole. Loose the bonds of wickedness; let the oppressed go free. Then thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations."

When centuries ago in the Mediterranean world the elemental man was for the first time in history termed a soul, the foundation of true social reform was laid. It gave to him a definition which implied that he possessed something beyond value, and that must result in freeing every slave, and in breaking every chain save the sacred bonds which bind man to man and all humanity to God.

This definition has created the reformer's conscience and established the final test of the value of every philosophy and every religion. Plato upheld that slaves were totally without feeling, but the humane in man offers a stern rebuke. The profound Kant exclaimed, "Always treat humanity as a person." And his Ethical Philosophy stands as the beacon light of the oppressed. Its author lives on the pages of imperishable history as the philosopher of man. Buddhism has its castes and the sea of oblivion shall mark its destiny. Mohammedanism is permeated with a spirit of perpetual enmity towards its opposers, and the roaring of the Mediterranean mingled with the rumbling of the mighty Vesuvius is destined to chant its last requiem. The Son of Man lived and died for the lowest slave, as truly as he did for the princes of earth,

and his religion exists today as the star of increasing splendor in the firmament of religious beliefs. His teachings shall live as the hope of the downmost. His precepts are permeated with the thought of humanity which surpasses those of highest philosophy or of subtlest and most delicate song. It was He who first taught that destinies are determined by character, and that all men whether with or without any personal standing before human tribunals, stand upon a plane of equality before the Judge of the Universe.

It was the establishment of these principles that originated the idea of a social unit, and made the elevation and regeneration of the downmost man the motive power in the noblest lives that adorn the pages of history. The spirit of love for outcast humanity touched the soul of the immortal Paul and the powers of darkness trembled at his coming. The same spirit actuated the hero of the Reformation and Luther went to the Diet of Worms. It touched the heart of Rousseau, and during its pulsations he did his profoundest preaching. It swayed the mind of Burns and Wordsworth, and during its inspiration they sang their sublimest melodies.

The efforts of men to elevate the downmost live as sacred deeds. Their successful realization are the mile-stones in history. Revolution often marks their final culmination, but just laws characterize their perpetuity. On a mission of love toward the lowly trod the foot steps of the King of Palestine, and through the influence of his example the downmost have instituted a

ceaseless struggle to secure their just recognition. Their cause was obscured for a time by the shadows of the dark ages, but a principle that was of divine origin could not be exterminated by the conflicts of men. Rather has mankind been the channel through which it has ebbed and flowed, often through apparent defeat, yet destined to return triumphant to its source and sit enthroned as the will of the Infinite, and as the supreme law in the "parliament of man." Their cause is the "increasing purpose" which extends through the ages, defying opposition, glorying in persecution. Despite the rack, the tortures and horrors of the Spanish inquisition, it still lives. Louis 14th exclaimed, "I am the state." But at that moment the French Revolution broke out; the divine right of kings perished in France, and the French Republic was born. England felt the pulsations of this gigantic movement and within her borders the Magna Charta, the Declaration of Rights and the Bill of Rights sounded the death knell of absolutism.

When proud Columbia declared her independence, the rights of the downmost were set forth in bolder terms than ever before. In that immortal Declaration of Independence, Thomas Jefferson proclaimed principles which are as broad as humanity, as sacred as liberty, and as eternal as truth, when he wrote that all men are created free and equal, and that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights. The realization of these principles is the goal of true development; the ideal of Christian civilization. The North inspired by

those sacred truths, bathed the altar of liberty with the blood of its noblest sons, and the Emancipation Proclamation permeated with the spirit of malice toward none, and charity for all, perpetuates their deeds.

This spirit of love and self-sacrifice for the oppressed is still our chief national characteristic, and when oppressed Cuba appealed to us for assistance plunged us into a war in which we have sacrificed both money and men, into war in which national defense is not our motive, nor material gain our desire. On the contrary our purpose is to stay the hand of the cruel oppressor and by the force of arms to extend the empire of liberty. To free the oppressed makes an appeal to arms necessary and war justifiable.

True, the condition of the lowly has been constantly improving, but they have not yet attained their just status. Human nature has not changed through the centuries. Agencies still exist which keep the downmost down. The licensed saloon will reap its harvest of men as long as selfish motives rule the human heart, and the tenement house will retard the progress of civilization until our great corporations shall cease to oppress the honest sons of toil. The downmost are compelled to remain in their present condition, rather by their coldness and unselfishness of the influential than by those who are considered the really vicious and criminal. Selfishness rules with a tyrant's scepter, directing the thoughts and deeds of men. It wields the torch of perpetual strife and incites countless numbers to inhuman conquests.

"O, man whose heaven erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

The real value of man is not governed by his temporal condition. The low and the high both possess a spark of infinite value which is destined to exist through eternity's endless cycles. It was the discovery of the infinite in the finite that has broadened the field of the Christian reformer. It is this priceless gem in the victim of the cruel oppressor which, speaking from the ground says to the sacred conscience of the modern Cain, "Thou art thy brother's keeper."

Social progress is desired by every class and condition of men. But in order to elevate society we must begin with its downmost members. Direct your efforts toward the aristocracy and the classes will drift farther apart. Begin with the middle class, and the social chain will be broken by its own weight. Elevate the lowly, and all classes will finally blend into one harmonious social unit. A permanent and progressive social structure cannot exist upon an unstable foundation. The separation of classes stands opposed to universal brotherhood. Social stratification defies social progress.

Reform can be possible only when the social reformer directs his efforts toward a readjustment of the policies which have produced our diseased conditions. There are thousands of our fellow beings who are living in the darkest depths of destitution, vice and crime, because their stronger brothers have created conditions which render them

practically helpless. Perpetuate these conditions, and we are confronted by the solemn fact that countless numbers of human beings are destined to exist in the most abject circumstances until the gaunt fingers of death terminates their wretchedness. Degraded man cannot elevate himself. The assistance of his fellows is absolutely necessary, and this assistance is most potent when conveyed through the organized agency of the state. But the state is democratic, and before it can act public opinion must sustain its action. And when public sentiment has been educated to a full realization of its responsibility, the state acting as the sovereign will of the people, will enforce the prohibition of the saloon and at its mandate the rum and tenement house will disappear. Then will the laborer be considered more than the corporation and the humblest man more than the most colossal manufactory. Thus through the instrumentality of the state may the downmost man be given broader opportunities for self culture. This demand for a broader field of development is not the war-cry of any party or sect. It is the watch-word of history.

That God works out man's destiny through human agencies is an eternal truth. Realize the solemnity of this fact, and we can only exclaim, O, man, how awful your responsibility, how sublime your opportunity. Ennoble the minds of men and the principles of the survival of the fittest which too often have actuated human effort, will cease to rule the heart, while in their stead the injunction which bids the wise and strong to seek the welfare of the

weak, will be the motive power, elevating humanity to loftier planes.

Unless the spirit of love and self sacrifice is breathed into them, the grandest ideas of the reformer will remain as exquisite marble statues. Sacrifice is the eternal method by which love attains its fulfillment. The cross is the law of historic progress.

We are standing to day on the threshold of a new era. The fraternal spirit of a missionary age is illuminating the eastern horizon and ushering in a new epoch. Its mission is ours—that of uplifting the downcast and the oppressed. Then let the missionary spirit which reached its culmination in the crucifixion of the Son of God, characterize our conduct toward our weaker brothers. Then will our soul's kindred harp strings throbbing with a love for outcast men penetrate the darkest depths of human woe, and perfect love will solve the equation of human suffering. Then will the downmost man be no more, but all mankind, united by the sacred bonds of a new brotherhood, standing before time's mirror, will reflect again, God's own image.

WILL STEWART,

"They Dinna' Teach Everything at Aberdeen."

Standing on a certain siding in western Pennsylvania may be seen a perfectly unique train. The frequent passer by might think it very unromantic and quite beneath his notice; but, if he will but listen to the simple story the gossips tell, he will

look from the right hand window of the South-bound train with more than usual interest as he passes that particular spot.

'Tis said that this is the engine that made the far famed trip from Pittsburg to Chicago with the fire company when the latter city was laid in ashes. The coach (if we might call it such) is said to be the one in which President-elect Lincoln rode to his inauguration.

Quite an interesting train! Yes, quite interesting. But the last time I passed that way my memory was flooded with things to me more sacred than any Presidential car or the conflagration of 1871.

I was passing the scenes of my childhood. So near that I felt a sensation of loneliness, and yet not near enough to have any concrete realization of home. So then as I settled back in the somewhat stuffy car, I mused upon the one "funny experience" of my life.

It was just a commonplace occurrence, and I am just a commonplace man. Just such a young man as you see every day: who, misled by philosophy and the now transparent bravado of the more mature, had become convinced that all so-called affairs of the heart were just the merest trifles, which all well balanced men regarded lightly and only becoming the imbecile. I had been brought up in a little village about two and one-half miles from this particular siding, and this historic train was wont to carry freight (both organic and inorganic) to and from the village.

There is there located a college of considerably more than local fame, which—

like the wife of Shakespeare—"hath a way of her own." These people adhere to the definition of dancing which characterizes it as: "Hugging set to music." So then, speaking with authority as one who has long frequented these college halls and the annual reunion at Idlewild, I do hereby record that they still maintain that ancient dictum which denounces music as unscriptural.

As I said, I had been led to believe that love was a malady peculiar to the "good old times." Beginning then to detect a little more pleasure in the September hand shaking of a certain dark-eyed maiden than in the grand total of the others, I confess I felt bewildered.

I remember the falls where we sometimes sat. One day when her eyes were turned—I remember it well—a somewhat protracted view that I took of her profile. She turned and very coolly remarked:

"What are you looking at?"

There was nothing wrong with my breathing apparatus, but I had not been taught in vain, and determining not to be a fool, replied:

"Nothing particular."

That night my sleep was very much disturbed by a vision of her contempt if I had yielded to the temptation and said truthfully, "You." She was admitted by all to be a noble girl. She could be trusted with the secrets of all her girl friends, yet never seemed to have any of her own. The other boys sometimes sent unsealed letters to their sweetheart and never doubted her. I myself had often confided my hopes and

ambitions to her that I was almost afraid the walls might hear. Yes, she was an ideal friend. "But that is all," I often said.

One day in wandering I passed through a wood alone. The chatter of the squirrels and the murmur of the branches whispered ever so softly, "Anna, Anna." I kicked myself and ran through the Autumn leaves, but the sound of a horse's hoofs on the adjacent road aroused me. It sounded strangely harsh to me just then until the dying echo answered "Anna." I hated myself—I was getting soft, I thought.

By a lonely grave in a country churchyard I stood and listened to the words of my nearest neighbor. He said: "This is the grave of the girl I loved. She died when she was twenty. She loved me too and I hoped——." The tears had hushed his speech.

I wish I had not been there. It was the beginning of my sweetest bitterness. His body had been bent and twisted by a life that had been fulfilled indeed. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." The foolishness of youth had passed; his ambition had ceased to be; but from his soul he testified, "Love cannot die."

The next time we sat beside the water fall I said: "Miss Bradford, do you believe in love?"

I fancied she turned her big black eyes a little from me as I spoke; but she directed such an unconcerned gaze upon me as she answered that I was sure I was mistaken. "There is a heap of nonsense talked these days," she replied. It was

hard to go on, for we had often laughed most heartily at the nonsense in the German book; but I remembered the farmer at his lover's grave and said: "I know there is, but do you believe in love?"

"What's the matter with you today, Mr. Johnson," said she. "I believe you must have been reading a novel. What answer did you get to the third problem in Algebra today?"

"Six and two-thirds."

* * * *

We both graduated. I entered the medical profession, and had another girl. She was beautiful and good and boasted of her ability to keep a secret. One day I told her that I had made a mistake in the diagnosis of a case. The next day the whole town knew it. She said she had not told and I—I believed her then. Once I thought I loved her, but the wind blowing in mystic softness wafted the sound of a silvery water-fall still lisping "Anna." It was enough."

* * * *

In a church in an Eastern city, a wedding is in progress. At the word "love" in the vow, the bride is seen to start. The minister is waiting for her assent, but it will never come. Her mother, kneeling over the prostrate form, hears this mysterious whisper: "Miss Bradford, do you believe in love."

She died of a disease of that organ that she had convinced me she did not possess.

RENWICK E. GREEN.

'Killing time' is maiming character.

Diagnosis of Nine Representative Seniors.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE NEW STUDENTS

NAME.	DATE OF BIRTH	RELATED TO	GENERAL APPEARANCE.	COLOR OF EYE.	SHAPE OF HEAD
1. HERBERT C. CHAMBERS.	947 B. C.	Melchisedec	"Just what you can notice"	Faded	Pumpkin.
2. ALBERT L BERRY.....	Last Spring	Little boy blue	Childlike	Not open yet	Not developed
3. D. A. LITTELL,	1842	Noah	Mostly Mustache.	Lenon yellow	Inverted water pitcher
4. RUSSELL H MILLER,....	1897	Galileo	Top-heavy.	Delicate green	Incandescent lamp.
5. WILBERT H. McPEAK. . .	Before the war	St. Patrick	"Man-up-a-stump."	Royal purple	Football
6 WM. M. OWSLEY.....	1775	George Washington	Bow-legged flour barrel.	Magenta	Beer keg
7. MALCOLM LAING.....	Not found in Encyclopedia	Beelzebub	All Mouth.	Bleary	Turnip
8. R. W. GEALEY.....	1890	His Father	"Before Taking."	No Color	Irregular
9. H. N. HOLMES.....	After the flood	Bill Nye.	2d Prep.	Scarlet	Distorted oil can
RESEMBLES	GREATEST NEED	PSEUDONYM.	FAVORITE SONG.	REMARKS.	
1. Ramesses I.	Somebody willing to darn his socks for life.	"Mud."	"Her Bright Smile Haunts me Still."	"Young turkey stuffed with raisins had better roost high."	
2 Baby elephant	An Arthur Hine hobby horse	"Strawberry"	"Goo Gah ! Wow Wow."	"No, Albert, you are too young for her."	
3 Esau.	A shaving tub	"Ceety"	"Old Thompson's Mule."	"Ye Gods: I'm Punctured."	
4 Giraffe	A sweetheart	"Tackey"	"I'm o'er young to marry yet."	"Don't loose your heart or your temper, Russell!"	
5 Horace Greely	Plenty of room	"Sheeny"	"Yankee Doodle."	Take care of yourself, Wilbert. Good men are Scarce.	
6 Austen Joseph	Brains	"Colonel"	"I'm Proud of my Black Venus."	You are doing well, Bill. Do it some more.	
7 "Wild man of Borneo."	Skull compress'r	"His Nibs"	"Old Grimes."	If you have wheels in your head, don't let the spokes run out of your mouth.	
8 Elijah after his 40 days fast	Hood's Sarsp'lla	"John Coff"	"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt."	Don't hang yourself on the front gate.	
9 Sagasta	A better half	"Rip Van Winkle."	"Old Dan Tucker."	Washington is dead. There's room for you.	

National Ingratitude.

National unity depends, to a great extent, upon national hero-worship. Let a people honor its great men, let its youth be fired with enthusiasm to emulate their deeds, and that nation will make brilliant the pages of the world's history.

When oppression comes its citizens will bear the yoke as one man and when the dark clouds of adversity separate and the glorious sunshine of prosperity floods the land, the people will unselfishly rejoice in the welfare of the nation and its glorious past. No tie binds a people into closer brotherhood than the memory of the great men who struggled to make the nation.

Honor for dead heroes creates living ones.

The strongest European nations owe their national unity to the popular admiration for the men who made their history. England glories in the memory of Cromwell, of Nelson, and Wellington. Germany thinks with awe on the deeds of Frederick the Great, while France almost forgets present troubles at the thought of the victories of Napoleon and, if it were possible, would have him back again. Russia had her Peter the Great and we had our George Washington, our Abraham Lincoln.

So long as the names of Washington and Lincoln are kept fresh in the hearts of Americans, the Stars and Stripes will wave o'er "a land of the free and home of the brave, but when those names are forgotten Columbia will be divided within itself and go the way of Carthage and Rome.

"When Rome forgot her heroes, freedom forsook Rome."

In but little more than a century we have almost arrived at the same stage that it took Rome eight hundred years to reach. It is true conditions are not the same here as in older countries. A large part of our population is composed of foreigners who know more of the heroes of their fatherland than those of their adopted country. We can never have perfect national unity until the foreign element is thoroughly Americanized, and until it shares with every American a pride in our past.

Though high honor is paid to our greatest warriors and statesmen, there is a tendency to forget the men who saved the Union when the South would have torn it asunder, who gallantly gave up their lives on the battlefield or starved in Southern prisons in order that the Union might exist forever, one and inseparable. Four years they struggled on battlefields whose awful carnage put Waterloo to shame. And what recompense did they receive for such heroic service?

A small pay in depreciated currency and an unstinted allowance of hardships that wrecked the health of most of those not killed in battle. When the war was over and the nation sought to pay its debt of gratitude to its noble defenders by moderate pensions, there arose a howl of indignation from the soldier-hating copperheads of the North and the unconverted Rebels of the South. Not daring to deny the justice of pensions, they cover their attack on the pension system by charges of fraud,

A few cases of undeserved pensions are no excuse for such a wide-spread weeding-out of the list as has just taken place. It has been the apparent policy of certain administrations to delay giving pensions until the majority of old soldiers are beyond the need of such help and beyond the reach of the slanderous tongues of those hissing copper-heads.

All honor to the men who were willing to shed their life-blood for their country. Let their survivors receive every reward within the nation's power and may their enemies be defeated as they were in '65.

When the whole nation does honor to the men who saved the Union, then will national unity be assured and America's star will be the center of the constellation of nations, the Sons of Veterans will be ready to repeat the deeds of their fathers, and this empire shall stand,

"Till the sun grows cold
And the moon grows old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold."

LOCALS.

Owsley was afraid to call.

Where are the old "cases?"

Explain Deg's interest in Mr. George.

A striking event—MacMahon in a foot-ball game.

John Cameron is just full of tricks, say his friends.

Has Nelson's pillow-case turned into a pillow-sham?

Kuhnie still goes with a "gip."

They say Deg. is looking for new material.

Are McCague's eyes failing that he has quit ReaDing?"

Nelson thinks it great to have a sweet "memory."

Why was McPeak trying to save postage during the summer?

McGinness has come to town, indulging in shampoos and a milk diet.

Gurny Adams has gotten over his scare and has stopped running.

Binno Greer heaved a heavy sigh one day, said to weigh forty-three ounces.

Jack, having spent his summer at home, has at last returned to Richmond.

McEleese said he ate a swell supper the other night. Dried apples and hot water.

Binno met several girls and did the elegant to them, without sweating so very much.

McAleese is often heard lamenting the loss of the good old days "down on the farm "

New students should take care in the cracking of puns; they may light on old ones.

We wish Jack MacJean the greatest success in the management of the foot ball team.

The sympathy of the whole school is extended to Berry, Degelman, Nelson, Miss

Andrews and Miss Margaret MacNall for their loneliness this year.

Apples at the hall are very plenty. Bruce McCrory thinks the peaches grow out in town.

We hear that McGinness has decided that the best place to keep his wheel is at the Hall.

Visiting teams should be warned that "Lightning" never strikes twice in the same place.

Who was the gallant young gentleman in uniform who visited chapel one morning? Was it Hobson?

As we look at the new girls, we are tempted to say with the Psalmist, "Oh Lord, how long."

They say that the reason for Neville's dropping the Hall course is that the hay-fever bothers him.

The addition to the Chorus Class of one who sings so Gaily as Williamson should be noted.

Walter Mehard wishes to announce to his friends that the middle finger of his left hand is severely hurt.

Edmundson was official handicapper in the bicycle race—good class dodging scheme, thinks Seaton.

Since Mowry has entered the race this year, it is hoped that no more favorable contestants will appear.

Dad Phythyon was in chapel the morning of the 17th. It looked like old times to

see the grand old man.

Mr. Veazey evidently does not believe in defending the home workingmen by keeping out foreign labor.

Miss Stuart contemplates teaching the freedmen of the South. We are glad to see her predilection for free men.

Has Chambers always been so conscientious about seeing that his absents from recitations were recorded?

Is it on account of the youthfulness of the Junior class that they have to stand while reciting in Zoology and Physics?

One of the new men thinks some sweet lass will pillow her head on his manly bosom, but if he doesn't take care he'll get the slip.

We are very glad to see a new elocution teacher. We hear, and are not inclined to doubt in the least, that she is very competent.

Walter Stewart received a severe injury in the first foot ball scrimmage of the season. His collar bone was broken and required four resettings.

The Sophomore class will be pleased to know that one of their number, Matthew A. Swaney, is secretary of the Hooks Town Agricultural Association.

It has been basely insinuated of our staff that we go to press every Friday night, but we wish it to be distinctly understood that we go through that operation only once a month.

Nelson thinks she is a Gem(ison.)

Prof. Peterson to Chorus Class.—
“Watch the (dead) beat.”

Wanted.—By one of the Junior girls,
to exchange a wRen for a Hawk.

At what part of the day does the sun
shine in Miss H—I's east window.

Will McPeak become used to the Sen-
ior seats before a serious accident occurs?

We were glad to see Seville's mustache
in chapel the other day. We understand
that it is principal of Frankfort Springs
Academy.

Is it on account of bashfulness that
only men are allowed to attend the Fresh-
man class meeting?

It is rumored that the farmers' pump-
kin patch as well as his chicken-roost is be-
coming a popular resort.

Miss C—— is perhaps the best exam-
ple at the Hall for the new girls to follow
for a speedy fitting up of their rooms.

Tommy Jones and Shipler have both
obtained positions as iron chemists. Tommy
is first assistant in one of Carnegie's mills.

We think it advisable to suggest to
Miss Margaret MacNall that a keg is not
the safest thing to stand upon when after
grapes.

Saturday night visitors at the Hall are
now honored by showers of blessing, the
fountain head of which is usually the water
pitcher above.

Why did the boys in Mental Science

smack their lips and the girls look sour
when the Doctor said: “Of course, you
have all tapped an empty barrel?”

H G. Byers, '96, made up some work
in organic chemistry at our Lab, last sum-
mer. He expects to take a degree in the
spring at Johns Hopkins.

It may interest some of our students to
know that J. Graham McNary, eminent
basso and foot ball player, graduated from
Tarkio last June. He took a leading part in
recital work at commencement time and
rendered compositions that were extremely
difficult.

Will A Clark and Chas Trainer will
enter the Jefferson Medical College at Phil-
adelphia this fall. Grier Sewall has been
employed at pattern making in one of the
New Castle mills. The improvement in
our scientific course is starting a good many
men in that line of work.

The use of the piano in chapel service
was quite a breezy innovation, but it was
only getting abreast of the times. Not only
has there been a decided improvement in
the singing as a direct result, but everybody
seems well satisfied with the plan. It will
be remembered that a few years ago a peti-
tion signed by nearly all students asked for
instrumental music in the chapel. There
may be some encouragement in that fact for
future petitions.

In October, 1896, while the silver moon
was shedding its radiance over the college
there was created the Westminster Co-oper-
ative Text-book Association, the gigantic

product of two philanthropists, J. S. Stewart and H. N. Holmes. Their hearts bled for suffering humanity who were being bled by the book-seller. The two Freshmen were inspired with the idea of building up an association that would be an imperishable monument to their wisdom and self sacrifice. The scheme was launched amid the applause of faculty and students and with more officers than books. The business flourished like a green bay tree and kept the officers in chewing gum, but at last there came a day of terrible disaster. Thieves broke into the safe and carried away books to the value of over one dollar, plunging the company into hopeless bankruptcy. The blow was too much for finances and reputation and after being deserted by the public it was abandoned by its promoters. They tried to keep it alive another year by selling the books to each other, but the bindings wore out and the office was closed.

Westminster College starts out this year exceedingly well as regards attendance. There are about seventy-five new students and the enrollment at this date is equal to that of last year. The following is a partial list of the new students:

2ND PREP

Clarence Pollock, Plain Grove, Marie Allen, New Wilmington, Samuel Johnston, Pittsburg, Wm George, West Point, Ohio, Thos Thompson, Wheeler, Basil Carpenter, McMin, James Wallace, Mt. Jackson, Charles Pittinger, East Liverpool, Wiley Byers, Fairchance, Roy Jamison, Apollo, Martha Berry, Clokey, Pa, Norman Dindinger, Zelenople, Lawrence Redmond, New Wilmington, John Andrews, Adamsville, Agnes Newmyer, Saltsburg, Geo Smith, Allegheny, Harry Zaver, Lawrence Matthews, Earla Mitch-

ell, Helen Ferguson, Thomas Wright, New Wilmington, Bessie Stewart, Wheeler, Guy Jackson, Bennett.

THIRD PREP

Miss Cora Cell Marshall, Jamestown, Clarence Johnston, Butler, John F McBride, Ellwood, Jno Stewart, Redcliffe, Seth Fruit, Clark, Jos. Stewart, Turtle Creek, Robert Work, Redcliffe, Howell Getty, Vera Getty, New Wilmington, Francis Gibson, Mt Jackson, Laura Cennett, Atlantic, John Cameron, Pittsburg.

FRE HMAN

Miss Edith Mercer, Beaver, Riley McConkle, Allegheny, Verne Stewart, Clark, Charles Williamson Wellsville, Agnes Tinker, Bruce Tinker, Armdale, Roderick Morrison, Northfield, Ohio, Walter Adams, Mercer, Norman Morrow, Rodi, Jas. Broanlee, Indiana, Mary Scott Coila, N. Y. Alvan Hunt, Robt Skellie, Cambridge, N. Y., Jas Gealy, Plain Grove, Henry Pillow, Mary Pillow, Butler.

SOPHOMORE

Miss Corinne Mercer, Beaver, Clasir Thompson, Irwin, Grace Thompson, Mercer. Catharine Hawk, Fred Hawk, Youngstown, Samuel McGinness, Pittsburg, Hugh McCartney, Shouse-town, Mary Neely, East End, Pittsburg, Belle Fulton, Greensburg

JUNIOR.

Wilson Grove, York Co.

UNCLASSIFIED.

Joseph Forrester, Prospect, Emma Elliott, New Wilmington, Elma Chamberlain, Margaret Taggart, East Palestine, O, Hammett Morrow, Moravia, Sarah Nott, Greensburg, Allura Ehle, Petersburg, Ohio

The college paper is a great enterprise. The editor gets the blame, the business manager gets the experience and the printer gets the money—sometimes.—Ex.

ATHLETICS.

The foot ball season opened Saturday, the 17th, and if the same enthusiasm, among players and students, is shown through the season, success will be assured to the team and an easy mind to the manager.

Rayen School was somewhat light for our boys, but their team work was good and their determination counted a little. Two halves of fifteen minutes were played and in the first on a fumble by Rayen, Edmundson grabbed the ball and by a long run scored the touchdown. Kuhn scored the second touchdown by a fine end run. The guarding was perfect. With only a half minute to play a criss-cross was tried and it worked without a tacker. McPeak kicked the first two goals.

All the boys played a splendid game, the line holding its opponents for downs time and again, and the backs soon took the ball down the field.

We give the new schedule for the foot ball season and think there will be few changes in it.

Saturday, Oct. 1.—W. and J. at Washington.

Friday, Oct. 7.—U. of W. Va. at Morgantown.

Saturday, Oct. 15.—Geneva at Beaver Falls.

Wednesday, Oct. 19.—W. U. P. at Pittsburg

Saturday, Oct. 22.—Thiel at New Wilmington.

Saturday, Oct. 29.—Open.

Monday, Oct. 31.—Open.

Saturday, Nov. 5.—Akron A. C. at Akron.

Saturday, Nov. 12.—Geneva at New Wilmington.

Saturday, Nov. 19.—Open.

Monday, Nov. 21.—Open.

Thursday, Nov. 24.—Open.

Three games will be arranged with Grove City, and these are the ones we want.

Games are also being negotiated for with Sharon, New Castle and Thiel college.

Fruit, who has played the last three years with Grove City, has been engaged as coach. He will hold down one of the guards.

The second game of the season was played at New Castle on the 23rd. Although we were beaten the results of the game showed that our team was an improvement over last years. Just as last year there were some disagreeable features connected with the game. But our manager received the worst treatment, as he did not receive the money promised to pay his expenses.

New Castle 15.		Westminster 10.	
Smith.....	R. E.....	Edgar	
Mayne.....	R. T.....	Chambers	
Havice.....	R. G.....	Fruit	
Rodgers.....	C.....	Menison	
Schrecongost.....	L. G.....	McMahon	
Klingensmith.....	L. T.....	Witherspoon	
Butler.....	L. E.....	Kuhn	
Natbress.....	Q. B.....	Berry	
Hazen, Buffinger..	L. H.....	Edmundson	
Hart.....	R. H.....	Mehard	
Edmunds.....	F. B.....	McPeake	

Umpire—W. B. Mather. Referee—O. R. Degelman. Linemen—H. C. Chambers and Walter Crum. Goals—Edmundson 1. Goal from field, McPeak. Hart 1, Edmunds 2.

More than a passing notice must be given to the records of our base ball boys during the summer's work.

Don McKim was the winning pitcher for the C. A. C. of Braddock. Edmundson and Phythyon were behind him at third and short.

Harry Wilhelm tried with all the power of his right arm to put Lancaster in first place, winning twenty-two games and losing five.

Davies did good work for Homestead until taken sick.

MUSIC AND ART.

Prof. Peterson and Miss MacNall have begun their term's duty with a promising outlook. The number of students in the Conservatory equals the number in attendance last year and all circumstances point to a successful year.

The Chorus Class numbers eighty, surpassing all previous records and assuring us of a fine concert later on. Prof. Peterson has begun the study of the first continuous work attempted by the Chorus Class. It is a Mass in F by Concione.

The Notation class is not fully appreciated by our students. It is the foundation that should be laid before one tries the chorus.

A change has been made in the practice

rooms. Miss MacNall now occupies the building below the Conservatory, having her own room and three practice rooms located there.

Miss McConnell of Cleveland, is at the head of the Oratory Department. She has a class of fifteen students and has brilliant prospects for success.

Miss Hodgens is with us again this fall. She reports but a small attendance in her department, but as it is but the beginning of the term no forecast can be drawn. She has the class in drawing preparatory to botany in the spring.

The photograph gallery is now a popular resort, as many of the students have delayed the finishing of their summer work till their return to school.

ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD.

Three honored alumni of the college passed away during the summer. The first was Rev. M. M. Gibson, D. D., '60, of San Francisco. Rev. Gibson was considered the father of the U. P. church on the Pacific coast.

Rev. R. A. Gilfillan, '74, died suddenly at his home near Callery Junction.

Rev. S. M. Krohn, '86, died after a long, wasting illness.

Mr. Rufus McKinley, '97, expects to take up the study of law in Ann Arbor University at the beginning of the school year there.

Miss Mary Kuhn, '95, who has been spending her vacation at her home here, expects to return soon to her work at Lexington, Ky, where she has been engaged as teacher ever since her graduation from college.

Mr. Bert Barr, '95, will return soon to Philadelphia, where he will complete his course in medicine this year.

We notice in one of our exchanges the following statement which may be of interest just at the present time: "The annual cost of maintaining a modern battle ship is over three times the total annual expense of an institution such as Johns Hopkins University."

Mr. Charles Trainer, '97, spent a few weeks in this vicinity during the latter part of the summer. Mr. Trainer expects to go to Philadelphia soon, where he will take a course in medicine in Jefferson Medical school.

Every year we hear of some of Westminster's alumni who tire of living alone and betake themselves to the state of matrimony. Among those who have made this important change during the past summer, we notice the names of Mr. Chas. Robertson, '93, and Miss McNaugher; also Mr. Joseph T. Miller and Miss Mary M. Stewart, '92."

Mr. Reed Kennedy, '89, who was elected Mayor of Homestead not long ago, has gone to Russia to superintend the operation of extensive steel works there.

At the meeting of the board of trustees

of Westminster College last June, the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon Rev. R. G. Miller of Sardis, N. C. Another meeting was held a few days ago at which a letter from Rev. Miller was read, declining to accept the honor freely conferred upon him.

Westminster has quite recently received a donation of \$8,000. William Scouller of Erie, who died in 1890, left a bequest of this amount to the college to be paid at the death of his wife. She died recently and the executor of the estate has informed the board that he is ready to pay over the money.

It will no doubt be of great interest to students now in college and to others as well; to know where all the members of last year's class have been scattered, and the work in which they expect to engage. A few of them have not disclosed their plans nor their whereabouts, but we have secured some knowledge of most of them and are glad to publish what information we have been able to gather in regard to them.

Mr. James Black, Mr. Robert Cooper and Mr. L. K. Peacock will attend the Theological Seminary at Allegheny.

Mr. James A. McDonald, and Mr. Moore Jerrow expect to pursue their studies for the ministry in Xenia Theological Seminary.

Mr. Linn Breaden will assist his father in the mercantile business at West Sunbury.

Mr. Robert Clark will teach school not far from his home, at Ray, Pa.

Miss Elizabeth Duncan will teach at her home in Mt. Pleasant, Pa.

Mr. Roy Long expects to study law in New Castle, Pa.

Miss Frances E. McDowell will teach at Titusville, Pa.

Miss Sara McKinley expects to remain at home during the winter.

Miss Corrine Miller will teach at West Point, Miss.

Mr. John Boggs will begin the study of law.

Miss Eda Nichol will teach at Mt. Pleasant, Pa.

Misses Anna and Lida Pomeroy will teach in a mission school at Hot Springs, N. C.

Mr. Harry Phythyon has not yet definitely settled his plans for the coming year.

Mr. William Purvis will attend the law school at Ann Arbor Mich.

Mr. Orville W. Raney will teach at Clarksville, Pa.

Miss Floy Robertson will continue her studies at her Alma Mater during the year.

Mr. George Seville will teach an academy at Frankfort Springs, Pa.

Miss Maud Slemmons will teach in a mission school at Asheville, S. C.

Mr. John Donaldson expects to study law, but is undecided as yet whether he will begin it this year or not.

Mr. John S. Stewart left a few days ago for Princeton College, where he expects to pursue his studies during the year.

Mr. Lawrence Swogger will study medicine at Jefferson Medical School, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Thomas R. Jones has secured the position of assistant chemist in the Homestead Iron Mills.

Mr. Robert W. Walker and Mr. William Ferver each expect to remain at home during the winter.

EXCHANGES.

The greater part of our exchange column this month will be old news, as many of the papers arrived after the last issue was sent out before the close of the year.

The Commencement editions of many of our exchanges were worthy of great credit. The literary articles and stories were unusually fine. Also, many of them contained pictures of Ball teams, Glee clubs, etc., which are very interesting.

The Amulet for July contains an excellent article on Gladstone. The life and principles of England's "Grand Old Man" are clearly set forth and these words are used in closing: "Forever will his noble life serve as a model for every lad throughout all lands. May young America as the virtues of the uncrowned king are brought to his notice inspirit them into his nature, and may the coming century furnish this country as grand a man.

October Ladies' Home Journal contains some interesting stories about Mark Twain. "The Personal Side of Richard Wagner, written by Houston Stewart Chamberlain is also a feature of the number. The other attractions are many, one of the principal ones being letters, in fac similie, from Napoleon I, Queen Victoria, The Prince of Wales, Napoleon III and Emperor William I of Germany to the President of the United States.

She said her lover was a dream,
But after they were mated
She found, alas, unhappy maid,
Her dream was dissipated.—Ex.

WHO YOU VAS.

Who vas it so very meek
He vas almost afraidt to speak
Beause he does not have der cheek?

Der Freshman.

Who vas it dinks he knows it all
And drows der stove-wood down der hall
Und makes der leedle Freshman ball?

Der Sophomore.

Who vas it shwells himself mit pride
Und carries his fraueline py his side,
Und vas already t'gnified?

Der Junior.

Who vas it on Commencement Day
Vill read ein grand sublime essay,
Und schow der goferment der way?

Der Senior.—Ex.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. XX.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., OCTOBER 1898.

No. 2.

The Holcad.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

Editors.

HARRY N. HOLMES, '99 EDITOR IN CHIEF
SANNIE STEWART, '00 ASSISTANT.
RENWICK GEALEY, '99 LIT' DEPARTMENT
MAMIE TURNER, '00
RUSSEL MILLER, '99 LOCAL
EDWARD FRAZER, '00 ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD
O. R. DEGLEMAN, '99 MUSIC, AND ART
FAITH STEWART, '00 EXCHANGES.
MONROE WITHERSPOON, '99 BUSINESS MANAGER

Publishers Notice.

THE HOLCAD is a monthly of ten issues a year, published by the undergraduates of Westminster College.

Entered at the Postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second class mail matter.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni, or any who are or have been connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Address all communications to THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

TERMS One copy per year, \$1.00. Single copy 15c.

EDITORIAL.

The staff earnestly desire to reach out a helping hand to the new student, that is,

to help him hand over a dollar for the "Holcad." We need your help and if you can afford it, don't wait to be asked, but give your money to any one of the editors. There is no better way of showing your college spirit than to become a subscriber unless it is becoming a contributor. We lack fiction and poetry, so if any of you new students have ability in that line tell us and we won't call you swell headed, but will give you our lasting gratitude. We can get the heavy wisdom of philosophers from the dignified Seniors but it is on the frisky Freshmen that we depend for light literature.

It is curious how much a person's character is judged by their voice. When we hear words spoken strongly and distinctly we imagine a manly man or a sensible woman, but the weak, mumbling utterance of bashfulness, the soft, oily voice of the sharper, and the high-pitched shriek of the scold make an entirely different impression on us.

Generally speaking, the voice is a strong rival, in character reading, of palmistry, phrenology, and kindred arts, but there is one occasion when it cannot be used

in that way. In the class room the stentorian, leather lunged, yell of the "rooter" dwindles down into an insignificant, piping, little tone which gives people the impression that its owner would like to fall through a hole in the floor. The weak voices become correspondingly weaker and as a result the professor, whose ear becomes abnormally acute by training, is obliged to interpret the recitations of half the class to the rest. There isn't the slightest excuse for this sort of thing. A man old enough to enter college is old enough not to get scared in the class room and if he isn't troubled with stage fright let him take pity on his classmates and talk so they can understand him. In public speaking of any sort one always makes a good impression by taking pains to enunciate forcibly and clearly, even if one's progress is slow, which is more of a virtue than a fault.

There may be some slight exaggeration in the above, but be that as it may, the fault we seek to correct exists.

During the "latest unpleasantness" a wild and wooly Westerner wanted to make Spanish the principal language of Hades, and enlisted with that intention. Much to his disgust, no doubt, progressive Americans are devoting considerable attention to the study of the hated language and it bids fair to become a part of the curriculum of every college.

Ex-President Andrews of Brown University, believes that before long no intelligent young man will consider his preparation for business life complete without a knowledge of Spanish. When Cuba, Porto Rico and the Phillipines settle down to mar-

ried life with uncle Sam there will be opened up an immense field for the investment of American capital and the money will not be lacking. An army of young Americans will be needed to carry on business enterprises in lands where Spanish will be the popular language for years to come, and this army will be picked from the ranks of those who have had the forethought to learn Spanish.

It is true these islands will in time become Americanized but there is still an immense area to the south where English is a foreign tongue. Mexico, Central and South America possess unexcelled capacity for development and this development must be made by the Anglo Saxon race. Competition is the rule of the time and a man must look ahead and be prepared to seize every opportunity.

The condition of affairs in the Orient continues to engage the attention of the civilized world. China at last seems to realize that the institutions and customs of centuries ago are inadequate to the demands of this progressive period. The Emperor is officially encouraging the adoption of Western civilization, and reforms in all branches of the government are being established, notably in regard to the postal system, the right of petitioning the ruling monarch, and in making public report of the receipts and expenditures of the government, which until recently has been kept secret. Ever since her ports have been opened to foreigners it has been an assured fact that new conditions must arise in China. To be sure, she has not progressed very rapidly, but this is only what might be expected

when we consider her past history. The constitution under which she now exists was framed two thousand years ago and through all these centuries she has been loyally supporting and defending it. The worship of ancestors, together with their ideas and opinions has been a corner stone of her religion, and is it any discredit to the Chinese that they are unable to cast off these influences, fostered by thousands of years in the short space of half a century, the time during which counteracting influences have been at work?

At present there is a wide spread feeling of discontent with the Manchu dynasty, which threatens to break into open rebellion at any time. The object of this rebellion will be reform and independence in order that better preparations may be made to guard the empire against falling a prey to her avaricious neighbors. Nearly all the European powers have established claims or secured leases on Chinese territory and but a few months ago the complete dismemberment of the empire seemed inevitable. However, the outlook is now much more encouraging, and it is possible that the Flowery Kingdom may yet develop into one of the most powerful and progressive of nations.

Dr. William A. Mehard, one of the foremost men in the United Presbyterian church, passed away at his home in New Castle during the past summer. Dr. Mehard was professor of Mathematics and Hebrew in Westminster from 1858 to 1889 and has always been a staunch and loyal friend of the college. During his professorship here he was much beloved and re-

spected by the students and many of them feel in his loss a personal bereavement. Dr. Mehard was a man of marked ability, which was recognized by all who came in contact with him, but more than this he possessed a personal grace, a Christian spirit that specially endeared him to his friends, who will ever cherish him in tender and loving remembrance.

The Westminster Reunion at the Saratoga Convention.

Almost the first desire we heard expressed at Saratoga was, "I hope we can have a Westminster reunion." We did have one, and the writer was requested to report the proceedings.

The General Committee had filled the days and nights so full with their entertaining program, and then the ball room prayer meeting had been added, so that there was absolutely no time for an additional meeting except Saturday afternoon, termed on the program "Free Time," and reserved for "committee meetings, reunions, receptions, sight-seeing, etc., etc. It was impossible for all to make arrangements to be present; but the room in which Westminster College had its headquarters was quite well filled.

As would naturally be expected at a convention for young people, the classes graduated within a few years past were most largely represented. However, many of the earlier graduates, whose pulses still beat with the vigor and animation of youth, were present to help and encourage. No program had been prepared nor was any

formality observed beyond the selection of a presiding officer. Rev. Paul Stewart, of the class of '89, was called to this dignity, very fitly so as his class furnished the largest number of representatives. With a few well-chosen remarks he called upon several of those present to say a few words. Rev. J. H. Veazey was the first one called upon and his statement that the funds raised last year had been sufficient to defray all expenses was received with much pleasure. Dr. M. M. Patterson represented the board of trustees, Miss McLaughry, the faculty; Rev. T. E. Moffatt, the class of '89; Mrs. Etta Reed Ray, the women of the alumni, and Rev. W. T. McConnell, '72, Rev. W. B. Smiley, '79, and Rev. J. A. Reed, '82, spoke for the alumni in general.

One of the pleasing features of such a convention is the opportunity given for renewing old friendships, and it was quite interesting to watch former students pick out their old college friends and cling together as though they would not lose a moment of each other's society. Westminster's alumni was well represented at the convention, not only in numbers, but in position and in service as may readily be seen by a glance at the program, where we find the names of McDowell, McNaugher, Russell, Douthett, Reed, Ferguson, each of whom did honor to the place accorded him. And it was with pardonable pride that we watched the Rev. J. A. Alexander accept from Dr. Atchison, the office of Chairman of the General Committee for 1899, and heard the stirring address with which he gave the watchwords of the coming year. But probably no one rendered more valuable service than the

Rev. A. A. Graham of '91, chairman of the local committee, who, with the assistance of his worthy wife, Kate Adams, of '93, worked so valiantly to fit the delegates into the homes and hotels of Saratoga. To all the officers and committees we express our thanks for a most delightful week at the famous Saratoga Springs.

MARGARET McLAUGHRY.

Forgotten.

As the glow which reddens the eastern sky when the chariot of Helios appears so is the glory of a rising genius. As the clear hot light of midday so is the passionate strength of a full grown genius. As the dark starless night so too oft is the dark ingratitude of a benefitted race.

One of the elements in greatest proportion in the nature of man is his fickleness. Today the mob cries "Hosanna to Our King," tomorrow "Away with him."

There have been, and are, a few souls possessing the Heaven sent power of swaying multitudes. But ah! how short their triumphs. Today the fickle mob goes wild, ascends into the seventh Heaven under the preaching of Paul, tomorrow he is stoned from the city and another takes his place.

A little maid in France called by God gave her weak life made strong by determination to her country's cause. She led the royal army through many a hard-fought battle to final victory. And the ingratitude of the French nation to Joan of Arc is one of the dark stains on their history.

Columbus possessing a brain worthy of

the 19th century solved a great problem and by it made perhaps the most famous discovery in the history of the world. But he died poor and forgotten, his only blessing that he did not live to see his new country called by the name of another.

Now Joan of Arc is one of our greatest heroines and Columbus has received the thanks of a nation. But their deeds will soon be forgotten and their names erased from the book of the great to make room for more modern ones. Well has the poet caused Haroun el Raschid to say

Where are the kings and all the rest,
Of those who once the world possessed
They're gone with all their pomp and show
They're gone the way that thou must go.

The ancient Egyptian kings sought immortality by erecting great monuments to them. But now the curiosity seekers tear down with defiling hands this great works and drag forth the embalmed bodies to sell for money.

Nothing pertaining to this world can be immortal. Even as the world itself must pass away so must all things in it depart. The poet sings of the everlasting hills and forgets that they are for a short time.

The nod of the Pharaoh once stirred the Nile from source to mouth but now his is but an empty name. Nero might speak and a thousand die but now we only shudder at his cruelties and turn the page of history to a more inviting subject. His only power at the present time is to displease, not to cause fear. He too is forgotten.

And not only the unjust and cruel but the just and wise have lost their power. Sometimes those who have not received their deserved share of praise during their lives do receive it after death.

Then why toil and strive till all strength becomes weariness, till life is worse than death for those things which the world calls happy? Great men must die and their deeds cannot live forever. Their is only one element of the world which is everlasting, virtue, for it is also an element of eternity. Then live that thy soul may be immortal in eternity when all things of the earth have passed away.

I. F. S.

At Cross Roads.

Jack Meredith was not a ladies' man.

This was looked upon as rather peculiar by both the boys and girls in the college, for he was a handsome, jovial, reckless sort of fellow, ready for anything and whole-hearted in whatever he did whether he studied or was off on some wild lark which so delights a boy's heart. Jack was captain of the football team and there was little chance for the opposing eleven to even score when the jelly quarter-back was in "form" and the other boys obeyed the signals and followed his example. He admired some girls but there was a feeling of reserve mixed with his admiration. He had never been accustomed to girls or their ways having been placed in a boy's preparatory school when quite young, where he remained until four years before this story opens, he entered college. Jack was very popular among the boys and was not without his admirers among the girls, who were too proud to acknowledge it, as his apparent disregard of them rather piqued some of the more popular ones. Few girls could boast of even a speaking acquaintance with this hero, but

one more fortunate than the rest had had two conversations with him, eminently protracted when the young man was considered, although the two would hardly require more than half an hour. This was considered a great honor, and when, in the winter term of his senior year, Jack appeared at a concert accompanied by Helen Day he was lustily applauded by the boys and enviously watched by the girls, as he was ushered to a prominent place in the hall by one of his interested friends, much to his embarrassment and discomfort. Many were the wagers laid that this would be his first and last appearance in the role of gallant. But those who knew him best said he was too plucky to be turned from any course he had undertaken by the good-natured pranks of his fellows. These proved to be correct in their judgment. Meredith and Miss Day appeared together again and again, and she was congratulated by the girls on having made the conquest of the season. Jack Meredith was not the only admirer of the fair Helen. Dick Channing and Fred Baron also claimed a share of her attention and were received in her frank, friendly way. They all loved her, but she could not decide to be other than a friend to any of them.

College days for these three men are over. They have all been graduated with honors and the time has come to say good bye. Fred must leave first. They strolled along the familiar path to the little rustic bridge and sitting on the railing they read the names of many students carved upon it, and talked of the college year just ended with all its pleasures and a few disappointments, for there had been a few. At last

he called her attention to her initials which he had cut in the rail. He spoke in a low voice, "Helen, promise to think kindly of me when I am gone and try to—but just then one of the girls came by and stopped—very inconsiderate, Fred thought—so he was compelled to walk home with both girls and make the best of it. But the pressure he gave her hand at parting was—a little more than friendly. Dick took Helen driving the next afternoon and on reaching home said: "You will write to me very often, won't you, Helen? and I may come to see you during vacation?" She promised and in fact was rather sorry Dick would not be back.

All evening she watched in vain for Jack. She knew he was to take the morning train for the East. She wore the gown she knew he most admired, though he had never told her so, and felt provoked, and a little vexed, too, that he didn't come. In the morning, conquering her pride, she went to the train with some girls who were leaving. Jack didn't come until almost train time and at last arrived with a host of his friends who had come to see him off. Just as the train pulled into the station, he went to Helen, shook her hand hurriedly and was stepping into the car, when she asked in a voice that trembled a little: "When are you coming back?" He laughed and answered: "Oh! sometime, maybe. Good bye. Helen walked home as quickly as she could that no one might see the tears she could not restrain. "He didn't even ask me to write to him," she sobbed.

A. NONYMOUS.

Subscribe for the HOLCAD.

Basket Ball.

We are now in the midst of the college foot ball season.

Soon the deciding great games of the year will have been played and the season will be o'er.

With the close of distinctive out door athletics the foot ball men turn to the gymnasium for exercise

There they will be safe and secure from winter's chilling blasts.

As the mind turns to the subject of gymnasium work, it instantly reverts to the ever increasing popular game of basket ball.

This game, the rules of which when published first in "Physical Education" during the year of 1892, has become far more popular than was anticipated, spreading from Springfield, Mass., to Paris, France, in one direction, and to Melbourne, Australia, in another, inside of two years.

The game was "invented," if we may use the word," by Mr. James Naismith, an instructor in the Y. M. C. A. training school, Springfield, Mass.

Basket ball was originated to fill a much needed want.

First, it must be of such a nature that it may be played on any sort of ground, large or small room or lot, etc.

Then it must be such that it may be played by a large or small number of men.

As many as fifty on a side have played.

It must afford all round exercise, and it does that. Roughness of football must be eliminated.

According to the rules it is so, but as Basket Ball is umpired and played, or al-

lowed to be played, there is considerable unnecessary roughness.

It must be easy to learn. It fulfills that requirement also. One may learn to play the game in ten minutes so that he may derive beneficial exercise therefrom.

Among the many developments that follow the playing of Basket Ball are the following: Self control and coolness in the most trying times, quickness of perception and of action. Therefore let the slow thinker get his move on in this game.

Physical judgment is cultivated also in passing the ball.

Accuracy is developed in goal throwing.

Endurance is required in this game as in no other known to the writer.

It is more tiresome than foot ball or base ball, but with preliminary training, men can play twenty-five or thirty minutes halves of the hardest kind and of exciting nature and yet be comparatively fresh at the end.

Anger, bad temper on the part of any member of a team will often lose the game for the team of which the disgruntled one is a member.

Thus it is seen that gentlemanliness is an absolute necessity in the make up of a team.

The only way to keep the game as it should be is to have all the players realize that the future of the game depends upon their actions.

In order to keep it safe from the inroads and abuses of professionalism, to which some other games are exposed, the A. A. U. has taken the game under its control, providing a system of registration that

is very much the same as registration of track and field athletics.

Last year Westminster had a team that did remarkably good work. Composed of gentlemanly players, they received favorable comment wherever they played.

Most of the games they played were won. The team won four and lost two, showing plainly that fairness in playing and gentlemanliness can win.

Allegheny College "Campus" stated that Westminster boys were the "squarest" they had ever met.

This year the record should be even better and we want you to help make it so.

Inter-class games will likely be played at the opening of the winter term. X.

Some Advice to Junior Orators.

Orators are generally homely people. Henry Clay, upon looking at himself in the mirror said, "God never gave any man such a big mouth without having some use for it." Ugliness, however, is not the only essential of a successful orator, else many of you would succeed beyond measure. You have reached the Rubicon of your college course.

How will you get across? You will either have to ford it or afford it. But we take it for granted that you will write your own speech. That being the case you will kindly accept a few suggestions.

1st. Do not talk about the stars unless they throw some light upon your subject. A French General in speaking of the Charge of the Light Brigade said, "It was magnificent, but it was not war." 'Tis

true of many so-called orations. They are magnificent, but they are not orations.

2nd. The babbling brooklets and the twittering twitlets have their uses. Do not abuse them.

3rd. Everybody knows that Greece and Rome have fallen.

4th. We all admire Julius Caesar and Napoleon Bonaparte. Please do not lower our high estimation of such men.

5th. Do not be afraid to crib. Of course we do not expect you to put new wine in old bottles, as quotation marks are as important as periods. But you have a right to use another's thought.

Concerning delivery:

1st. Be natural. Impersonators are freaks.

2nd. Hide yourself behind your cause.

3rd. Feel as if you owe your audience something.

4th. Don't hold on to your words.

5th. Try to develop a deep voice.

6th. Let the people know that you mean what you say.

Yet Beyond.

All human experience furnishes evidence in support of the truth that every noble achievement of man opens up new fields of research and better planes of existence. We often picture in our minds some ideal as an inspiration to future effort, but that ideal is constantly becoming farther removed and our horizon broadens as we press on in pursuit.

The achievements of man have been indeed marvelous. He has made the lightning his messenger, the sea his pathway.

He has dug deep down into the bosom of the earth and appropriated its hidden treasures to his service. He has harnessed the winds and made them his servants.

But every achievement of man paves the way for another. Every step upward gives us greater strength for the next. Every difficulty overcome and every temptation resisted strengthens our character and develops the bold features of our individuality. But the goal of human advancement has not been reached, or in other words there is yet more beyond.

Past attainment is the harbinger of future advancement. From the heights of our present achievement the child of progress gazing through the channel of ages beholds our present advancement. Then with the prophet's eye he turns to the future and portrays its possibilities. He goes on from strength to strength and from victory to victory until lost in thought and overcome by emotion he falls prostrate at the feet of the Infinite.

Each succeeding generation adds a new stepping stone to that ascent which leads to human perfection. And the thought that the generation to which we belong is far in advance of the one which has preceded us should stimulate us to greater effort and impel us to loftier aims. There has never been an orator lived who may not be surpassed. The world has never seen an example of physical culture that may not be excelled by our greater knowledge of human organism and our modern methods of physical development. That scientist has never unfolded the mysteries of nature's teachings who may not be surpassed by

one whose soul's harpstrings may come into closer contact with nature's God. That musician has never moved the hearts of men by his master productions who may not be excelled by another who shall chant a sublimer melody. That moral hero has never bid defiance to the forces of doubt and darkness but that another may break the selfish bonds that surround and ascend still higher the mount of true nobility. That champion of truth and right has never left his impress upon the ages but yet another impelled by the grandeur of his theme may somewhere and at some time drink a deeper, purer draught at truth's eternal springs.

The fact that there is more beyond is the basis of a hope of reward and as a result the two become practically one and the same. We cannot hope without something to hope for, and it is equally true that the hope of reward is the real motive power in our almost every effort. The little child soon learns what it is to be promised something if he does a certain thing he has been told to do. But hope does not cease to exist with child-life. On the other hand it is an ever increasing motive power and one that only ceases its influence with life. As the care-worn mother pictures the future possibilities of her child her care is turned to joy. The weary toiler at the workman's bench forgets his hardships of his labor at the thought of an approaching holiday or of pleasant companionship around the family fireside.

Often does life's care worn traveler become discouraged by the hardships of ceaseless toil but at the moment of darkest night a ray from the star oft dispels the gloom and

guides his weary foot steps to the coveted goal.

Oh hope, thou art the dispeler of every cloud the bearer of every burden. Thou art a lighthouse on that eternal shore guiding ship-wrecked mariners on life's stormy sea into the port of the Infinite.

Star of hope be thou ever near us,
Guide and cheer us on life's way,
May thy rays forever lead us,
In the light of endless day.

And when life's last act is ending
May thy light be ever near,
Be a friend beside us kneeling,
Bidding us to have no fear.

Then as evening's shades surround us,
May thy guidance still be found,
Till angelic voices call us
To that home that's yet beyond.

W. S.

In Lighter Vein.

RONDEAU.

When leaves turn brown and frost descends,
And term begins and summer ends,
The HOLCAD comes, with jests replete
On Freshmen, Football, "Watch the Beat,"
The Hall and all that thence depends;

And though its repertoire extends
Not far, and captious taste offends,
Each year these jests it must repeat

When leaves turn brown.

But ah! when time a halo lends
To college days and college friends,
When pale the ink and sore the sheet,
Those faded pages will be sweet
With the old jokes new pleasure blends
When leaves turn brown.

B.

FOOTBALL.

Quick kick,
Leather ball,
Rush crush
Men fall.

Bold hold,
Vicious maul,
Claim vain,
Low-down crawl.

Run true
Tackle fall,
Rash dash
By them all.

Loud crowd
Wildly bawl.
Other side
Bitter gall,

[SCENE, HALL: TIME 1 A. M.]

"The mellow moon is beaming
And fragrance fills the air,
My heart with love is teeming,
O come, my lady fair!"

He sings in tones entrancing
Beneath the balcony
"The winged hour is fleeting
O come, Jeannette, with me!

The sash is quickly lifted
The blinds are opened wide;
"Go chase yerself, ye're twisted,
Jeannette rooms t'other side."

Found.

The following letter was found by one ubiquitous local reporter not far from the sanctum. As it was not addressed and the signature casts little light on the question of ownership, we venture to publish it hoping that the man in '02 who wrote it will see it printed and call to claim it:

DEAR MAMMA:

Thank you so much for the two (\$2 00) dollars. It is awfully lonesome here and I need them. I like New Wilmington pretty well, though. I miss our well water so much. Some Seniors here told me the well water was bad and they never drank it, so I drink only milk and lemonade. The latter is made by a nice old man named Mr. Sinclair. Please don't forget to feed Rover, and please also send up my mittens, the red ones, you know, with the strings on. It is nearly half past eight so I must stop and go to bed.

Your obedient son,

WILLIE.

P. S. The fellows seem to think that I am getting along beautifully in a social way. I have already joined the Westminster Athletic Association and the Camera Club and I expect to be taken into the Philo Society before long. Beside that Mr. Shaffer has asked me to get my hair cut before it is too late, and a first-rate man named Mr. Maynard (who is very influential with the faculty, the fellows say) told me he thought I was a good boy. I hope I can come home soon.

W.

Another Letter Home.

New Wilmington, Pa.,
Oct. 9, 1898.

DEAR MA:

I thought you would like to hear from me and so I set down to rite this letter. I got your letter last weak. I always know when I git your letters for nobody else ever writes to me except Sal and

I haint got a letter from Sal yet. Im havin an awfull good time this turn. I met two girls and one of them smiles at me. I think its because I belong to my class; everybody smiles when they see one of my class, we're so popular. I like to have people smile at me it makes me feel so good. I am steadyng zuology. I think I'll git a good mark for the teacher asked me a question to day and I up and answered and all the other boys and girls laufed and the teacher laufed to. I have a good stand in with my teacher, he always laufs when I re-site.

I am taking Fisicks this fall, I like fisicks it tells how to make lightning and how big its velocity is and lots of other things.

I steady french, its dead easy. I never steady it at all. I set beside a senior and he tells me all the answers and then I go home and copy them in a blue book. I had to join sosiety this turn. Dockter Furgeson told me if I didnt join for 5 weeks he'd send me home. The boys was all after me to join there sosiety but none of the girls asked me and I just thought if they didn't want me why they didnt have to have me.

I spoke a peace last monday night and I forget every word. Assoon as I got up I set down, and the criticks said Id ought ter comit my peace before I got up. I couldnt go to church to day. I aint well. Im never well on sunday. Has Liz got a new hat yet? Tell her she can have mine. All the girls around here are gitting boys hats.

Every class is going to have a basket ball team next winter. I think I can get on to it for none of our fellows can play much.

Well I must close and go to dinner. My but I like dinner on Sunday. We always have turkey or chicken. I like turkey awfull well. All our class does,

I want you to send me a new hat, mine is gitting to little. All the fellows in my class gits there hats at home. They don't keep very big ones hers.

How is pap, rite soon and tell me all the nuse.

Your loving sun,
S——.

P. S. I was afraid at first that I couldnt keep up with my class but I guess Im as good as any of them.

LOCALS.

Down goes Geneva.

Jean expects her sister's friend.

Cameron injured his leg severely.

R. R's favoite German word—'Tish.

Quite an innovation—hymns in chapel. Of what denomination is Prof.—anyhow?

Where did Miss Mehard get her pretty badge?

Newmyer slept between sheets of fly paper one night.

Owsley had to collect some bells (?) in Mercer on the afternoon of Oct. 14.

Nelson nearly broke in the side of a house—a pane of glass, at least.

Brooks, the Nimrod, went forth with his little gun one day. Ask him about the walnut tree.

Forrester went to the Conclave as big

as life and says he saw "Ten (K) Nights in a Bar-room."

The Conclave crowd in Pittsburg was largely augmented by Westminster's delegation.

McGuinness, there s a good time coming where you won't need—crutches, although a shutter may come in handy.

Bruno went to hunt quail, too. He just got one bird, and that, too, from the lower end of town.

The wearer of the blue sweater with the big "W" is Jackson. This is for the benefit of the smitten ladies.

Prof. Freeman's classes were as tickled as if they had swallowed a feather when he failed to return for the 18th.

They say that the calling of McCartney to recitation is a signal for general rejoicing on the part of his classes.

Mr. E— on his way to the Ladies Hall the other evening was so frightened by a slight rustle (Russell), which he heard close beside him, that he fell off the walk.

Church Mehard, pistol in hand, is often seen pacing by night in front of the Newmyer residence. We understand that Mrs. Newmyer wished to have a man about the house in the absence of her son, Will. Well, everybody cannot have everything they wish.

Some of our boys at the Mercer fair report that they were chased out of the ccuntyby two turkeys and a duck. After a severe struggle the heroes vanquished the offending fowls and then overcome by re-

morse went back and paid the owner fifteen dollars. We cannot vouch for the first half of the story, but the last is strictly true.

"Perhaps it was a sheet."

John Donaldson visited us this month. I wonder why?

The VanOrsdale club have been having stirring times this month.

A strange happening—an umbrella burnt while making fudge.

Complaints are heard daily that the campus benches are too large.

McGinness thinks he got off a joke. What is the world coming to!

Bill Ramsey now feels positive that he knows the Latin for "anything."

How very mysterious the sunbonnet looked walking up street the other day.

What made the boys leave the chicken roast at the Hall so suddenly one eve?

Bill Cook thinks seriously of being photographed in his crimson socks.

To hear George Robb talking of the ride of "Paul Revere" is quite edifying.

Why do the girls not enjoy their Sabbath evening bread and butter and milk?

"What care I how fair she be,
If she be not fair for me."

Murray made a flying visit to Wheeling the other day. Was it for suggestions?

Wanted by a Senior:—A mitten to mate the one he received a few nights ago.

Was Miss McConnell lost, strayed or stolen that her vacation was such a long one?

Who are the girls that think the easiest way to cross a muddy crossing is to be carried?

Even the bats are roused from their dormant state by the brilliant recitations of the Juniors.

It is sad that Berry and Kuhn were troubled with sea-sickness on their Morgan-town trip.

Miss Neely desires gentlemen callers to leave cards—no reference meant to Weary and Johnny.

Miss Conway said the walk to the Hall was laid up during the summer. She did not mention the disease.

When H—— going home from chorus one dark night fell over the segment of a tree, he made a stump speech of considerable force.

Sam McKim gets around difficulties and girls with surprising ease when he thinks no one is looking.

Given:—A reward for the statement of the reason of Capt. Chambers spending a Sabbath at home this month

Bruce McCrory evidently likes good living. The fellows says he is quite a Meal(y) man.

John Lockhart says he can follow an alto right through a tune and sometimes he has followed her out the door.

One of the staff was the recipient of un-

usual care one night last week. For information apply to assistant editor.

Bill Purvis and John Mowry might have won that three-legged race if their legs hadn't coincided with everybody else's.

The keeping of better hours should be recommended to Edmundson for English History is not always favorable to sleeping.

The latest thing—the MacLane hats. On account of their size a little large for most of us but very suitable for the team.

The ascent to and descent from the top of the book case to recover the lost bonnet is an event that should be recorded for history.

Gareth seems to condemn midnight parades and in the same column speaks of the Hail being a place of attraction for empty heads.

Was it because of pleasant memories that Cameron laughed outright in literature class when some one read about "waiting at the gate."

The student-body have decided that Malcolm Laing is the man referred to by Dinsmore as containing one hundred and twelve pounds of gas.

In Psalm XXXIII, 17 we have David's opinion of a horse. Perhaps some of the Freshmen can verify this statement since their last exam.

How kind it is that some of the boys are so thoughtful that when a girl is in a hurry going up town, two of them give her the most priceless assistance,

Neely(ing) at her feet he implored her to go to the lecture with him and when she coyly answered in the affirmative he sprang to his feet like the Lieper of old.

Prep.—"Won't somebody lend me a match?"

Cameron.—Give him a match, boys. Don't make light of it."

Miss Mehard has a decided aversion to pigs, but attacked by one of the ferocious beasts, she bravely defended herself with a fence pailing, while her gallant escort climbed a tree.

MAC'S.

Red were her cheeks; golden-red her hair;
Red were the roses tangled there;
And two red lips half-pouting said:
"They all are Mac's—that's why they're red."

It was entirely unnecessary for Prof. McKee to explain that the clock was not stopped by the anxious glances of the Juniors. It was clearly evident that it stopped the hour before during a recitation of the Preps.

George Robb wishes it to be announced that he is still in the matrimonial market and has not yet been taken. He says he is afraid the girls may think he turns up his nose at them, but he is really just waiting for some fair damsel to say the word.

The faculty were forced to have a called meeting Saturday afternoon. The reason for this unusual occurrence was the appearance of the ocular orb of a certain

gentleman on Saturday morning. The result of the meeting was a final abolition of Friday evening calls, as they are becoming dangerous to life.

We believe it our duty to warn the unwary third Prep. against being coaxed into the chemical Lab. It is an old trick of the Seniors to engage the little lambs in conversation near the H₂S machine while the gas is turned on at full pressure. The hardened old scientist can stand it, but the poor Prep. begins to think he is getting a foretaste of the hereafter.

Dr. Dinsmore's lecture, "A Wonderful Structure," was one of absorbing interest, not only to the scientist but to the uneducated as well. The subject matter was grand, its development faultless, and the language smooth and polished. The brilliant platform experiments were performed in a masterly manner and their explanation was clear and concise. The college audience demanded a scientific lecture of a high order and they were more than satisfied, their only regret being when the address was ended.

Two of our college boys though friends as regards most things, were in love with the same girl who, it must be said, was Rich(—) in admirers. One day at the club when the boys in question were present some reminiscent wag told the story of two other lads who wanted one lassie, and settled the matter by blows. But she with the perverseness of a woman married the one that got licked. Then up spoke one of our student rivals and said, "O, I hope I'll

be the one that gets licked." The HOLCAD offers a beautiful prize to any one giving the names of the above characters.

The following paper was handed around the Meteorology class one day. It explains itself:

(Please write something appropriate to the subject. Jokes are barred. This scheme is for the advancement of science and the benefit of suffering humanity.)

Meteorology is the science that tells us when to walk off with another man's umbrella and when to run for the cyclone cellar if there's canned fruit in it.

When to wear rubbers and how to keep out of the mud.

It also tells whether to make hay or go fishing.

It tells that the reason some people's hair looks red is because of the refraction of the longer light waves from the dust particles in the air.

It teaches us when the night will be dark enough to steal chickens and the temperature of an icicle stare or a cold shoulder.

It also advises us not to look in the eye of a cyclone or get chewed up in the teeth of a gale or tangled up in a wind with whisks on it.

"PLAYS THAT HAVE INFLUENCED ME."

Pres. Ferguson.—"His Excellency."

Miss McLaughrey.—"Der Bibliotekar."

Prof. McElree.—"Dr. Syntax."

Dr. Freeman.—"Half a King."

Prof. Barnes.—"Oedipos Tyrannos."

Miss Hanna.—"A Lady of Quality."

Miss Brown.—"Jean et Jeanette."

Prof. McKee.—"An Irish Gentleman."

Prof. Peterson.—"She."

Miss MacNall.—"The Bride-Elect."

Miss Hodgen.—"In Gay New York"

Mr. Veazey.—"The Pay Train"

Miss McConnell.—"Arms and the Man."

Mr. Holmes.—"The Gladiator."

Mrs. Robertson.—"A Parlor Match:"

Perry.—"A Midnight Bell."

Notice to R. G.—"When the cat's away the mice will play," but sometimes the cat comes back just in time and spoils the game.

ATHLETICS.

Field Day was held on a very bad day this fall and most of the program laid out was intercepted. During the short time the rain ceased the annual Fresh Soph relay race was run. It was a beautiful race, beautiful because of the great lead obtained by the upper class in the beginning and in watching this lead gradually cut down by the Freshmen. The contestants were:

Fresh.	Soph.
1. Robb.	1. Yoltson
2. Williamson.	2. Sampson
3. Neville.	3. Frazer.
4. Work.	4. Morrison.
5. McBride.	5. Yoltson.
6. Veazey.	6. Saxton.
7. McGill.	7. Cummings.
8. Deevers.	8. Smith.

On Oct. 1 our boys went to W. and J. full of confidence and hoping to show the

Washington county boys what an amateur team could do. And we did it in the first half, but in the second their training and experience came to the fore and they gained easily. Score, W. and J. 35, Westminster 0.

On Oct. 7 Westminster played at Morgantown with U. W. Va. and were defeated by the superior weight of the University. It was a hard struggle throughout, but it was between two teams of gentlemen and there were no features to mar the game. Score, W. V. U. 21, Westminster 0.

Program of entertainment given by the Westminster Foot Ball Team on the steamer "Icy" Woodward.

1. A Dress of Welcome.. Manager John McLane
2. Vocal Solo..... I've Plenty of "Mon"

Witherspoon.

3. Music on the Osciabubalaxisphoneographscopophone.....Captain James Chambers
4. Debate....Resolved; that if the steamer were asked to fight, it would "take water"

Affirmative—Harry Kuhn.

Negative—William McMahon.

5. Essay.....Your credit is good at Pickering's.
"Rod" Morrison.

6. Song "My Girl's a Peach.....Fruit
7. Another Essay—Where There's a Will There's a Pump.....Walter Mehard
8. Recitation—The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck.....A Little Berry
9. One of Wagner's Operas—Tin Pan Orchestra
Composed of Messrs. Smythe, Young and Degelman
10. Mr. Little Will "Spout to Keep the Rain off the Roof."
11. Special—Delsarte—The Proper Way to Eat Pie.....W. H. McPeake

NOTE—Mr. McPeake comes to us recommended by the best New York caterers who all say he can eat pie-les of them (not the caterers.)

No Flowers—Interment Private—Rehearsals
14 P. G.—Funeral Director—Jno. Cameron

Victory at last. On Oct. 15 the team went to Beaver Falls and in a fine contest defeated Geneva 17-0. It was the first game Westminster has played in which all things were equal. Geneva had, as we, a purely amateur team and then it was that the true merit of our players shone forth. The feature of the game was Edmundson's seventy yard run on a trick play.

Westminster went to Pittsburg Oct. 19 and lost a hard game to W. U. P. It was a game in which luck played a prominent role and to our unhappiness fortune ruled against us. In the latter part of the first half by an end run W. U. P. scored a touchdown. During the remainder of the time the ball was near the centre of the field and was constantly changing hands.

Next Saturday the patriotism of the students will be called upon, as Thiel college plays here.

Games have been arranged definitely with Grove City and a forfeit is up.

Westminster plays at Grove City Oct. 24.

Grove City plays at New Wilmington Oct. 29.

MUSIC AND ART.

The Chorus Class is progressing very finely with the Mass in F, and gives promise of another successful concert at the end of the term.

The Philomath Mandolin and Guitar club has started its season's work with nine members. Music has been obtained that is

adaptable for all, and practice hours established.

Prof. Peterson and Miss MacNall have been considering whether or no they will give a concert this term, but we hope that their decision will not be such as to deprive us of a musical treat.

The Lecture committee have conferred a great favor upon the lovers of music by bringing to us this year the Franz Wilczek Concert Company. They have pleased us before by their exquisite work, and we cannot entertain a doubt as to their continued ability.

Mr. John MacLane has quite a few students in "Beginning Guitar." He is supplying a long felt need, as there have always been a certain number of students who wished to study guitar.

ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD.

The only way to make this column of our paper an interesting one is for everybody who has had any acquaintances among the alumni of the college, to take an interest in it. Any interesting information in regard to any of the alumni would be gratefully received, and would help to make this column of our paper what it should be.

Rev. Houston Lowry, for many years pastor of the Presbyterian church in Wells-ville, Ohio, resigned his charge last spring and has recently been called to Wooster, O.

Mr. John Donaldson, '98, Mr. George Seville, '98, Mr. John Bigger, '96, and Mr. J. K. Peacock, '98, each paid a short visit recently to their Alma Mater.

Mr. Harry Phythyon, '98, has entered State College at State College, Pa. He is taking a course in Mining Engineering. According to a recent communication from him, his first impressions of the school were very favorable, except that he did not like the hazy atmosphere which seemed to pervade the place.

The University of Chicago has recently conferred the degree of L. L. D. upon President McKinley. As was said by the Dean of the University in conferring the degree, he has certainly shown himself worthy of this honor, by the manner in which he has directed the affairs of the Government during the past year.

Rev. Samuel Martin, who is in part supported by this college, and who has spent the last year in this country, has returned to his work in the India Mission.

Mr. Robert Taggart, '97, who has been engaged in the study of law at Olympia, Washington, has temporarily changed his occupation, and is now working as surveyor under the employ of the Government. The land which is being surveyed is up in the mountains of Washington. Mr. Taggart and the gang in which he is working are camping out now, surveying, killing rattlesnakes, and doing numerous other things, that come in the rounds of camp life in that part of the country. Bob is only taking a rest now and will resume his study of law in a short time.

W. H. Johnson, '98, of Logan's Ferry, Pa., recently spent several days in this vil-

lage, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Pomeroy.

Rev. C. W. Eldredge, '91, is at present supplying the Poplar street church in Cincinnati.

Edward Brownlee, who formerly attended college here, was graduated from Yale last June and is now professor in an eastern academy.

The board of trustees of Westminster College recently conferred the title of L. L. D. upon Dr. Grier, president of the U. P. Theological Seminary at Allegheny, Pa.

Mr. J. W. Scott, '98, according to last reports, was coaching the football team of Andes Academy, the school in which he prepared for college. He expected to enter Union Theological Seminary as soon as it opened.

Will Beggs, a former Westminster student, has been very ill at the New Castle hospital during the past two months.

The October issue of the Forum contains an interesting article on "Inter-Collegiate Debates." It contains some interesting facts and some good ideas along this line of college work. Nearly all of our large colleges hold annual debating contests, each with some one of her sister institutions, Cornell and Univ. of Pa., Williams and Dartmouth, Columbia and the University of Chicago, all hold such contests. There is a league among our western colleges, which was organized for this purpose. It is composed of Northwestern University, and the Universities of Michigan, Chicago, and Minnesota. Each year two contests

are held, two colleges being represented in each one, and then the winners in these contests join in a contest to decide who shall be entitled to first place. These debating contests are becoming very popular, and it is often hard to secure an auditorium of sufficient capacity to accommodate all who desire to attend them.

Not long ago Oliver H. Payne donated \$1,500,000 to found a medical school in New York City. This was to form the medical department of Cornell University. There is also to be erected in the near future in connection with Cornell, an Alumni Hall and University Club House. It is to be a large building and will contain reading and writing rooms, a large lounging room, billiard room, bowling alleys, rooms for college papers, committee rooms, a room for the musical clubs and a large auditorium. It is a noticeable fact that Cornell has become one of the most progressive institutions in this country and is every year equipping herself more fully to take her place in the very front rank of American colleges.

A College for Teachers has been organized by the University of Chicago, and Dr. Edmund J. James has been appointed Dean. This institution is unique in its organization and its purpose. Its aim is to offer the courses of a regular college in Literature, Science and Art in such a way that busy people, more especially teachers, can complete the College curriculum while still engaged in the active work of other occupations. It is the outgrowth of the University Extension work, which has been such

a distinctive characteristic of the University of Chicago since its foundation, and represents the most permanent and highly organized form of this mode of instruction.

EXCHANGES.

The habit of always being late grows upon a person and he becomes more late until men cease to depend upon him, and he is left alone in his misery. This is not unjust, for no man has the right to squander the time of others because he does not value his own.—Ex.

The Cooper Courier for September has a history of the publication from its beginning. We congratulate them on their advance in six years.

It will not be many days before some ambitious student will see his tasks rising before him like great mountain ranges. There may be Alpine beauty, but he has not time to admire. There may be mines of golden truth; he can snatch only the surface nugget. If that ambitious student be yourself post over your table the business maxim: "Remember that difficulties are only made to be overcome." Success is more truly measured by what one overcomes than by results reached. If a student's difficulties rise like mountains, to overcome them is to become mountain-minded.—Ex.

The October Ladies' Home Journal will contain the story of Henry M. Stanley's "First Fight in the Jungle." The new serial by Miss Mary E. Wilkins will also be begun in this number. It is called "The

Jamesons in the Country" and is the humorous story of an up-to-date city woman who attempts to reform a quiet village and educate the people up to the latest fads of the town. Another interesting feature will be pictures of dolls, each representing a different nation, from a collection belonging to the daughter of the editor of Harper's Magazine. Twenty will be shown in this issue, and the remainder of the collection of over a hundred will appear in following issues.

"Evening Shadows" in the Geneva Cabinet is a beautifully written article. The subject is distilled into the language producing a fitting softness and quietness of composition.

We have received a copy of the College Athlete and find it a very interesting magazine. The description of Camp Life at Chickamauga is very interesting, as also the cuts of noted athletes and teams.

"A Nation's Sentence" in Silver and Gold throws an unusual light on the treason of Benedict Arnold. Although perhaps he is defended with more than enough warmth.

his motives being set forth are worthy enough to at least arouse pity in our hearts. One statement comes with startling force, "Churchill and Monk were doubly traitors, yet are among England's most honored heroes. Arnold failed and is branded with treason." The doctrine that a traitor who succeeds is called a pataiot and the one who fails is branded with his treason is rather pessimistic but not without some truth. Although we cannot exactly agree with the writer, he has made a noble defense.

As a brick fell from an iron carrier's hod, it knocked down a Spanish flag displayed from the store front below. "That must have been an American brick," said a passer-by. "Yis," said the hod carrier above; "but it was of Oirish descint."

*Cano carmen sixpelce a cebbis plena rye.
Multas aves atras percoctas in a pie;
Ubi pie apertus tum canst avium grex;
Nonne suavis ibus hoc locariaute rex?
Fuisset rex in parlor multo de nummo tumes;
Regina inculina, bread and mel consu mens;
Ancilla was in hoito dependens oui her clothes,
Quum venit parva cornix demossa est her nose.*

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. XX.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., DECEMBER 1898.

No. 4.

The Holcad.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

Editors.

HARRY N. HOLMES, '99 EDITOR IN CHIEF
SANNIE STEWART, '01 ASSISTANT.
RENWICK GEALEY, '99 LIT. DEPARTMENT
MADE TURNER, '00 LOCAL
RUSSEL MILLER, '99 ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD
EDWARD CRAZER, '01 MUSIC, AND ART
O. R. DEGLEMAN, '99 EXCHANGES.
FAITH STEWART, '00 BUSINESS MANAGER
MONROE VITHERSPOON, '99

Publishers Notice.

THE HOLCAD is a monthly of ten issues a year, published by the undergraduates of Westminster College.

Entered at the Postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second class mail matter.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni, or any who are or have been connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Address all communications to THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

TERMS One copy per year, \$1.00. Single copy 15c.

EDITORIAL.

The football season of '98 is over and it may not be amiss to review our own share

in the sport. Our record as respects games won is nothing to boast of, but there were "extenuating circumstances."

The majority of our opponents were especially strong teams composed, with only two or three exceptions, of paid men, and yet there were times when those paid men had their hands full in taking care of the Westminster eleven. Take for example the first half of the W. and J. game and the second contest with Grove City.

Then when it came to players' injuries we had "troubles of our own." With Edmundson McMahon, Littell, Chambers and Berry out of the game at times how could the team do justice to itself?

But still, victory is not the only thing to be desired. Let us have it with honor if possible but if not try to get along without it. That our team was purely amateur and composed of gentlemen is cause for pride. One need only go to our opponents to find compliments on Westminster's clean playing. That is the kind of a reputation to have. It helps preserve the sport, while the "muckers eight and students three" style of teams is fast killing the game.

The management deserves praise for

its good work, and taking misfortunes into consideration the team was a credit to the college.

It seems to be the proper thing now when a fellow meets a girl on the street to wait 'till she has gone past him two or three rods before lifting his hat. When "Cholly's" is quite certain that she isn't looking, he doffs his hat with the grace of a courtier, taking care to make it describe the very latest curve, and then marches proudly on conscious that his manners compare favorably with those which "Willy" has just imported.

We do not wish to state positively that this is the correct thing, but we have received that impression from those who imagine themselves to be the leaders of fashion. We have been afraid that the ladies might misunderstand the boys when they failed to see hats tipped to them, but if they only look back after they have passed a fellow they will see that he means well.

The election riots in North Carolina and South Carolina and the recent action of Gov. Tanner in refusing protection to the negroes in Illinois, forcibly reminds us that the negro does not yet enjoy that liberty which is solemnly guaranteed by the constitution and for which countless lives have sacrificed. It is inevitable that two races differing so widely in many respects should encounter much difficulty when living on an equality under the same laws, and yet is it not a crying disgrace that our dealing with these people should be attended with so much lawlessness and blood-shed? To be sure, the training and the nature of the

negro seldom qualify him for holding a political office, and yet he should not be lynched or shot down in cold blood for falling short of perfection in a direction in which not even his white brother is irreproachable.

Booker T. Washington gives his race excellent advice in counseling them not to enter actively into politics for the present, but to concentrate all their energy toward mental and moral development, and toward acquiring wealth. He assured them that when a million dollars is associated with a black skin the negro will have no difficulty in commanding honor and respect in any position in life.

The mind is capable of development in many ways and in many directions. The cultivation of the imagination is one of the strongest developing powers. The mind that, by the imagination can rise above its sordid surroundings, holds a position far above that mind that is tied down to the practical things of every-day life. Without its influence much of the poetry of life would fade into stupid prose, the heart's sweetest chords would become harsh and inharmonious, many souls, whose refining influence has touched fallen and degraded man and raised him to purity and honor, would have remained in their rough coverings as dull as uncut diamonds. But nature has placed within every mind this wonderful power of imagination, and when it is properly cultivated the hard outside covering of the intellect is removed, piece by piece, chip by chip, and finally the brilliant gem hidden with its uncouth garb, shines forth in its perfection. It reflects the sun-

shine of knowledge and the light falling on the minds of others penetrates the inmost recesses and illumines the darkest corners.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Teddy.

Teddy was sitting in the study smoking. The blue rings that curled up from the end of his cigar were no bluer than his mood. In the next room, his room mate, Duncan Wilder, was dressing, and whistling an accompaniment to the act. He seemed to be in pretty good spirits. Teddy was tempted to throw a cushion at the whistler, but resisted, probably because it was too much trouble to get up and find the cushion. Just then Duncan, putting the links into his cuffs, came to the door-way.

"I say, old beetle browed Hercules, come along to the social to-night. I'll show you a good time, if it is a church affair."

The negative he received resembled in a remarkable degree the grunt of some animal.

"But it will do you good," he continued, "you're blue."

"Of course I'm blue," said Teddy. Foot ball's done, there's no skating, no sleighing, no nothing. That is no reason why I should go and talk empty nothings to a lot of silly girls, is it?"

"Why, to be sure. This is a 'co-ed' school. You've nearly finished the educational part of your course, now go in for the company."

Teddy said, "That joke must have been wrapped in tissue paper; it doesn't taste fresh."

"Seriously, though, most reverend Senior, you have some corners that need to be smoothed off. What will you do when you get out into the world and meet all kinds of men—and women too?"

"You must remember, my child, that I'm to be a civil engineer. I'll be in the backwoods somewhere, and never catch a glimpse, even, of petticoats."

"But how about when you come back famous?" You will need to know something of womankind then. Come along and take your first lesson to night."

Teddy removed his feet from the table, rose slowly and stretched himself to his full six feet of height. "I tell you what I will do, Donkey. I'll go if you promise not to introduce me to anybody unless I ask you to."

"All right," laughed Duncan, "but you won't have much fun if you mope in a corner by yourself."

Teddy said he would find somebody of his own kind and compare criticisms of the fair butterflies. He didn't want to meet a lot of people he would have to speak to the next day.

While dressing, Teddy began to tell Duncan his ideal of a woman. "She must be tall and most divinely fair; tall, so that I may kiss her sunny hair without stooping down almost to the ground; fair, so that I shall want to kiss her. And she must be,"—then followed the description of a creature worthy to be queen of the gods. By the time it was finished, the two had reached the house where the social was to be given.

Teddy soon found a corner and a friend of like propensities, and though Duncan tried several times to entice him into the

gay throng, he refused to go. There were readings and music for the entertainment of the guests. One song impressed Teddy so forcibly that when Duncan came into their rooms later he heard a vain attempt to reproduce the refrain.

"Ah, Donkey my boy, I've fallen in love."

"Fallen in love!" echoed Duncan, incredulously, "what's her name?"

"Don't know."

"What's she look like?"

"Don't know. Maybe you can tell me. All I know about her is that she has a heavenly voice. Who was it that sang the——"

"That was Marian Winters. She comes from our town. So at last you have succumbed to the inevitable! But, Teddy, it is risky to fall in love with a voice. Sometimes an angel's voice will get mixed up with a sadly impish woman."

"That isn't the case with her though. Why, every word of that song, every note, was charged with the sincerity and truth of that woman and came quivering into the room and straight into my heart."

"You have some of the symptoms all right," said Duncan, laughing, "now I'll have to see that you eat enough to keep you alive. Shall I introduce you tomorrow? She has a vacant period just after chapel."

"No Duncan, wait 'till we go home at Christmas. It's lucky she lives in your town and I am to spend the holidays with you. You can take me around some evenings then. Cases that begin here in college never seem to amount to much, and I want ours to last forever."

Duncan told him he was too old to be

so superstitious; he ought to prove the rule, if it was the rule, by being an exception. Teddy asserted that he wasn't superstitious. He supposed the reason why the cases were not permanent was because propinquity, rather than adaptation of temperament, was responsible for the feeling supposed to be love. That remark made Duncan suggest that bed was good for persons suffering from a plethora of long words.

"At any rate, Teddy, I'll point out Maid Marian to you and you can get acquainted with her face, if you won't with her."

But the next day it rained and froze, making the sidewalks good places for the practice of Delsarte—falling full length. Cupid made use of this state of things to change Teddy's course. It was growing dark as he came up the hill past Austin Joseph's. Not far from the brow of the hill, a girl slipped and fell. He did not know who it was, but hurried forward to offer her his assistance. She needed it, for she had sprained her ankle and could not arise.

"Beg pardon, may I help you up?"

"Yes, thank you, I think I've turned my ankle. It was awfully awkward of me."

Then Teddy nearly fell; it was that 'Voice' that had led him captive at the social. The face, too, Teddy could recognize even in the dusk as the one pointed out that morning in chapel by Duncan. Her ankle was hurt so badly that Teddy found it necessary to escort her to the Hall. He could have carried her very easily for she was only as tall as his little mother. He told her he seemed to know her since he roomed with Duncan, and Duncan and she lived in the same town. Miss Winter said

she felt as though they had been acquainted for a long time, ever since she had heard Mr. Wilder going wild about his foot-ball playing. Teddy told how he came to have his nickname, his real name being Jerome.

"It wasn't hard to get 'Donkey' from Duncan, you know, so I called him that for short. One day I was stubborn and he said I deserved his name. He used to own an old burro, Teddy, so he re-baptized me. The name has stuck to me ever since."

Miss Winters had not heard the origin of his cognomen and laughed heartily.

"What a team you must make," she said, as they reached the porch.

Soon Teddy was speeding back to the club and supper at a much faster gait. Very often in the days that remained before the Christmas vacation, did he walk slowly one way and rapidly the other. No opportunity passed unimproved. They were together through the vacant periods of the mornings, at mail times, and at other times. It was well that Teddy made use of all the possible chances. for the plans of the room-mates were brought to naught by the sickness of Duncan's sister. Their friendship had ripened so quickly that when the time came for separation they were loath to part. They went part of the way on the same train, then Teddy had to resign Marian reluctantly into the care of Duncan. There were to be letters, but they would not be so jolly nor so satisfactory as the times they had expected to have. Teddy declared that he had known Miss Winters in some other world and this friendship was but a renewal of their former one. This was the reason her voice had affected him so when he heard the——

Then the train began to move and Duncan and Miss Winters were hurried away, leaving Teddy standing disconsolately on the station platform.

* * * * *

The cold December wind that blew steadily up street made Teddy wish he were home again by the fire. He had been waiting fifteen minutes for that down-town car which now came slowly around the corner as though it had all day for this trip. It would not have been at all difficult to tell the subject of Teddy's thoughts if one had heard the tune he had been humming as he waited. It was a song the crowd had sung on that last sleigh ride and one verse, beginning, "'Tis love, 'tis love," kept running through his mind to-day.

When he had boarded the car, the first person he saw was a cousin of his, an enthusiastic slummer.

"Why, hello! coz. It's a pleasant sight to see you up here. Thought you spent most of your time down with the McSwilligan's?"

"You needn't try to make fun of my work," said Rebecca, "I heard you thought it a very practical way of doing good. I say, Teddy, suppose you come along this afternoon and see for yourself."

Teddy looked at his watch. "How long will it take, Brownie? I have some business that must be transacted some time this afternoon."

"Oh, I shan't ask for more than an hour or so. We shall not go down to the worst part of the city to-day, not to the tenement houses. There is an interesting girl, an employee of Bland & Co., who has

been sick for some time. We might go to see her, and two or three others near here."

The two had alighted from the car at the end of a short street in which lived a variety of folk. The only common characteristic was their poverty. Many of them had been in better circumstances, some, in worse. In every house, the inmates were trying to splice the ends with bits of string to make them meet.

"There are four of my people in this neighborhood," Rebecca said to her cousin. "Let's begin up at the other end, see Mrs. Brewster, Lame Jimmy and Grandfather Kerry. Then we can spend the rest of the time with my sick girl."

Teddy agreed. He wondered, though, how much time would be left to select that present for Marian. He should have to send it early the next morning or she would not get it Christmas. The stores would not close until late that night, however, so he should have plenty of time. He was just on the point of asking Rebecca to help him decide what to send to Marian, when she stopped at a house, saying, "This is where Mrs. Brewster lives."

Mrs. Brewster did not interest Teddy very much and he was glad they did not stay there very long. Lame Jimmy was so cheerful in spite of his inability to walk that it made him wonder. When he found that the boy was collecting postage stamps (he had a dozen or so of United States and Canadian stamps) Teddy remembered that he had a few extra ones at home that Jimmy might have. By the time Grandfather Kerry had finished his recital of woes, Teddy had begun to make mental note of ways in

which he might help these poor. Mary Wood, Rebecca's "interesting sick girl," completed the work of arousing Teddy's sympathies. In some way, she reminded him of Marian and it made him shudder to think of her being in the place of this pale, pretty girl of twenty, seemingly worn out and discouraged by her struggle with the wolf. And so on their way down street he said to his cousin, "Come home with me for dinner this evening, Rebecca, and tell me more about your work."

"Thank you, Teddy, there's a gospel service at the Mission tonight. I'll have to stay down for that. I'll be glad to tell you some day soon. But, don't you know Jack Bland? I wonder if you couldn't get them to take Mary back when she gets better. She is worrying about it and it keeps her back."

"Yes, I know Jack. I'll stop on my way up and see if he won't give her a position for a Christmas gift."

"Oh, thank you, Teddy; And if you have any spare spending money remember I always need some for down here. Good bye, here's my car."

Teddy helped her on the car for the tenement end of the town and then turned toward home. He was thinking. He decided that it was simply criminal selfishness to smoke his money away when Brownie's proteges needed so many things. But that was only one of his ways of spending money needlessly. If he began prunning, there were several costly habits that would have to be lopped off. It would soon become a matter of pretty severe self-denial, at this rate. Then his thoughts wandered

away to the Palestine of long ago and he seemed to hear a voice saying to him, "Thou didst it unto me."

* * * * *

On Christmas morning, Marian received a box of violets and a few verses of Teddy's own spinning. She pressed the flowers gently to her lips again and again as she read. Once or twice a tear rolled down and fell on the upturned face of a violet.

"I'd rather have this one verse from Teddy's own dear heart than anything else he could have sent me." Then she re-read the verse that played on the meaning of her name.

My star of the sea thou art indeed
And over the waves dost safely lead,
'Cross desert sands, 'mid every danger.
To know the Christ-child of the manger.
Thou touched my self-filled heart with human love
And makest me feel the throbbing of the
Heart above.

"DINKIE."

Coloring.

Education is truly a process which makes us appreciate our surroundings better and take a deeper interest in everything we see, hear or feel. No small part of our education should consist of a refining of our tastes that we may be enabled fully to appreciate the true and the beautiful. Unless we get this faculty out of the time and trouble spent, we have failed miserably in our purpose here. It is not the intention of this essay to treat of all these acquirements, but of only one. One which perhaps is least considered, and a consideration

of which perchance may surprise us into an appreciation of our obtuseness in this direction and may perhaps serve as an incitement to more thought in its direction. This quality is what has been announced as the subject of this essay—Coloring.

There is hardly a book written, except it be a text book on mathematics, that does not have its value enhanced by the use of the author's skill in coloring. But in our hurry, which is the bane of appreciative reading, we fail to see the beauties, which but a short pause will bring out to a remarkable degree. This fault has its origin in a virtue. In our striving to get the author's thought in its ethical sense we fail to see the coloring in the descriptions of scenery or of characters introduced. If the author, for instance, would speak of Aphrodite, what picture would come before our mind's eye. Very probably some black and white wood cut in one of the Latin or Greek text books, or if we have seen her statue, a cold white figure looms up before us, making no impression upon us except that we may figuratively pat ourselves on the back because we have remembered who Aphrodite was. But suppose instead of an ugly wood cut or a cold marble statue, we should see the real Venus with her shining golden hair lying in puffs over her beautiful, shapely temples in which are outlined the blue penciling of the throbbing veins beneath the clear white skin, and then those rounded cheeks suffused with the rosy blushes, characteristic of her whose breast sighs and longs as the Goddess of Love. Then the entrancing glance of that perfect figure clad, as when Aeneas saw her, in the dress of a

Spartan huntress, making a picture at once so shy and bewitching that forced even Arneus, who was not abashed by even Helen's beauty, to exclaim, "O quam te memorin virgo, "O what shall I call you, maiden?" This is just a glimpse of what some of you may see whose imaginations and knowledge of mythology are in better repair than those of the writer.

Descriptions in books are always odious, aren't they? Sometimes we even skip them to get at the story. Now if we would only use our minds' eyes when we read them, perhaps they might hold our attention a little bit more. Let us, just for example, try to picture in our minds, say the opening description of an imaginary novel, a love story, if you will. The author starts out in this way: "In a beautiful sequestered glen,—" that is enough for our purpose at the present. Do we not at once see or even feel the cool shade of those old trees which are inseparable from such retreats. We may even see the cool brook as it ripples along among the green mossy stones, or hear the splash and swish of a neighboring waterfall as it comes rushing from the dripping fern-grown rock above. We can see the gaily plumaged birds as they flit about among the branches, and maybe hear their sweet warbling song, but we have only to do with color now. An old log grown green with moss, one end washed by the brook and on the other end a saucy quail is frisking about and—as this is to be a love story—what novelist could refrain from also seeing seated on that log, that which is the finishing touch to the picture and around which your interest for the rest

of the book is to center, the pair of lovers. And if he be a vivid word painter, he will point out to you how soft are her chestnut tresses and how manly his raven locks, and he will show you how the blushes chase one another over her innocent face and how the color comes and goes from the countenance of the wooer as he is in turn confident or fearful in his suit. But let this suffice. It is a poor likeness of the many, many word paintings in not only novels, but in all literature. I would rather read a well colored description than look at a good painting, because in the painting the objects have only one appearance, nothing moves, there is no real life, everything has a fixed appearance, which is almost impossible to dispel. But how different with a good description. Everything is animated with the breath of life. The leaves on the trees sway about in the wind, the water runs and splashes along its crooked course, the animals breathe and the human figures are living.

How much better we could read the Bible if we would only look at the word painting there. The Bible is full of vivid and strongly contrasted colors, so characteristic of the Eastern people with whom the Bible has to deal. How much better the picture of the tabernacle is fixed in our minds when we read that it was made of curtains of fine twilled linen, blue and purple and scarlet. And that on these curtains were loops of blue fastened with pure yellow gold.

Just imagine the wonderful beauty of the Gate Beautiful in Solomon's temple with its carved and beaten gold glistening

in an eastern sunlight and about this picture the shining whiteness of the pure white marble and inside what a picture the temple must have been with its gold, and silver, and glittering precious stones, and in its courts to have seen the mingled crowds in all their variety of color of dress would have been a treat for an artist.

If we do not heed the coloring in John's description of the New Jerusalem, we miss a great part of its beauty. The roughest part of the picture is the wall built of twelve different precious stones each of a different color and in this wall are set twelve gates which are twelve pearls. Its beauty of coloring goes even beyond the reach of imagination.

Not only in things beautiful and things sublime does coloring have its effects but by it are brought out very vividly, humorous characters. And in this art our American humorists, Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, Bill Nye and a host of others are not wanting. In some places they depend almost entirely upon the incongruities of color to bring out the desired effects.

So it is with everything in the way of description coloring is an essential factor, both in literature and in conversation; and he who give it his attention will find himself well repaid whether he be the reader or writer, the passive or active actor in the scene.

Malcolm Laing, '99.

The Bride of the Falls.

Long years ago the site, now occupied by the busy city of Niagara, was an almost impenetrable forest inhabited by a powerful

tribe of the noble red men and the awful grandeur of the mighty Falls was admired by them alone. They were devoted to the Deity which they believed to inhabit the caves under the Falls, and to which they looked for protection and revered as the giver of victory in battle.

Every year a beautiful maiden was sacrificed to this Spirit. The victim was selected by lot and the one on whom the lot fell was thought to be most highly honored of all the daughters of her race. No grief was expressed, but instead, festivals and great rejoicings were held every night for a week preceeding the event. The favored one clothed in white and having a crown of fresh spring flowers on her head, was seated on a throne made of green boughs around which the other Fridan maidens danced and sang, and the warriors saluted her as the "Bride of the Falls."

* * * * *

It is the evening that the fate of one maiden is to be decided, and with a step in which there is no trace of fear the beautiful daughter of the stern old chieftan goes with others to learn on whom the Spirit confers his favor. The lot falls on the daughter of the chief, and with a smile she turns and walks steadily to her father's wigwam.

The old man sits silent amid the rejoicing of his people. This is his only child. The one alone of all the tribe who dares approach him when he is angry, but she has never failed to find a tender welcome and a fond caress. She is his idol, the one being he worships with his whole soul and for once he doubts the right of the sacrifice but he will not deny the victim.

* * * * *

The feasts are over and as the glorious Sun in all his splendor rises in the rosy tinted east a birchen canoe, in which sits the fair maiden robed in spotless white and crowned with sweet flowers, shoots from the shelter of the trees far out into the river. Ringing shouts greet her as she paddles slowly toward the Falls, but she looks in vain for the face and parting blessing of the loved father among the eager crowd that throngs the shore. As she nears the edge of the awful cataract she casts one last look behind her and sees another canoe coming swiftly beside her. There is one fond look and smile and the father and daughter are forever lost to view in the treacherous beauty of the water. An offering to the Spirit of the Falls.

B. F. S.

Results of the Norman Conquests.

In 1065 when the Normans came, as conquerors, to England they brought with them many customs which benefitted and refined the English.

The greatest culture near to the English was that on the continent especially in Italy. As the English rarely left the island they had not the chance to improve that the Normans had, who in many ways were in touch with the Romans. True, the English were once in touch with the Romans but it was only the cruel touch of war and destruction. They received nothing of the culture and civilization of Italy.

The idea the Celts received of the Romans was only one of cruelty and injustice.

Although the Romans were but a corruption of the Tenth race and were related

very closely to the English yet by this touch with the Romans and by their life on the continent their language and customs had been almost completely changed.

They were very much more refined and cultured than the English because the pure Anglo-Saxon had nothing in his nature that felt the need of refinement. His was the stern, war like, persistent, moody nature.

In the architecture we see the most complete material change.

The English had always thought the world was coming to an end in 999 and thought it useless to build anything very substantial.

Up to this time they had built no building of any size or stability.

Their stone work was an attempt to imitate timber with stone and has been called "stone-carpentry." Although Edward the Confessor built Westminster Abbey still the work is not English but Norman because he had spent so much time on the continent that he had imbibed the Norman ideas of architecture.

Stone had been used on the continent for churches and fortresses and William introduced its use into England almost as soon as he arrived.

The characteristic of the Norman architecture was its massive grandeur.

The churches were built in the form of a cross with a central tower. The roof rested on round arches supported by heavy columns.

Their castles were built almost entirely for strength and security. They were surrounded with a wall and a moat. Almost all their castles are nothing but ruins with

the exception of the Tower of London, still they were built so well that they will remain as ruins for a long time.

They brought with them their characters which were the greatest useful accession they could bring to England.

The character of the Norman furnished all the solidity, sincerity, earnestness, morality and reverence for the unseen which we find in the Englishman of to day. This mingled with the Celtic wit, pathos and adaptability have made England and her son Johnathan the greatest nations on the globe,

William established feudalism in England. By this system all land was held directed or indirectly from the king on condition of military or other service.

The Norman barons held the land principally as it was granted them by the king.

There were about fifteen hundred of these barons.

They in turn let this land out to under tenants.

This system prevailed from its establishment by William until 1485 at the close of the Wars of the Roses, at the Battle of Bofworth Field made memorable by the tragic death of Richard III.

In his dealings with the church William the Norman, showed as in all other cases his strong will and great executive ability which characterise the English people of to day. The church was subordinate to him, not to the Pope.

In looking over the past of England we see a distinct trail of progress left by the Normans.

When we look at the effect of their

characters or the civilization of England we cannot but say that the characters of the Normans were the greatest thing that could have come to England as a nation.

But as the great English Tennyson has said, we all will say;—

"How so'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good,
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

W. 'oo.

An Old Time Game.

Tallant stood in the deep window of his brothers room in Thayer and looked out on the darkening yard. It was one of those November evenings, full of subtle suggestions of coming cold that make one think anticipatngly of a blazing fire and a comfortable chair. The wind keened around corners and the bare branches of the elms were scrawled upon the western sky where a dull glow still showed behind Matthews and College House. The Quadrangle was deserted save for a group of belated monitors who having finished their evening task in the Office came chatting down the stone steps of University and disappeared in the gathering dusk. An electric car hummed down North Avenue with a crackling sputter of blue sparks. The faint tinkle of a piano came across from Holworthy, and on many a dull red-litten window opposite could be seen the firelight's faint play.

Tallant had not been in Cambridge since graduation and having been sent East on business connected with his firm had seized the opportunity of running out to see his brother, who was a Sophomore, and of visiting his old haunts. That afternoon

he had loitered amid the old scenes he knew so well and now as he looked out upon each familiar building as it loomed up out of the indistinct gloom, a host of memories came thronging in upon him and it was with a queer tight feeling about his heart that he realized that he was no longer part of it all but merely a forgotten back number. He turned from the window to the chatting group in the cozy study. Ned's crowd had dropped in on their way back from dinner in Memorial and were discussing the all absorbing topic—the prospect at New Haven on Saturday and Ned, wheeling a chair round for his brother said:

"Why can't you go down along with us Saturday Jack? You haven't seen a decent game for years you know—we'll show you football down to date. What do you say?"

"I can't do it, Neddy," replied the elder Tallant. "It's out of the question. I must start home to-morrow. Besides, eight years gets one out of the way of such things. I'd like to be with you, but it's simply impossible."

"You were here then, the last time we won from Yale" said Billy Weld, stretching his long legs toward the genial blaze and settling a cushion comfortably under his head.

"Yes, I was as much of an enthusiast then, too, as any of you youngsters are now."

"That was the 12-6 game, wasn't it? Tell us about it, won't you?" said Beldon.

"Oh there isn't much to tell. I fancy it was much the same as the Yale games nowadays. "But it was a victory" he said

reflectively. "A victory to be remembered. There were football players in those days!"

"The game was to be on Saturday and the team went down on Friday. The whole University was at the Square to cheer them off, and as the big barge lumbered round in front of Leavitt and Peirce's and the fellows climbed in—Cummock, Cranstons, Hallowell, Upton, Newell, Dean and the rest we gave each man three times three rousing 'rahs Rantoul leading, then nine 'rahs for the substitutes and for all the college dignitaries from Pres. Eliot down to John the Orangeman, as the barge jolted Bostonward down the Avenue gave three times nine for Harvard and then the "long cheer" until it disappeared round the corner at Beck. We went down the next morning and how well I remember the long trains filled with men and smoke, the singing, how we made one luckless fellow remove his blue cravat and compelled Wilbard to put away an inauspicious volume of Bossa's Oraison Funebres until he confessed to the whole car that he was reading it for Yale's benefit. Then the stop at Worcester and the wild rush we made for the lunch counters, bewildering the maids, stealing a little and paying back double. The crowd at the Springfield station and the throng surging toward Hampden Park. Then you know the scene—much I fancy as you saw it here last year—the rope-encircled playing space with the high grand stand surrounding it on three sides, the Harvard side a crimson sea of fluttering flags and the other a mass of waving blue banners. The flags and ribbons, the brilliant blue and crimson of the ladies dresses made a picture

never to be forgotten. A few minutes before three, announced by the cry of "Here they come!" our sturdy fellows ducked under the rope and began tossing the ball about and falling upon it while our crashing "rahs" rang out in rhythmic roars. Soon the Yale men came tumbling upon the field from the opposite entrance amid the flutter of blue flags and sharp staccato 'rahs from the South stand. The grave faced officials stood talking in the middle of the field. A whistle blew sharply, sweaters were hurriedly pulled off and in a silence so intense as to be painful the great game began. I need not describe it in detail. There was the crunch and grind of canvas on canvas as the lines crashed into each other and the men surged back and forth. Sometimes the ball would rise high in the air and soar toward Harvard's goal only to be caught and driven back by Traffords accurate and powerful kick. The teams were evenly matched and neither side had any advantage. It was our ball on Yales 40 yd. line. Out of a struggling mass of players some way or on other emerged a slight figure and was well his way toward Yale's goal before the crowd knew what had happened. Hartwell, a stalwart Yale end rush was close upon him but the flaxen haired quarter-back—for it was Dean—was too quick for him and miraculously eluding the Yale full back, planted the ball fairly between Yales' goal posts. When it was realized that Harvard had made a touchdown the scene in the crimson stand cannot be described. Cheer after cheer for Dean rent the air while the Yale side sat in sullen silence. A few seconds later Trafford's goal made the score 6-0 and the half

ended. How sweet "Fair Harvard" sounded as the Glee Club struck it up in response to Yale's noisy "Drink her Down!" In the second half Lake, our half back, as whom we counted for great things, was injured. Cumnock running toward the side lines shouted "Come Jim," and Jim Lee, pulling off his sweater as he ran took his place back of the line. Once, twice we failed to gain and the ball was given to Lee who was in full speed toward the Yale line as he caught the ball. Getting safely past by Hallowell's good blocking, on he dashed on more than one man felt the weight of Jim's arm as he tried to bring him down. Both sides of the stand rose to their feet—the crimson in exultant excitement, the blue in horror-stricken fascination.

A mighty cry Lee! Lee! Lee! went up from the thousands of voices hoarse with cheering. Hats, caps, canes, cushions flew into the air as Trafford sent the ball spinning between the posts and the game was won. Yale scored however. Like tigers, with the energy born of despair they forced the ball back yard by yard until, when it was almost too dark to see the struggling men they pushed the ball over, kicked the goal and the score was 12-6. Bliss, the Yale captain cried like a child and could only moan "Oh don't ask me, don't ask me!" That night the trainmen on the Boston and Albany trains to Cambridge wore crimson Jaqueminots in their coats. Then there was the celebration the next Monday night when yards of crimson bunting hid the sober walls of the buildings and the procession and Prexy's speech, but that's another story. Yes, it was a glorious victory. I hope

you may see the story of '95 repeated at New Haven Saturday."

After they had gone, Tallant's door opened, sending a ruddy glow streaming out into the sombre hall.

"I say, Percy, stop at Thurston's, will you and get that seat in our section that Turner left to-night. Jack's going with us. Good night."

One of Riley's Jokes.

I had the honor, as well as the very great pleasure of dining with James Whitcomb Riley, on last Wednesday, November the second.

He told several very good stories, that perhaps the readers of the HOLCAD may enjoy. Being a former student of Westminster, I take the liberty of sending one of them to the HOLCAD.

"A man who travels a good deal comes to know towns because of certain points that are usually personal with him. Sometimes a bad hotel, sometimes an extremely early train, will stamp a characteristic on a town. I remember my old friend Bill Nye was once chatting with Senator Shirley, in the senator's state (Maine) and remarked upon the fact that he (Nye) was born at Shirley, adding that the town had doubtless been named for one of the senators ancestors.

"I don't know," said the senator, "that there was such a town as Shirley, in Maine;"

"I didn't know it either," said Nye, "until I was born there!"

Hoping you will find this of some use,
I remain, Yours Sincerely,

BEULAH STEWART.

POETS' CORNER.

Passing Kittanning Point.

"Shall we pass the curve at midnight?"
Said a lady on the train;
And her voice some sweetness whispered,
Which to me was balm for pain.

I have passed the Horse-Shoe often,
When the sun was shining bright;
But my soul was justly solemn,
As I passed that Christmas night.

Home and friends behind me vanished.
Voices stern to me were saying:
"Love is dying, let it die!"

Peace! My soul! 'Tis child's complaining.
Open wide the future stands.
There are pleasures sweeter, deeper,
Than are meet for childish hands.

Yes, you'll pass it too, my comrades.
Pray to God to make it plain,
For it's sad to pass at midnight
In the darkness and the rain.

R. E. GREEN

In Cap and Gown.

In cap and gown I saw her go—
The daintiest sight the world could show
The cap aslant with jaunty air,
The gown blown lightly here and there,
I watched her with my heart aglow.

Throughout the passing centuries slow,
In many garbs maids come and go.
Sweet souls! They had been twice as fair
In cap and gown.

O Grecian girls in robes of snow,
O brocade belles of long ago,
However gayly garbed or fair
I hold that ye could not compare,
With that one winsome maid I know
In cap and gown.

A Westminster Bachelor's Dreams.

The evening shades have fallen, by the fire I sit alone,

Watching as they pass before me forms and faces
I have known.

In the old familiar places, trooping fast at mem-
ory's call,
And I climbed again in fancy, the old board-walk
to the Hall.

Those were pleasant days in College, dreamy lo-
tuses-eating days,
When we idly toyed with knowledge, wandered
far from our ways;
Found "our sorrow's crown of sorrows" in the
absence of Her smile,
Lifted were to highest heaven where She wel-
comed us the while.

College days have long since vanished, in the busy
marts of life
I am facing life's great problems, fighting, striv-
ing mid its strife;
But at evening when the fire-light casts strange
shadows on the wall,
All forgotten are the troubles and I seek again
the Hall.

Down the street I see Her coming as I did in days
of old,
And the smile with which she greets me—pre-
cious more than stores of gold—
As I hasten fast to join Her—"fore the other fel-
low comes—
Impudent! to dare to love Her, he, most worth-
less of earth's sons.

So we take our way together, walking slowly—oh,
so slow—
And the mystic, magic music of Her voice so
soft and low
Enters in and fills my spirit makes my heart He-
willing thrall,
Binds it fast with golden fetters ere I leave her
at the Hall.

Nor a foot of the way's forgotten; every old fa-
miliar place,
Bears about it some remembrance of Her subtle
soothing grace
The old wooden bridge at the foot of the hill
where we sat that spring-time night,
While the robin sang his even song, and the moon
beamed softly bright.

And the old-fashioned garden over the way where
the roses riot ran—
And the lilac's kissed Her cheek as She passed—
ah me! only lilacs can—
For a drink at the well in the garden—here we
made a daily call—

"It is such a long walk—one gets thirsty you
know—before one gets to the Hall."

But the night of all nights—it shall ne'er be for-
got—on the morrow we were to part.
For it was my Commencement Day and I wanted
to tell Her my heart
A road we took where the wild flowers bloom; in
the fields the new mown hay,
And the stars smiled down from the skies of June
as if blessing us on our way.

I told her the tale that is old as the the world, the
tale that is ever new,
While the wind softly nestled the leaves overhead
that the moonlight fell streaming through,
Though She said not a word yet Her heart was
mine—so I thought—beyond all recall,
And I kissed the hand that I held in mine, as we
started back to the Hall.

Oh the years full many have run their course! In
my lonely bachelor den
I sit and dream in the gas-log's glow of the days
of the now and then.
The years have brought honor, the years have
brought wealth, but something they've kept
from me
A something far dearer than all of earth's honor
or riches ever could be.

She married that other fellow; in a little country
town
He's preaching for five hundred a year, with never
a wish for renown.
And as I sit dreaming of what might have been,
of what's past beyond recall,
Forgetting the present, I live in the past, and with
Her I stroll to the Hall

Thue.

Thome people thay thome funny thingth
About the joy that Chrithmath bringth;
But let me thay I never thought
To feel the blith latit Chrithmath brought.

Thi Thinkuith held a danthe that fall,
And there I met Thue firth of all;
It theemath if thome theerect forthe
Were working then, with Thue the thourthe.

I athked to thee her home that night
And ath I athked a thparkle bright
Came into her pretty dark b'ne eyethe;
That thparkle made my thpirith rithe.

While thwift along the road we thped
Behind my father'th pather, Fred.

I athed to call, the gave content;
 That'th why I thang as home I went.

Ath thure ath Friday night would come,
 I'd dreth up nithe, and then make thome
 Pretenthe to thee a friend of mins;
 That friend was Thue, I thought her fine,

Our friendthip thoon to fond love grew,
 And on a Dethember night I knew
 I had athked Thue to be my wife,
 To thare my lot in married life.

O, wonderth! How that girl did bluth!
 And all a thudden came a huth
 Ath low my Thuthie whithpered, "Yeth;
 We'll get along well, Tham, I gueth

I tell you, boyth, I really felt
 Like danthing ath I thilowly thpelt
 Her modetht anthwer through onthe more;
 But mannerth kept me on the floor.

The time wath thet for Chritthmath Day:
 Thue'th father gave the bride away
 To me, and from that day to thith
 My life hath been a life of blith

CAMERON.

LOCALS.

First down, two feet to gain: "Eddie"
 fell out at the dam.

Miss Stuart's definition of rhythm.
 "Something with a swing.

He knows a certain young lady at the
 Hall. Miss What's her name.

Do you know "Little Eva"?
 There's a joke connected with this'.

The girls appreciate the opinion which
 Prof. McElree has of their ability to talk.

Speaking of prize fighters, we have
 John L's son (Nelson) right here in school
 with us.

Mc—— at the basket-ball game:
 "That New Castle man must be counterfeit;
 he can't pass.

Now's the time for the boys who have-
 n't met a girl to be getting acquainted with
 Mary Christmas.

Bruce McCrory has consumption!
 Four sandwiches and three pieces of pie one
 night after skating.

"It a long lane that has no turning."
 It is a Laing-Lake that has no outlet.
 What is the mouth for?

Ask Owsley why he prefers walking
 up the drive instead of the walk when tak-
 ing his daily exercise in going to the Hall.

Harris Johnson is a very bashful young
 man but begs leave to announce that he at
 last "broke the ice" (on the water pitcher.)

Arthur Murray in a hurry and a flurry
 precipitated himself on his knees in front of
 Miss Chamberlain. No proposal; the pave-
 ment was slippery.

She--(on Hall porch, with large cape
 on) "I like callers that turn up."

He—"I am glad I kept my engagement
 and turned up."

Misses Fulton and Douglas wish to an-
 nounce that they are not serving in the
 capacity of maids at the Hall, so that no
 others may make the same mistake.

Miller to "Gene": What makes you
 look so happy?

Gene—"I ain't happy; I'm Jolly."

Sohl 1. (addressing Soph 2 who is read-
 ing Paradise Lost). What class do the
 Seniors have now?

Soph. 2,—Satan makes a speech to
 them in the palace of Pandemonium.

Wilson Purvis envies whales, their

large months, as he thinks of the buckwheat cakes they could consume,

Dr's. jiraffes have only two legs.

Cameron is growing quite fond of Macaroni.

Ask Murray—on end—how he likes swapping girls.

Golden images, so-called, are sometimes decidedly brassy.

The Zoology class wish to utter a protest against fish stories.

Pillow must be quite a gormiand, judging by his fondness for Cooks.

The preps were surprised at Miss W's frank confession, "Amo a Mowry."

Miss Stewart believes thoroughly in the "horse" as a means of locomotion.

The question has been raised, does Prof. Peterson mean to swear in Chorus.

Dr. declares that an idea coming into the mind of his class would be a change

Those who laugh loudest at a joke are often the last who could either carry out one or take one.

The young lady who expressed a desire to teach a kindergarten would undoubtedly be in her element.

Maybe Littell and Holmes didn't look pleased when Dr. spoke of classifying the Senior class by mustaches.

Berry and McPeake's new shoes proclaim the fact that the young gentleman named have been to New Castle.

When did John Mowry turn evangelist,

that he should give his landlady such an earnest exhortation as he did?

Miss Chamberlain—"I take French and art." Does she spell the last word with a capital, and is it A Murray?

Prof. in Latin room, as a great hubbub is heard in the hall. "I'll wager three fourths of those people are girls."

McKim is becoming interested in business transactions. Sellers and especially buyers (Byers) have a great attraction for him.

Miss McLaughry has evidently gauged her Anglo-saxon class correctly, when she takes out of the library the translation of the Judith.

They say that practice makes perfect. There are exceptions, however, for Jim Murray, despite his long practice, still falls on the Hall steps. We hope that is the only kind of throw-down he gets.

ICE NOTES.

Oh, wasn't that a cold look.

Go to the dam to get a skate on.

Those studying astronomy are requested to view the constellations in the shape of all kinds of stars.

(No name mentioned.—A beginner.) And see! she stirs!

She starts,—she moves—she seems to feel the thrill of life along her keel!

Don McKim cut quite a figure on the ice. He was going like 60 and tripped.

He started twice.

And hit the ice.

With a crash that made me shudder.
 He wasn't hurt,
 But said quite curt;
 "Oh, I wisht it wnz my brndder."
 Which Yolton was it?

The following excuse was given to Philo Society.

To the officers and members of The Philomoth Society in assembly met this fifteen'th of December 1898, A. D.
 Care and Courtesy of

The Honorable Corresponding Secretary.

I, a member of your honorable body, do hereby respectfully ask you to excuse me for absence and non performance on last Monday evening, as I was home over Thanksgiving and did not get back in time for society.

Also enclosed please find the small sum of ten (10) cents to cover the loss sustained by your honorable body on account of my absence this evening.

To which, on this fifth day of December in the year of our Lord Eighteen Hundred and Ninety, I do hereby affix my hand and seal.

Signed—W. BRUCE McCORRY,

His x Mark

Witness—H. R. Miller.

MUSIC AND ART.

On Thanksgiving evening the chorus class gave their term-concert before a large and interested audience. It was a short delightful recital and was rendered in a way pleasing to all. The numbers by Miss Balph

and the quartette, consisting of Misses Thompson and Turner and Professors McKee and Freeman, were finely rendered.

Prof. Peterson and Miss McNall in their recent recital gave all true lovers of music an opportunity of hearing translated the work of men masters of the art. The words were full of pathos, passion, musing and religion, were pregnant with the emotions of man and many thanks are due Prof. Peterson for choosing such exquisite numbers.

Miss McNall was an able assistant and in her numbers gave a thorough exhibition of a difficult art.

Prof. Peterson and Miss McNall also showed their appreciation of the beautiful in things other than musical by fitting up the platform in an artistic manner.

Recit I feel the Deity within } "Judas Maccabaeus," Handel.

(a) Canzonetta. Vado ben spesso. Salvator Rosa

(b) My dearest love why wilt thou ask? Old English. Arr. by Macfarren.

(a) Morgenstaendchen. Op 39. Henselt.

(b) "Chopin" Op. 66 Godard.

(a) Mondnacht. Schumann.

(b) Am Meer. Schubert.

Two serenades.

(a) Good night, good night, beloved. Nevin.

(b) Vola o serenata. Tosti.

Die Forelle. (The trout.) Schubert-Heller.

Cavatina. Vi ravviso, o luoghi ameni } "Sonnam-Cabaletta. Tu non sai con quei begli occhi. bula " Bellini.

Les preludes. Symphonic poem. Arr. for two pianos. Liszt.

A song recital under the auspices of the Presbyterian church was given in the College Chapel last Tuesday evening. It was given under Miss Gertrude Clark's able management and was a complete success, although





WESTMINSTER FOOT BALL TEAM 1898.

the attendance might have been greater considering the program and the cause.

Piano Duett March Militaire
Misses Clark and Mealy.

Reading....The Doom of Claudius and Cynthia
Miss Marie B. McConnell

I'll Be True.....Shepperd
Miss Clark,

Vocal solo. The Two Grenadiers. Schumann.
Prof. Peterson.

Jocelyn Slumber SongGodard
Miss Clark

Mandolin Club.....Selected
Intermission five minutes.

PART II.

By Request. Holy City.....Adams
Miss Clark.

Duett Breezess of NightGonoud
Miss Clark and Prof. Peterson.

Piano Solo Les MyrtesWachs
Miss Mary Mealy.

ReadingHome Sweet Home
Miss McConnell

Vocal solo..... Selected
Miss Clark.

ATHLETICS.

Westminster lost the last game of the season to Thiel college. The day was raw and stormy, yet both teams put up an even game and the final result was always in doubt.

Thiel by a fortunate end run, aided by the crowd, made a touchdown in the first half. Westminster by repeated bucks soon took the ball to Thiel's twenty five yard line and then McPeak was sent around left end for a touchdown.

However Thiel again went at it and soon scored another touchdown making the score 11-5. The half ended this way. The next half was a great struggle, the ball pass-

ing from one team to another, mingled with punts and sometimes fumbles, yet nobody gaining an advantage. It was a well played game throughout only being marred by a streak of yellow in Thiel's captain who was a senseless kicker.

Thiel—11.

Westminster—5.

Moore.....	Left end.....	Smith
Hamilton.....	Left tackle.....	Chambers
Wineman.....	Left guard.....	Cameron
Blakely.....	Center.....	Morrison
Kaulback.....	Right guard.....	Fruit
Snyder.....	Right tackle.....	Witherspoon
Rehfus.....	Right end.....	Ewing
Packard.....	Quarter back.....	Berry
Burman.....	Right half.....	Edmundson
Myers.....	Left half.....	McMahon
Hilbisk.....	Full back.....	McPeak

Touchdown—Burman, 2; Edmundson, Goal—Burman. Referee—Martin Time—25 and 20 minute halves

Basket-ball was inaugurated for the season of '99 by a game with New Castle. They were heavily handicapped by the absence of several good players, indeed not carrying a full team. Prof. Ayres managed the New Castle team and the work of his team showed that he had inculcated into it a quality of true sportmanship although efficient training was lacking. The game was not one that called forth the skill of all the players as it was too one sided to give all their usual work, but it gives promise of another winning team for '99.

The first half showed some fine team work the ball being passed beautifully and giving no chance for the opponents to score, but was marred somewhat by the inability to throw goals. This was but the nervousness that attends the first trial.

In the second half McKim and Kuhn fairly exhausted themselves throwing goals

for it seemed as though the New Castle players had given up the battle. Their team work was entirely absent and they did not know what their play should be.

The guard throughout the game had but little to do, but this was done beyond reproach.

Westminster 24.	New Castle 1.
Forward Kuhn	Edmunds.
Forward { McKim	Miquel.
{ Gealey	
Centre S. McKim	White.
Guard { Edmundson	Ayers.
{ Kennedy	
Guard { Berry	Sloss.
{ Veazey	

Goals, S. McKim 7, Kuhn 5. Goals from foul Ayers 1. Officials—Referee, Thompson. Umpires, Stewart and Degelman.

Manager Holmes intends as far as possible to have disinterested officials in the basket-ball games and for that reason engaged Mr. Thompson of Geneva, who was formerly with D. C. & A. team to act as referee. His work was highly satisfactory.

The basket-ball team will sorely miss Witherspoon at forward. It is hoped that he will be back in time for next term's games.

A basket-ball league has been formed of teams in and about Pittsburg of which D. C. & A. C and W. U. P. are members.

Will Harry Wilhelm be back for the base-ball season? is a question that is often propounded. No one seems to know for certain, but we hope so. Every body would miss the smiling German.

A basket-ball game will probably be arranged with Wilkinsburg Y. M. C. A. for

some time during vacation. This can be done as there are many Westminster players living in that vicinity.

ALUNNI AND COLLEGE WORLD.

Mr. H. C. Swearingen, '91, spent a few days recently visiting friends in this vicinity.

Mr. Lewis Stewart, '96, spent a few days recently with his mother and sister at this place.

Mrs. Emmons Blaine has given \$220,000 to Chicago University to be used for the establishment of a college for teachers.

Mr. L. K. Peacock, '98, who is a student in the Theological Seminary at Allegheny, spent Thanksgiving with friends in New Wilmington.

According to last year's statistics, there are in this country twenty-six colleges and universities that have a faculty of more than one hundred members.

Dr. Duff, '81, the popular United Presbyterian preacher of Englewood, Ill., spent a few days not long since visiting relatives in New Wilmington.

At a monster mass meeting of the students of Princeton University, which was held recently, resolutions were passed abolishing hazing. These resolutions had previously been passed by each of the four classes, and then they were confirmed by the student body as a whole.

"Gifts to educational institutions in the United States during the year now closing have amounted to nearly \$12,000,000. Some

of it has been made by will, but the bulk of it has properly come from philanthropic men of wealth who are living, and who have improved the opportunity to witness some of the results of such benefactions during their own lifetime. This course is to be commended. It precludes any misunderstanding as to the intent of the benefactors, and affords to them while living some measure of the honor due them for such benefactions "

Dr. Dwight, who for the last twelve years has so acceptably discharged his duties as President of Yale College, has offered his resignation, which is to take effect at the end of the present academic year. He has been urged to retain his position until after 1901, in which year the bi-centennial of Yale College will be observed, but it is hardly probable that he will remain longer than the close of the present year.

A rule has been adopted at the Northwestern University that anyone who is found cheating in examinations will not only be expelled from the institution, but his name will be published in the college paper and also sent to the faculties of other colleges. In our opinion, the policy in such a course is a very poor one, and the principle is not altogether right. If college professors persist in exposing their students to the temptation of cheating merely for the sake of determining whether or not they can pass a certain fixed examination, which cannot possibly afford any true test of their knowledge, and which, so far as any good to the student is concerned, is a mere form,

worse than useless formality, then if the student yields to the temptation, he certainly should not be compelled to endure any such penalty as this institution has determined to inflict.

The following statistics will probably be interesting to the ambitious youth, who is thinking of taking a college course: College graduates number about one per cent. of the male population of the United States. This one per cent. has furnished 36 per cent. of the members of Congress, 55 per cent. of the Presidents, 54 per cent. of the Vice Presidents, 65 per cent. of the cabinet officers, 69 per cent. of the Justices of the Supreme Court and 85.7 per cent. of the Chief Justices, that have served in these various capacities in this country.

Not long ago the students of Wesleyan University held a mass meeting for the purpose of entering a protest against the system of co-education now in vogue in that college. It was maintained that the exclusion of women from the college would be to the best interests of the institution, and that, if the policy of admitting women is continued, it will have the effect of greatly reducing the number of male students. There must be a queer set of male students in attendance at Wesleyan.

Considerable interest is being manifested at the present time in the long talked of American University which, it is thought, will be established at Washington, D. C. This is by no means a new project. George Washington, in 1795, wrote a letter in which he suggested a plan for the establishment of a great university at the national

capital. But it is only within the past few years that this plan has been given definite form, and its execution brought within the range of probabilities. The plan which has been agreed upon embraces twenty-six buildings, one of which is to be built by this state, and is to be known as Pennsylvania Hall. The marble for its construction has been donated by an individual and is valued at \$50,000. Efforts are now being made to secure funds for the building of this hall. A few weeks ago a large meeting was held in the city of Pittsburg at which a scheme was inaugurated for the purpose of raising \$1,000,000 as an addition to the endowment fund of the University. The plan is for one thousand ministers to volunteer each to raise \$1000. Volunteers have been asked for, and a number of names have been received. This is certainly a worthy object and deserves the hearty support of every American citizen, who has any interest in higher education or in the welfare of his country.

"Prof. Cummeck, who lectured here a year or two ago, has proposed an addition to the curriculum of the university in which he is engaged. This addition consists of a course in matrimony. So far nothing definite has been disclosed except the mere fact that instruction will be given in the general art of matrimony under the supervision of Prof. Cummeck. It is understood that there will be, of course, mock marriages from time to time, but beyond that, nothing is known. It is not believed, however, that the new course will include a love-making branch. In co-educational institutions the students can take care of that themselves.

The course will deal solely with the ceremony, it is asserted. The groom will be taught to plunge into his vest pocket for the ring and get it at the first effort and thus save about ten years wear and tear on his nervous system when the real day of fate arrives. The bride will be trained to keep the color in her cheeks and to look neither extremely sorrowful nor intensely happy. It is as yet unknown, whether the course will include instruction relative to proper behavior after marriage, although it is thought this is needed quite as much as instruction relative to the marriage ceremony itself. The prevailing impression is that Prof. Cummeck will not undertake to go so far. It is hinted that the greatest point in the course will be the responses. It will no longer be impossible for the spectators in the front pew to make out whether the principal parties in interest have said "I will" or "I won't." The answer in every case will ring out like a pilot hailing a boat at sea."

EXCHANGES.

The world is often astonished to see unpromising youths pushing their way up to position of honor and usefulness. The secret of this growth lies in the fact that they have seen the need of hard labor. He who can succeed fairly well without doing his best work is in great danger. He is tempted to rest in his achievements. Success that robs ambition of its spirit will mar the possibilities of the highest development. The good is the greatest enemy of the best.—Ex.

In our literary work we rushed college

men and women fail to realize that any subject we wish to write or talk upon must have time to develop in our minds. Speeches grow, and those produced in a night are apt to be mushrooms. There has been much extemporaneous speaking done to good effect, but it has always been something that the speaker's mind has at some past time developed and stored away for use when occasion came. A Society speech outlined on Monday afternoon, a chapel oration written and committed the same week as delivered, will lack the tissue and fiber necessary to strength.—Ex.

The pages of our exchanges are overflowing with short poems, perhaps, though, we should hardly call them that. Many of them are merely a collection of rhyming words. Poetic licence will hardly take the responsibility of the bad grammar and worse meter on itself. Some of these productions show real ability but are ruined by haste in composing.

College Verse.

A teacher of ancient language,
In whom art and wit combines,
Once said, for the best translations,
One must read between the lines —Ex

Twinkle, twinkle, Uncle Sam
How I wonder what you am,
Stretching out your boundary lines,
Clear into the Phillipines;
When the grass with Dewey's wet,
How you made those Spaniards get. —Ex.

Oh, the foot-ball season's over and the grid-iron's washed away,
And the player smokes his new found pipe to cheer the weary day,
Now more he'll buck the centre with his cherished leather ball,
For the pigskin and the shin guard are hanging on the wall
Like trophies of the battle in some ancestral hall. —Ex.

The quarterback in accents low,
Was bidding his love good night:
The ground was covered with ice and snow,
The moon was shining bright

He'd been spinning his foot-ball yarns to her,
Trying to teach her the game,
But more than all trying to impress on her,
As a quarterback his fame.

Alas! As he started down the steps;
He slipped and howled with pain:
But she called out, with taunting laugh,
First down, two feet to gain. —Ex.

Additional Locals.

Why did Wallace show the white feather?

Pittinger gave us quite an exhibition of rapid transit down the College stairs.

R. R. Littell says he never held an office in the Y, M. C. A. but he has often held its officers.

Miss Frampton says that if any one wants a pony for Meteorology they should go to the horse latitude.

After his experience with a large snow-flake Holmes is willing to believe any story about the size of hailstones.

McCartney indignantly denies that there is nothing original about him. He claims original sin as a distinguishing attribute.

That sleighing party who did not recognize New Wilmington when they came back to it early in the morning must have been both "lunny and spoony."

Dad Phythyon at Indiana Normal writes to Westminster friends that he is "doing well and smoking Five Brothers." He intimates that he is going to take his ball team South in vacation and that if Don

McKim wants to practice that out curve that he (Phythyon) taught him, to come along.

The display of Christmas goods in Mr. William's store windows makes the Senior think sadly of the time when he was a Prep. and hung up his stocking on Christmas eve.

The contestants for the Preliminary Oratorical Contest to be held in March are as follows: Adelphic, R. R. Littell, Will Stewart and Harry N. Holmes. Philo: H. R. Miller, Cameron and Hamill.

The Philos elected on Society Contest are: Chambers, debate; Lockhart, Oration; Brooks, Essay; McCrory Declamation. Adelphic, Will Stewart, Debate: D. A. Littell, Oration; Eagleson, Essay; Carl Smith, Declamation.

(Prof. McKee in Junior Physics after he has flunked half the class on a question and Miss Cooper has answered it correctly.) "Yes that is right but I am surprised——," and then the boys wouldn't let him get any farther.

(Eagleson in Society, noticing an absence of heat in the pipes,)—"Mr President, will you please send the Marshall down to the lower regions to poke the fire?"

The gas lights in the gymnasium hall are a much needed improvement. The regular gym work will not be interfered with in the future by lack of lights and then the novelty of basket ball games at night will be quite an attraction.

A week or two ago one of the pipes in the Science Hall bursted and before the

break could be repaired a few barrels of water leaked from the third floor to the boiler. We have not heard that the ceilings were benefitted.

About 100 new books have been added to the library just recently. Among these are F. Hopkinson Smith's "Cabebe West," "Gondola Days," and A Gentleman Vagabond." Some of the other popular authors on the list are Ruth McE. Stuart, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Frank Stockton, Rudyard Kipling, and Paul Dunbar.

An effort is being made and with no small measure of success to keep our college library abreast of the times.

Extensive repairs are being made in the Museum and a complete re-arrangement of the collection is in progress. Next term we will have a card catalogue referring to every object in the museum which will greatly simplify matters for the Scientific department, Geology in particular. A fine set of geological specimens was presented to the college by Uncle Sam but there is still room for other contributions which will be thankfully received.

Dr. Lamar's lecture, "Dixie Before and During the War." was one of the best in our course. He never rose to sublime heights of oratory but the subject didn't demand it. His simple and graceful language fitted the theme perfectly and at times was quite poetical. In painting vivid word pictures the Doctor has few superiors. As he spoke of the old plantation days, the "coon hunts," and the negroes, one could almost see them as they appeared to him. The lecture was instructive in giving us a view of the South in war times that was new to most of us. We heartily recommend Dr. Lamar to any audience.



THE HOLCAD.

VOL. XX.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., JANUARY, 1899.

No. 5.

The Holcad.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

Editors.

HARRY N. HOLMES, '99 EDITOR IN CHIEF
SANNIE STEWART, '00 ASSISTANT.
RENWICK GEALEY, '99 'Lit' DEPARTMENT
MAME TURNER, '00
RUSSEL MILLER, '99 LOCAL
EDWARD FRAZER, '00 ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD
O. R. DEGLEMAN, '99 MUSIC, AND ART
FAITH STEWART, '00 EXCHANGES.
MONROE WITHERSPOON, '99 BUSINESS MANAGER

Publishers Notice.

THE HOLCAD is a monthly of ten issues a year, published by the undergraduates of Westminster College.

Entered at the Postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second class mail matter.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni, or any who are or have been connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Address all communications to THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

TERMS: One copy per year, \$1.00. Single copy 15c.

EDITORIAL.

The year 1898 has been to our country one of greatest importance. While China

has been plundered; France in an uproar over Dreyfus; England occupied in the conquest of the Sudan; and the Kaiser journeying to the Holy Land, America has begun, waged and ended a war. She has said "thus far" to Spanish misgovernment in Cuba, with what results the world knows. She has enlarged her heart strings to admit the Hawaiian Islands, Puerto Rico and the entire group of the Phillipines. All this adds not only to her territory, but also to her responsibility. It opens to her a new career whose issue no man can foresee.

We doubt not that she will be true to her mission of teaching the world a broader policy in international affairs wherein love and honor and chivalry will rule between nation and nation as between man and man. And Tennyson will have been proved no dreamer when he looked into the future, 'Till the war drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world

This is the time of year when man throws his tobacco pipe out the window, says good bye to his faults, and nerves himself for a year of hard work. A month

later that same man, for he is only mortal, is longing for the flesh pots of Egypt and the chances are that he fishes around in the snowdrift for his old meerscham.

The trouble with most of us is that we make too many New Year resolutions. There is no use in mapping out more work than we can do. Be moderate in making as well as breaking resolves. It isn't too much for any student to promise himself that for the year 1899 he will stop idling around the town at the expense of study. And then there are just a few people referred to as "fresh" who ought to resolve to reduce their self esteem to one-half its mammoth proportions, and to make their tongues work half time.

Fond parents are the most easily deceived people in the world—by their boys. Some of them send those boys away to college feeling assured that "they will have to work now." And then quite a large proportion of those young fellows proceed to have a gay time and boastfully tell each other how long it was since they knew the lesson in such a class or "I don't care just so I get sixty."

There isn't a man in college that can't point out a dozen fellows who are almost if not altogether, wasting their own time and their father's money. It is rather hard on the father, but it is a good deal harder on the boy, though as a rule he doesn't seem at all alarmed. Sometimes he is rich and knows it too well to see the necessity of hard work, but too often his parents are poor and are making a good many sacrifices to give their boy an education and make him a gentleman. A gentleman! Yes, the

kind that becomes a useless ornament to the world and one that the world may be ashamed to own.

There are plenty of men in college who would be more successful as clerks or day laborers. But their parents could never be made to believe that. It would be better for half the students if they had been introduced to hard work before entering college. They would set a higher value on their opportunities then and make the most of them. It is a mistaken idea to take the educational first and all the other work afterwards.

One of the most valuable features of college training is the drill it gives the student in learning to express himself properly in writing. Many a person who can charm his listener in conversation, many a lecturer or public speaker, who is able to move an audience to smiles or tears at will, is absolutely powerless when he attempts to produce the same result by writing. A very few are gifted by nature with this power and find no difficulty in expressing their thoughts, but a great many people do not possess it and can acquire it only by continued practice. Letter writing gives excellent training in this direction and proficiency in this is a rare accomplishment, valuable to a person in any position in life. Of course one need not go to college in order to get practice in letter writing, but as a general thing the student in college, separated from home and friends, carries on a wider correspondence than he would do otherwise.

The literary society with its essay and oration classes affords a splendid opportunity, which, however is very often neglected.

ed. Too many compositions display the writer's fondness for the encyclopedia or worse still have been borrowed from a fellow student for the occasion. Class work and even examinations, the bane of the student's existence, trains him to give expression to his knowledge in a concise and exact form. Many other lines of college work tend to develop and cultivate this faculty, and it is deplorable that so many fail to recognize the importance of this part of their education.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Honest Toil.

We are a nation of individuals. Every man works for a living, follows a profession or is engaged in some mercantile or industrial pursuit. Perhaps as much could not be said of any other people. This is a working nation. In this fact is found the secret of America's growth and prosperity.

He who looks back over the pages of history will find that periods of great national prosperity have been periods of great national activity. At such a time every individual did his utmost for the advancement of his country. But this is only the right and duty of every man. The statement that every man works for a living is true only in the sense that it is his duty to do so; public sentiment while demanding that he shall work at the same time pronounces work honorable.

It is said that to labor is the normal condition of mankind. Even nature is a great workshop. Through countless ages

she has toiled storing giant forces in the trees and vegetation of her primeval forests and for centuries has labored incessantly gathering this fuel and force into her bosom long e'er the hand of man opened her secret store-houses, robbing her of her treasure for his own advantage. Every sparkling gem, every glittering piece of ore are evidences of the untiring labor of nature. Work is written on every tree, shrub and blade of grass, in the unchanging system of the universe, in the harmony and concord of the seasons. All are evidences of the wonderful work of God.

Work! work! sing the buds and blossoms; work! Work! exclaim the secret forces of inanimate nature; work! work! work! pours forth from the powers of the universe and floats along through never-ending space. All nature presents to us a lesson of activity. The true source of happiness is in activity and the only road to prosperity is by incessant labor.

What is true of our own nation is true of the nations of antiquity. But their labor was not untiring. The mighty minds whose power and influence ruled the world have long since decayed and left in their stead minds of inferior stamp unfitted to advance the noble work of their ancestors. For nearly two thousand years Italy has been sitting with folded hands under the shadow of her former greatness as if mourning the loss of her ancient grandeur. Her sons have not yet learned the lesson of success taught by the untiring forces of nature. She grows neither in wealth nor power. Her ruins are her treasures and her pride. As of old the same beautiful waters wash her shores; the same sunny skies be-

stow their benediction upon her; the same balmy breezes fan her brow, but the hidden spring of her former greatness has ceased to flow; the secret of her power was in the ever active minds of her people who have gone before.

But in our own land what a contrast. The wheels of industry are ever turning, the minds and bodies of her citizens are alike busy and in return we have a national wealth unrivaled. Honest toil has made us what we are. Not only can our country rely upon her sons and daughters to develop her resources, plant her fields and reap their harvests but, if need be, pour out their life blood upon the altars of humanity and liberty for her suffering human beings. Our nation has not decayed but instead has steadily increased in wealth and power until she has surpassed the world.

We see the results of labor. But is every occupation honest and right? What is honest toil? It is any employment to which we are adapted, in which we can use our individual ability to the best advantage and develop our power and wealth of resource.

Now since we are each one to choose some occupation a choice must be made and made wisely, with the greatest care and forethought. Can one succeed better in one thing than another? All cannot be orators, all cannot be artists, all cannot succeed at the bar, neither can all be farmers, but every man of ordinary mental capacity can succeed in some calling. nay, he ought to do so. It is his duty, it is right that he should do so. All professional and industrial pursuits are alike honorable in so far as they are good and right. A calling can never make a man honorable, but in follow-

ing that profession chosen a man can make himself so. Man can win a name in his proper sphere but out of it he can reap utter failure. Then the road to success lies not in the occupation but in the application to the occupation.

No man can afford to waste his time striving against disadvantages and he who follows a calling unfitted to him stoops to the merest drudgery. The secret of full success, then, lies in the proper choice of a profession. In choosing the life work the greatest care and deliberation should be used. A choice wisely made should be made for life and when decided all the pent up energies of mind, soul and body should be unloosed.

Contentment should not come when a half way position in a profession is held. Be king or if not king, then strive to hold the highest place possible according to the individual ability.

If however, after careful deliberation, a wrong choice has been made and all hope of ever meeting success in that line has been lost, pride should not keep one from trying to rectify such a mistake. If the mistake, so fatal, has been made and the victim sees his error, he should not struggle hopelessly on of necessity forced to accept an inferior place deceiving himself in thinking that he may deceive others and in turn gain some mediocre position. Begin again, and profiting by experience reach a place in another line overshadowed by no one.

Interest holds its place as an element necessary for true success. Interest creates the greatest pleasure in a task which to the uninterested seems the greatest hardship. It is not that which is enjoyed that becomes

hated, but it is that pursuit followed without interest that wears out soul and body. Working at that which gives no pleasure wastes energy and shortens life.

Some professions present glowing illusions of fame and rapidly earned wealth which when tried prove to be only a mirage. If a man is adapted to farm life, there is his sphere, there he is king, there he is a free man. If he can be an orator, let him sway multitudes by the eloquence of his voice and the soul-stirring thoughts of his inmost soul.

In our own free country origin counts for nothing. Alike the poor and lowly, rich and exalted have the same chance to win fame. He in whom there is the true spirit and desire for advancement will rise above the petty discouragements of his environment. Glance through the picture gallery of the world's heroic dead and we shall see a long line of poor boys who through toil, gained places and thrones of fame, Columbus, whom two worlds have honored, was the son of a weaver; Shakespeare and Milton found poverty no obstacle; Whittier and Burns, the ploughbops, Grant the tanner, and Lincoln, the rail splitter, had to conquer adversity.

Yet this is not half. The annals of prose and poetry, art and science, are graced by the names of countless poor boys who have risen from poverty to fame and position. "There is no royal road to success." The "peer and peasant must both climb to her abode."

Prosperity and success may come to one and all and one calling can be made as just and honest as another. Every man has his calling and it is his duty to find and sep-

arate it from countless others. Emerson says: "There are no common men. Every man is a specialist if he only knew it. True art is only possible in the conviction that every talent has its apotheosis somewhere. Fair play and an open field and freshest laurels to all who have won them! May heaven reserve an equal scope for every creature."

H. L. H.

The Island of Mirhilmackinac.

One beautiful day last July as the steamer City of Alpena turned away from the Island of Makinac and steamed gracefully down Lake Huron, I sat by the railing in the stern feasting my eyes as long as possible on the fairy island that I had learned to love so dearly during my five days' sojourn. I felt so full of the things that I had heard and seen of the history of the place that I longed to transfer them to paper and remarked to my companion that I should like to write a newspaper article on the Island of Makinac. However, as there was no call for such an article at that time from my pen I did not do so, and now after six months of different scenes and varied experiences I know not if the muse will respond to my appeals for aid as she would then have done. But lest some of my readers should go there as poorly prepared as I was to appreciate the place, I shall try to collect a few items of interest from the confused mass of memories.

The trip to and from the island is in itself worth all it costs. The luxuriously furnished steamers supply every comfort that could be obtained in the best regulated home, while the bracing air from the wide

expanse of water is a grateful substitute for the stifling heat and clouds of dust that are unavoidable on a railroad train. Then there is something about water travel that is so restful to one who will get away for a time from the bustle and hurry of this workaday world. There is absolutely nothing to do; and yet so many pleasant ways of passing the time, reading, writing, conversing, making new acquaintances or idly watching the changing colors of the waters—the traveler may rest to his heart's content.

The Island of Michilimackinac, as it was originally known, was so named by the Indians on account of its resemblance in form to a great mud turtle, and was supposed to be the home of the Maniton. Father Marquette, one of the Jesuit missionaries to the North American Indians, has left a record of spending on this island the winter of 1670-71 just before he planted his mission at St. Ignace. This is probably the first authentic record of its occupancy by Europeans. As it abounded with wild animals desirable for their fur it became an important trading post, and as it controlled the passage way between Lakes Huron and Michigan it was a valuable military post. It was held by the French until the close of the French and Indian War, when all that part of the country was ceded to the British, and became the property of the United States by the Treaty of Paris in 1733, but was not vacated by the British until by a later treaty the British were required to withdraw from all U. S. territory in 1796. In the meantime, however, the U. S. government had made a treaty with the Indians of that region by which they obtained legal possession from them of the island and

fort. This was garrisoned by U. S. troops; but in 1812 before the commander of the fort had been informed that war had been declared the British landed one night on the opposite end from the fort, drew their guns to the highest point on the island overlooking Fort Mackinac, which was garrisoned by only fifty-seven well men, and compelled it to surrender. An unsuccessful battle for its recovery was fought in 1814, but it remained in possession of the British troops until the close of the war in 1815.

The island was made a National Park by Act of Congress in 1875, and twenty years later was transferred to the State of Michigan for use as "a state park and for no other purpose." Its cool, dry atmosphere and perfect freedom from all malarial influences have made it a valuable health resort for which, indeed, it has been used for more than half a century, while the excellent fishing facilities among the neighboring islands have attracted many of Isaac Walton's followers. Some handsome residences have been built mostly by wealthy families living in Grand Rapids, Detroit and Chicago. These are occupied by their owners during the summer months and add much to the beauty and homelikeness of the island. The village which nestles at the foot of Fort Macinac is small and quite old-fashioned. The Grand Hotel erected on a terrace above a wooded bluff overlooking the lake has made the place much more attractive to the ultra-fashionable who like the stir and style of hotel life and have nothing to do but find enjoyment for themselves. The delightful situation of this hotel is its most attractive feature, but its brilliant bath room, billiard halls, stables and all the other

appurtenances of a first class summer hotel render it exceedingly popular.

Two of the many other hotels are interesting on account of their historical associations. In 1823 the United Foreign Missionary Society sent the Rev. W. M. Ferry to this island to establish a mission for the Indians. Two years later a Mission House was erected in which by the way was born on June 1, 1827, the child who afterward was known to the country as Senator Thos. W. Ferry of Michigan. This house is now called the Mission Hotel, accommodates 250 guests, and with its large yard where children play without fear of disturbance, and its unbroken outlook over the lake, it makes an ideal summer retreat. The other hotel with historical associations is the John Jacob Astor House. In 1811 a trading post was founded on Macinac Island by John Jacob Astor, president of the American Fur Company. Large numbers of men were employed to attend to the business and immense quantities of furs were packed and stored there. The warehouse in which the furs were stored and the agency house where about 100 of the men lived have been connected by an intervening building, and transformed into a neat and commodious hotel. The old warehouse—a long, narrow room with ceiling scarcely higher than a man's head, all its heavy timbers in plain sight, has a waxed floor, is furnished with benches around the walls and is used as a ball room. No attempt has been made to modernize the house except as comfort has demanded, and all lovers of the antique must be delighted with the low ceilings, heavy, old fashioned doors with their ponderous locks and brass knobs at least six in-

ches from the edge, the rambling staircases, unexpected corridors, great fire places with the mysterious looking cupboards in the chimneys. If Oliver Wendell Holmes ever visited this hotel he surely must have thought it was built expressly for the ghosts that find no harbor in modern houses. There seems to be every accommodation for them, but I slept as tranquilly there as I could have done at home and never thought of ghosts. One of the guide books contains an advertisement of this hotel so queer and yet so characteristic that I must give it:

JOHN JACOB ASTOR HOUSE,
Mackinac island, Mich.

An old and reliable caravansary, established 1462. With modern improvements and conveniences, where tourists from Asia, Europe, the Congo Free States, America, New Zealand and the Cannibal Islands are taken INN. The genial proprietor, James F. Cable, late of Tahiti, is very fond of missionaries.

Be sure to stop at the Astor House and partake of an old time Sea Island Roast. . . . This inn has a special natatorium in our "Darkest Africa," where guests are cleaned up and cleaned out once in three days.

JOHN R. BEAUGAN, Clerk.

As the American people particularly object to being "taken in" and "cleaned out" some modification of these statements is needed.

One of the most attractive places to those unaccustomed to military posts is Fort Mackinac. With its three block-houses, sentry-box and parapet, its arched sally-posts each surmounted by a portcullis, the strong "palisade" pickets on the walls, the

suspicious-looking underground storehouse, and the low stone building used as "officers' quarters" are very interesting and fully reward the visitor for the long climb up the steep hill. The point occupied by the British on that fatal night in 1812 is less than a mile north of Fort Makinac and is much higher. It was named Fort George in honor of the reigning King of England; but when the island came again into possession of the U. S. the name was changed to Fort Holmes in honor of Major Holmes who was killed in the battle. Nothing remains of this fort now, but a high watch-tower has been erected on the spot from the top of which one may see the whole island and its situation relative to the mainland and surrounding islands.

Four distinctly marked natural terraces and the washed-out appearance of much of the calcareous rocky surface prove conclusively that the island was submerged until a comparatively recent period. Several caverns exist where human bones have been found. One of these known as the Devil's Kitchen was used as a hiding-place by an English trapper named Alexander Henry, whose marvelous adventures and escape directed largely by a young Indian girl form the basis of Mary Hartley Catherwood's "White Islander." In contrast with these caverns, Sugar Loaf Rock towers 284 feet above the surface of the lake—one lone rock balanced on one end, with great holes in its sides that look as though they had been washed out by the action of water and not a rock nor a cliff in sight of which it might at one time have formed a part.

By some outside action, near the water's edge, two remarkable arches have

been formed out of the solid rock. One of these called "Fairy Arch" is not very large and is at the head of the Giant's Causeway, by which rude staircase one can with much difficulty descend to the pebbly beach below. The other, the gem of the Island, is Arch Rock rising from the level of the lake to a height of 149 feet. The archway here is so large that several carriages abreast might drive through it, while the top seems to form a natural bridge on which trees are growing and rocks lie loose.

Other interesting natural features are Robertson's Folly—a lofty precipice from which a man precipitated himself into the waters of the Lake, Lover's Leap—a similar spot from which a young Indian girl leaped to drown her grief for the faithless Pale Face, who had won her gentle heart, the Wishing Well, and various other things with almost every one of which some legend is connected.

Other interesting natural features are Robertson's Folly—a lofty point of view, for it was here in the Mission House, if I remember rightly, that Edward Everett Hale wrote "The Man Without a Country," also Constance Fenimore Woolson, who imbibed from her immortal uncle, James Fenimore Cooper, much of Indian lore, wrote on this island the fascinating story of "Anne." The house in which Anne Douglas, the heroine of the story lived, was the old Agency House having "United States Agency" engraved on its brass door plate. All but part of the foundation of this house has disappeared, but this pointed out to the tourist with great pride as the home of "Anne."

A carriage-drive over the island in-

cludes all the principal points of interest and is one of the most entertaining pastimes available. A boulevard close to the water's edge has been projected to reach around the island a distance of nearly nine miles. Three miles of this, from the Grand Hotel to the British Landing, has been completed and forms part of the regulation drive.

The summer season opens there much later than in Pennsylvania. In the middle of July many of our early spring flowers were in bloom, the lilac was just fading; and I never saw such a wilderness of wild roses as covered the hillsides of this island. Their great beauty, too, was that they did not fade and droop as soon as they were gathered as they do here, but could be kept for days. Wild strawberries were still to be found but not in great abundance. Strawberries from the mainland, however, were served in the hotels and far surpassed in flavor those that are cultivated in summer regions.

Since I have gotten started I do not know where to stop, but time and space forbid a more extended description. The legends that are told might furnish another Longfellow with material for another "Hiawatha," while there is enough of romantic history to furnish themes for many novels. Hon. Henry R. Schoolcraft says, "If the poetic muses are to have a new Parnassus in America they should inevitably fix on Michilimackinac. Hygiea, too, should place his temple here; for it has one of the purest, driest, clearest and most healthful atmospheres."

From the Diary of Jay J. Jeigh.

There are scientists and scientists, but the one about whom I have the honor to write is a man who is known personally only to myself, but his works and discoveries are familiar to every one, the world over perhaps.

His researches and conclusions are well nigh marvelous, and some of the adventures he has undergone while in pursuit of his favorite vocation are worthy of a Munchausen, but "truth stands longest," and I can willingly say that the statements my esteemed friend makes through me will never be assailed by the reading public.

Mr. Jay J. Jeigh, from whose diary the basis of this story is clipped, first came before the eyes of the world as the inventor of the aerocytal, an instrument by means of which a person possessing one and wearing it with the right adjustment over either eye can see the particles of that—to the naked eye—invisible substance which is used upon this earth of ours for various purposes, such as supporting combustion in the animal body, inflating footballs and the like, depleting the trees in autumn of their leaves, and thus reviving the fall poets. In fact, air is used for anything that has a blow connected.

Hardly had Mr. Jeigh revealed this wonderful discovery to the scientific world when he made another one still more startling, but one which he kept secret as he had a plan by the fulfillment of which not merely the scientist, but in fact every living inhabitant of this globe would receive an incomputable benefit. Now that he is dead

and has left the publishing of his diaries and manuscripts in my hands I can with safety reveal this heretofore unthought of theory for air currents, but now being widely accepted as the true one.

When the late Mr. Jeigh had first produced the aerocytal he merely intended it as an instrument for the observation of air particles, as to their effect on life, etc; but one bright November morning, as he was experimenting in his open air observatory with an aerocytal containing a lens much more powerful than any he had previously used, he was startled and surprised, but at the same rejoiced, to discover that down in one corner of each and every one of the air particles—which, I forget to state, are parallel opipeds in shape—was a minute tag, bearing, in the Volapuk tongue, the name of the place from which each molecule of air had been sent, and also the date on which it was to return.

There was a molecule of warm air, one of many sent up by a forest fire in Wisconsin; there was a still warmer particle with many comrades having its origin in the numerous "hot shots" fired at the commissary department of the American army; there was a cold air current from the "freeze-out" of the Populists in the recent elections, but the tag that interested Mr. Jeigh most of all was the one reading. "From the-cold-air-current-bush on the shore of the North Pool!"

This is not a misprint. As subsequent facts will show it is through error that two extremities have been named the North and the South Pole; the word being originally "Pool," and contracted to "Pole" by the murderers of the language.

As I stated before, Mr. Jeigh was most interested in the air molecules from the "chilly North," because he thought he saw a means of reaching the North Pool, a feat accomplished by none of the thousands who had tried it in every possible manner; by sled; by ship; by balloon; and in Mr. Jeigh's own day, a fellow scientist had tried with a flying machine, but his fuel condensed when the region of a very low temperature was reached and he had to turn back.

Mr. Jeigh's plans for reaching the "Pool;" was none other than to collect a great number of those cold air particles which were to return on the same day, confine them in a rubber balloon which, by the aid of a special preparation made by Mr. Jeigh, would not allow osmotic leakage, and then having fitted up apartments for himself on board—notice that Mr. Jeigh is somewhat selfish in this regard, taking no companions with him but his ever-present diary and several aerocytals—he would be ready at any moment when the air particles, according to schedule, should sail away for the North Pool, perforce bearing him with them.

Exactly fifteen days were consumed in making the trip between Mr. Jeigh's starting point and his destination, one day more than he had estimated, but he did not take into full account the difference in speed when traveling in warm and cold air.

He did not take any observations during the journey, as he deemed it necessary for him to stay below and attend to his duties at the barometric instruments; besides, the outside air at certain points would not have been fit to breathe, but inside, the compartments were kept at the same mean

temperature, the heat being furnished in part by the friction between the balloon and the outside particles of air.

The balloon kept steadily rising as the colder country was approached, but on the afternoon of the fifteenth day, when Mr. Jeigh computed his height from the ground at about three miles, the balloon began to descend very rapidly, and soon my worthy friend discovered himself going with almost the force of gravitation towards the center of a large shiny pool about a quarter of a mile in diameter. At once divining that the pool contained the generative power of the cold air currents, he took from a hidden drawer a very strongly built parachute, and having previously placed his aerocytals and diary in a hand-satchel, jumped from his balloon just in time to see it being swallowed up in the pool, while he himself was carried aloft by an out-bound current, but was soon deposited on the shore near a curiously formed shrub

Starting upon his investigations at once, Mr. Jeigh discovered that the pool was composed of a fluid resembling mercury very much, but yet being non-metallic, and this pool was really a whirlpool, but so even was the motion that no ordinary observer would be aware of the fact. The whirling seemed to commence at the center of the pool and to have its culmination in the cold-air current-bush, where the air particles were given off into the outer atmosphere

Mr. Jeigh's reason for concluding that he had discovered the cold-air current-bush was that while standing beside the shrub near which he had landed, he beheld the remains of his balloon thrown upon the limbs

of the bush by the whirling incoming current.

Other thoughts, however, were brought to mind when he saw the ruins, and Mr. Jeigh would have been in a very sorry plight for some means by which to return home had he not provided against an accident of this kind by wrapping around his diminutive body about sixty-five yards of very thin rubber similar to that out of which his first balloon had been made; so, producing this, he soon had another, the exact counterpart of the first. Then, realizing that the provisions still remaining were barely enough for the return voyage, he collected a lot of out-bound air particles, once more inflated his balloon, and in about two weeks reached his native town.

He retired into seclusion at once, as the facts now in his possession were not sufficient to warrant his making the discovery known; so he remained in his laboratory, experimenting, but intending at a near date to make a more extensive investigation of the North Pool and the cold-air current bush.

"STUBBY."

LOCALS.

Mitchell's favorite flower is Myrtle. We never before saw a variety of just this color.

Ask Jack McLane how he likes German peddlers.

Miss Pillow absolutely refuses to allow her brother to tell his age.

Riddle:—Why is Miss Byers a good United Presbyterian? Because she is fond of the Sams. (Psalms.)

Put Jolly off at Buffalo.

A riddle:—"Why is Mehard like St. Paul?"

Sheeny and Binno are now side partners.

"Get a quiet horse that doesn't need much driving, Church."

Symebody must have chosen Church, judging from all appearances.

Jack Frost is in college this term. He must be a second prep, he is so sharp.

If Forrester ate no more than he talks at the table, he would surely starve.

It was with the deepest concern that we noticed Prof. Holmes' illness last week.

There was a drop in the culinary department. Miss Cook missed her tooting.

Miss Fairfield by her promotion knows herself familiar with the act of embrassers.

Sam McKim and Berry have both been under the weather. Grippe had hold of them.

The school is glad to see the Misses Gail and Zene Moore back. So is the Church.

Mr. Cartney was very much surprised the other day to receive a visit from Miss Andrews.

Montgomery must be very anxious and devoted. In his anxiety he forgot her name.

Talk about chips, straw, spontaneous combination and such! Get into Geology. It's worse.

Bill Ramsey says that those capes haunts him like a dream. He gets them on both sides.

Cameron says that there must be a fraternity in school, there is so much grip going round.

McGinness wishes to announce that he is back as big as life. And as to sein kopf a little bigger.

Beware of Physics, is the cry of many of last terms' class. (They will also take Physics next term).

Shorty Cameron held a smoker the night he came to his majority. Who would think he was a man?

Of all the mean things in the world the astronomy class thinks that the mean attitude is the meanest.

Philos had a christening. Eddy, Don McKim, Shorty Jordan, Jack MacLaue, and Harry Smith rode the goat.

McCalmont thinks the world must be coming to an end. None of his visitors on the 11th jumped on his bed.

Don McKim in Junior lab., keeps his window up ready to throw out anything that acts like a Spanish bomb.

Lockhart and Jordan fell easy victims to Jewish eloquence. Ask John if his overcoat is still "at de uncle's."

Jim Murray made a good recitation on bars in Geology the other day. He had been to New Castle the night before.

The Juniors love a change. The cause of the clapping in chapel the morning of the 13th was Prof. McKee's cutaway.

Stewart is pretty slick. He had the clock in Astronomy turned on ten minutes. But Prof. was slicker, and called him back.

When Prof. Freeman fell through the

seats at the basket ball game was it his chemical balance that he lost?

Quite a number of old students have not returned.

Bronch—pneumo—rheumo—grippe is the prevailing fad(?)

What is the meaning of the unusual amount of "swearing off" in the Senior class?

Malcolm Laing has been elected Adelpic debater in place of Will Stewart resigned.

John Graham who was here last year has gone to the University of Michigan to study medicine.

Turner Moore has been obliged to leave college in order to save his eyesight. He expects to return next fall.

We are sorry to hear that Ethel Frampton is suffering from diphtheria. The report of her recovery is encouraging.

Geo. Robb is to be congratulated on having recovered his property which he left in the P. & L. E., station, P'gh.

A rumor has been going the rounds to the effect that Miss Andrews seriously contemplates going to China as a missionary.

Tommy Jones couldn't stay away any longer so he came back at the first of this term to pour a little oil on the college cogwheels. We are indebted to Tommy for the inspiration of his presence.

The bans were issued on the twelfth for the marriage of Mr. May Edmunson, and Miss Annie Body. The ceremony took place on the same evening. The Right

Reverend Littell officiated. The ceremony was a beautiful one, the church was artistically decorated for the occasion. Sunflowers, the flower of the bride, were profusely scattered over the hall, together with the groom's colors, green and fragrant crimson. The bridesmaids were two in number. The one Miss ——— was dressed in a Worth gown of deep green silk covered with yellow organdie. (If we get the technicalities mixed, the ladies will pardon us.) Her bouquets were of sunflowers. The second, Miss ——— was dressed in all the colors of the rainbow and a deep smile, her flowers being the same. The bride was robed in a beautiful gown of black and yellow stripes; with a veil reaching to all the ushers' feet. The flower girls were dressed in red, white and blue, with Cuba Libre sleeves, and Phillipine stockings. The ushers were in full dress, their presents for the groom being safety-pins. Mr. Gaffney Chambers furnished the music, his drum discoursing "A Hot Time," during the march in, "At a Georgia Campmeeting" during the ceremony, and "I don't care if you nebber comes back," going out. The young couple will make an extended tour to Pulaski and back, expecting to return about the middle of June. All their friends join in wishing them a long and happy life together.

The Senior class began this term with an alarming hospital list. Miss Frampton has been out of school several weeks nursing a severe case of the grippe. Wither-spoon has been absent two months taking care of his brother, and Miss Elliott, Miss Russell, Prof. Holmes and several others have been afflicted with winter ills.

What became of the masquerade anyway?

The new steps at the Hall do not necessitate a lift now.

Is it true that John Lockhart didn't come for the cake?

Peanuts seem to be the order at the Hall at present.

Do you have to take deportment over again this term?

Miss Newmeyer is quite an adapt at snow balling.

Miss Conway can be satisfactorily recommended as a good doctor.

The new steps at the Hall have been put up for Bill Owsley's especial benefit.

There is an anticipation of a trip to China which is the cause of much sorrow to certain people.

Walter Stewart's past has at last made one complete revolution, and is at the middle again.

Dr. says Socrates was a man who did not care for Physics. The Juniors say "there are others."

Did Walter Mehard ever tell you his whale story? The next time you see him ask him about it.

Williamson and Pittinger have moved up town; no longer are they in the suburbs. Whats' the matter?

"Gene" has had a very sore ear lately and on this account is going to purchase a twenty-horse power alarm clock.

It might be a piece of information to

the new students to know that during the snowy weather in New Wilmington the shovels are walked.

Harris Johnson says that the next time his name is in the HOLCAD, he'll sue the editor. The editor's name isn't Sue.

Clair Thompson is laid up at his home in Irwin with the grip; but Harry Smith his room-mate, hopes to see him with his trunk at the station someday.

Soph.;—"Why should a Senior behave himself?

Jr.;—"I don't know."

Soph.;—"It's a case of diploma-cy (see)."

Todd Forrester gives a lovely representation of Sousa leading his famous band. Long may he wave.

That proposed electric line to New Castle ought to be a blessing to the college. New Castle boys would find it more convenient to come here than to go to W. & J. and then think of the crowds for our athletic games.

Rev. Thomas Dixon with his lecture, "Fools, or the School of Experience, took the college audience by storm. Although so ill that he was unable to stand up during the evening, he put into his effort a fiery eloquence that was wonderful. The lecture itself was a fascinating blending of humor and pathos, sarcasm and homely truth. His description of violin playing and other word pictures was fine. The audience could not help wondering what Rev. Dixon would be like on the platform when he had full command of his physical powers.

Upward and onward! Bruce McCrory

was visiting at Mt. Washington when home on his vacation.

Rev. Dixon should watch that cough of his. Jack Stewart once said that he knew of a man who got 'a coughin' (coffin) and was buried in it.

We are sorry to hear of Miss Mehard's illness, also that of Miss Russell. The young ladies have our best wishes for a speedy recovery. (Bill is sorry, too.)

The Association reception at the first of the term was unusually successful. Quite an elaborate program was prepared and well carried out; at the proper time, the meeting, or most of it, adjourned to the Hall porch.

Nelson announces that after this week, he is not at home to visitors, and that the ladies of the Hall will no more see his familiar face. He will retire entirely from society, and devote his life wholly to study and serious contemplation.

Newsboy to a gang of students at New Castle,—"Buy a paper, mister?"

Philanthropic Soph,——"Young man, if you have a wife and eleven children depending on you for their sole support, I might consider the matter.

Our scientific department recently purchased a splendid set of chemical balances at a cost of over \$100. And then \$40 worth of repairing has brought the two old balances up to a high grade of efficiency. Few schools in the country are better equipped for Quantitative Analysis than Westminster.

New Wilmington was highly honored during vacation by the presence of a num-

ber of the alumni returned from universities where they are carving their names in capital letters. These men with the assistance of Buck Ewing managed to hold the town until the rest of us came back.

Chas Fulton has gone to Businessburg, Ohio, where he says he will take a course in Agriculture. On being asked if there were any houses in Businessburg, Charley said there were and a blacksmith shop too, but was insulted when somebody inquired if there were any people in the village.

The other day a dog of an inquiring mind wondered into the Science Hall, right past the door of the Chemical lecture room he went although Prof. Freeman was discoursing eloquently to the Juniors. With unerring instinct that dog rushed upstairs and into Prof. McKee's room where for a full hour he sat at the feet of the Prof. and listened to the music of the spheres mixed with astronomical data. Orpheus isn't in it with McKee.

Dramatis Personale.

Small Prof.

R. R. Littell.

Bystanders.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

(S. P. wrapped in meditation and an overcoat walking along the street. R. R. coming up behind mistakes S. P. for some one else, grabs him by the arm and jerks him off the walk.)

R. R.—"Get out of my way John, don't you know any—O, excuse me Professor, I saw a mustache over your shoulder and I thought it must be Lockhart's."

Curtain.

McAleese was "right in it" at the skating pond; its a good thing he can swim.

Murry on end gladly proclaimed, when asked "she's back." But said it in such a way that we judge that her back was all he saw.

The greatest cure for obesity, according to McCollman, is to stay in town during a vacation. It beats love. He has tried it both ways and ought to know. Try it, Cameron.

Laing is becoming interested in diamonds, even in astronomy he asks questions concerning this stone. Is it possible that he contemplates an engagement.

Hurrah, for Shorty Jordon! The ice is broken at last. Or rather we are glad to hear that the ice did not break and duck Shorty and his two lady friends.

Dutch Newmeyer really has done nothing ridiculous (that we have heard of) this last month, but he would feel slighted, if he did not receive mention in the HOLCAD; so we wish to announce to all the Dutchman's friends that, as usual he is enjoying good health and tobacco.

ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WOR'D.

Class officers at Harvard are now elected by the Australian ballot system.

John Donaldson, '98, expects to begin soon the study of law at Pittsburg, Pa.

Dr. McCrory of Pittsburg, will preach the sermon here on the day of Prayer for Colleges.

Senator Hanna of Ohio, recently gave \$2,000 toward the establishment of Ohio's

share in the National University.

Rev. Houston Lowry, '78, has recently been called to Wooster, Ohio, where he expects to take up his work in the near future.

Mr. John Bigger, '96, who has spent the two years since his graduation at home, has recently begun the study of law at Columbus, Ohio.

Mr. Bert Barr, '94, and Charles Trainer, '97, both of whom are studying medicine at Jefferson Medical College, spent their holiday vacation in New Wilmington.

Mr. Linn Breaden, '98, has recently suffered with a severe attack of pneumonia. Fearing lest his lungs may be permanently impaired, he has gone to Florida to spend the winter.

Gen. Wheeler, U. S. A., proposed some time since that each American college receive two Cubans and educate them free of charge. Brown University has made an offer to do so. This is a move in the right direction. Now that the responsibility for the future of Cuba has been in part at least thrown into our hands, we should make every effort to educate her people. Although this may seem rather a slow method, yet it may produce the little leaven that will in time leaven the whole lump.

When Brown University opened last year, but one student elected to study Spanish, and he was induced to substitute some other language. After the explosion of the Maine, when the Spring term began, four students presented themselves to the professor of Spanish, and the study was resumed. Last fall, after the war, the professor found his room crowded with young men who

wanted to study the language and literature of our late adversaries.

A larger portion of the students of Chicago University are women than in any other of the great universities. Out of an attendance of 1156 last year, 459 were women.

Each member of the University of Pennsylvania foot-ball team this year will be presented with a gold watch charm in the shape of a foot-ball. The subs will receive silver ones.

The Miami faculty has forbidden foot-ball. Rough playing and neglect of class work were assigned as the reasons. This testimony in regard to foot-ball is quite different from that given out by many college faculties.

The University of Paris, with her 11,090 students, has the largest register of any university in the world. Others follow in this order: Berlin, 9,629; Vienna, 7,026; Madrid, 6,143; Naples, 5,103; Moscow, 4,451; Harvard, 3,674; Oxford, 3,365; Cambridge, 2,929; Edinburgh, 2,850; Pennsylvania, 2,834.

Pres. Schirmer of Cornell University, has been appointed by Pres. McKinley as a member of a committee of five, who are to investigate the Philipines and report directly to him. The trustees of Cornell have granted Pres. Schirmer a leave of absence for one year.

Mr S. L. Johnston, '79, died a few days ago. Mr. Johnston was born and reared in this community. After his graduation from college he took up the study of law, and was engaged in that profession up until the time of his death.

Ever since Dewey's great naval victory last summer, colleges and universities of every grade have been engaged in a wild race to see who can do him the most honor in the way of conferring degrees upon this famous man who has so suddenly become possessed of so many and so varied qualifications. We have even heard that he has had the high honor of being elected an honorary member of a literary society in a neighboring college. Certainly this insignificant man must have felt rather important when he heard that such distinguished honor had been conferred upon him.

Mr. George Seville, '98, who has been teaching an academy at Frankfort Springs, Pa., has resigned his position there. He expects to go to China as a missionary. He will spend the present year in school, either at Moody's Institute in Chicago, or in another school of the same nature, at Toronto, Can., where he will more fully prepare himself for his work in the mission field. Mr. Walker '98 has taken his place as principal of the academy at Frankfort Springs.

The annual Inter-Collegiate Chess Tournament, held in New York from December 26th to 29th was won by Harvard. The other contestants were Princeton, Columbia and Yale. Chess is a good game and deserves greater popularity among the body of college students, not only as a pastime, but as a means of mental development. As a trainer of the mind in certain very desirable directions, chess has, perhaps, no superior. If the time that is spent in useless amusements by college students, were given to chess, the development of their minds would reach a higher grade.

An Educational Conference, representing the educational institutions under the care of the United Presbyterian Church, was held at Chicago, Dec., 27. Many subjects of general interest were discussed. A committee on entrance examination gave a report, which was adopted as a general standard to which the colleges are asked to conform as nearly as possible. The comprehensive educational policy of the Church was discussed and while no action was taken yet there seemed to be a general feeling that there must be no backward step taken in the great work of Christian education.

ATHLETICS.

The first basket-ball game of the year was a sad one for Westminster. Proud of her former victories she went to the struggle as to a fete, but defeat met her obdurately and her banner trailed in the dust—a prey to the Wilkesburg Y. M. C. A. Like most tales, the beginning is sorrowful. Wilkesburg started in with a rush which carried success in its wake, and before Westminster awoke from its stupor they had scored seventeen points. Indeed it was disheartening the manner in which they were rolling up the score, but finally pulling themselves together the boys made a new start and began a little account themselves. In the latter part of the half, in about seven minutes, they threw four goals leaving the total, nineteen-eight.

The second half started off in a business like manner and waxed very hot, so that many fouls were called on both sides, but Westminster had a shade the better of it.

Still she was unable to run away from her opponents and the game ended 28-14.

Basket Ball is undoubtedly a scientific game. It is a game where the tact, perception and skill of the individual must blend itself with the entire team so that hand in hand they can overcome the opponents. But there are many essentials needed to arrive at this perfection. Besides practice and experience there are other qualities that are perhaps more essential. Harmony plays an important role in the success of any team, infusing confidence and reliance, and absorbing both praise and blame. Then an intact team must certainly have a great advantage. In it alone can the concerted work which is needed be obtained. Five men who understand the style, and can anticipate the moves of their fellows can play a stronger game throughout than a squad of reinforcements. This may not be true of an athletic team where all are expert players, but certainly is true of a college team.

It is to be regretted greatly that Harry Wilhelm has decided not to re-enter college in the spring. He, on the advice of his father, decided not to pitch in the major league, so signed with Lancaster for another season. He reports March 15. It will be difficult to find another man as good as Harry, either as a pitcher or an all-around player, while in addition he was the friend of everyone, in sports and in school.

Hereafter our base ball team will be composed of purely amateur players. This was the determination arrived at by the advisory board and was afterwards ratified by the faculty.

The men's bathroom in the gym is too

crowded for health and comfort. The ladies room should be provided with lockers so that the men could have the use of both baths. This could easily be managed and would be a much needed improvement.

MUSIC AND ART.

Both the Adelphic and Philo societies are bending their energies to obtain musical organizations of merit and ability, and they are having more than fair success in this endeavor. The Adelphic Orchestra under Prof. Peterson's direction is rapidly advancing, and by their delightful performances attract both members and visitors.

Philo's Mandolin and Guitar club, while recently organized has become a feature of the regular work. It consists of three mandolins, three guitars and a banjo.

With the Junior Orations, the labor, comes also some entertainment and we will without doubt hear some pleasing musical expositions.

The next entertainment on the Lecture Course is a concert by the Cecilian Ladies Quartette assisted by Miss Mabel Rhodes, reader. They come highly recommended and will doubtless maintain the standard of this years lecture course.

We regret that Miss Hodgens has been unable to meet her class the past week through ill health, but as her immediate return is promised another successful terms work can be expected in the art department.

Miss Elizabeth Wilson has not returned to College this term.

EXCHANGES.

The COLLEGE TRANSCRIPT published weekly by the Ohio Wesleyan University, is one of our best exchanges and displays unusual talent and enterprise on the part of its staff.

The ANCHOR publishes a very fine article in the December number on "Character Building." The subject is treated in an original and attractive manner and is much more interesting than most articles written on this subject.

In the January Dynamo may be found a short article entitled "Habit of Study After College" from which we quote the following. "Whether one forms the habit of study in college depends largely upon what he makes the end of that which he calls study. If the recitation is made the end of his reading he is not likely to become a student. Many a gifted mind is ruined by forming the habit of preparing for recitations rather than mastering the subject in hand. The reputation of leading a class is poor recompense in loss of mind and power. Passing in a study means only too often that real study has been passed by. The question for the college student to put to himself is not, How much longer must I be a student? But rather it is thus, am I becoming a student? Will I be a student when I have finished my course?"

The Editorials found in the Hiram College Advance are much superior to those of many of our exchanges and are well worth the reading.

"A college without live athletics is in a sad plight.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. XX.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., FEBRUARY, 1899.

No. 6.

The Holcad.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

Editors.

HARRY N. HOLMES, '99 EDITOR IN CHIEF
SANNIE STEWART, '00 ASSISTANT.
RENWICK GEALEY, '99 'LIT' DEPARTMENT
MAE TURNER, '00
RUSSEL MILLER, '99 LOCAL
EDWARD BRAZER, '00 ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD
O. R. DEGLEMAN, '99 MUSIC AND ART
FAITH STEWART, '00 EXCHANGES.
MONROE VITHERSPOON, '99 BUSINESS MANAGER

Publishers Notice.

THE HOLCAD is a monthly of ten issues a year, published by the undergraduates of Westminster College.

Entered at the Postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second class matter.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni, or any who are or have been connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Address all communications to THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

TERMS One copy per year, \$1.00. Single copy 15c.

THE truce between '99 and 1900 has been one of the best features of our banquets this season. College fights like wars are rapidly going out of date and the spirit of arbitration and peace is creeping into the classes. Too much rivalry usually ends in more trouble than fun. May the year end as happily as it has begun.

WITH this issue of the HOLCAD we return to obscurity and peace. A few people

have been offended by personal remarks and have sworn vengeance on the staff, but it is the lot of editors to be kicked and cuffed. The most popular feature of a college paper is the local column and the jests of more or less point contained therein. If a man isn't willing to take a joke on himself what right has he to enjoy those on other people?

Yet, on the whole, the students have given us their hearty support and the faculty, too have been ever ready to lend a helping hand. Poetic genius has been found ready to gush forth at command and our Poet's Corner has maintained a standard of which we are not ashamed. The wealth of fiction discovered in Westminster minds together with clever essays has enabled us to put out the largest volume of the HOLCAD on record.

We must admit that the staff are rather weary in well-doing, but still our joy on dropping the work is not unmixed with regrets. Literary work such as this gives one a chance to do something for one's college and oneself at the same time. Then it will be a pleasant memory some day and these college memories are going to increase in value. If mistakes have been made during the past year or anything published that reflected discredit on the college we can only say that perfection is rather scarce this side of Heaven. Our intentions were all right and we have done what we could in

"our own weak way."

We extend our best wishes to the incoming staff. May they profit by our failures and surpass our success. Our farewell number is before you. Moisten its pages with a few tears and we shall feel amply repaid for our labor.

The American newspaper is called an educator but it is often an enemy of education. In order to tickle the fancy of a sensation loving public it misrepresents college events too trivial to be noticed. If a football player gets a hard knock some paper has him at the point of death with blood-clot on the brain, perhaps, as in the case of Fiscus.

Our own little harmless scrap for the banquet turkey was magnified into a bloody affray in which butcher knives reeking with gore cut quite a swath. The event was finally immortalized into classic history by publication in the New York World.

This winter has been rather slow in the field of journalism and one of our esteemed(?) country papers has thought it advisable to invent a little Westminster history. With the assistance of a boastful student with a hair-trigger tongue they manufactured a hazing story that was news to the principals in the affair. The college reputation suffered a good deal by the lie which was copied quite extensively by other papers. It is high time that such work be stopped and perhaps a libel suit pushed to a finish might make a needed example of the offenders.

Why is it that so many reciters choose

selections that have no intrinsic merit whatsoever? Some professional elocutionists, even, do not seem to realize that an audience of ordinarily intelligent people can appreciate a production of literary merit, but think they have fulfilled the highest mission of their art when they recite a trivial, poorly written piece which may afford some little entertainment for the moment, but gives no inspiration and leaves no lasting impression. In literary societies the only quality demanded by many in choosing a recitation is that it contain a plot that will interest. A selection that is couched in elegant and refined language, and delivered in a fitting manner, will be appreciated even tho' it be written on an abstract theme and have no plot at all. Standard authors should always be chosen for recitations as well as for reading. Not only will the listener be benefitted by this, but the mind of the reciter will be enriched thereby and his time will not be wasted in committing something that will be of no value to him in the future.

Mercer, you can't have us. Seventy-five thousand dollars and twenty acres of land is not the proper bait. It is not because we love you less but because we love New Wilmington more. Our friend who lights the street lamps was not a y more visionary than those who think seriously of such a change, when he asked, "Who would clean all them there bricks?" There are some things money won't buy. Materialistic Mercer may not know that, but she will find it out. The memories associated with Westminster even though they be of chick-

en roasts are too sacred to be bartered for gold. Those fond recollections have tendrils which cling, ivy like, to our very souls.

But dreaming is not so bad after all. It may not accomplish anything in itself, but it is the means to an end. Many times it starts us thinking. Citizens of New Wilmington, do you not appreciate us more when you see how others envy you? This should increase the mutual regard between the college and town. Yes, we acknowledge that we have stolen your chickens and turkeys, but we know you forgive us.

There is one feature of college life which the citizens of New Wilmington do not properly encourage nor support. Athletics are the life of a college. The college that has the successful base ball, foot ball or track team is the college. The Presidents of the various institutions admit this. What incentive is there for a man to be an athlete in New Wilmington? There has not been a prize given for over five years. The students have to support the athletic teams entirely. Athletics would be bettered if the college was situated in Mercer. Base ball and foot ball managers would not have to go down in their pockets to pay expenses. Do you see the point?

Literary Department.

A Reverie.

The firelight dances and flickers, casting weird shadows on the walls of the cosy library, and touching caressingly the bowed head of a young man who sits in an

arm chair before the cheerful fire and traces in the glowing coals, resemblances to persons and fantastic creatures of all descriptions. Now he sees a mountain peak and with it comes the memory of a summer, spent near just such a peak in the company of a jolly little girl, who had helped, wonderfully, to pass several weeks most pleasantly, which, without her genial companionship, would have been unspeakably dull, at least so he thought after it was all over.

In the fall she had gone to college to pursue her studies and he had gone to college to pursue her. They had separated the best of friends and with the intention of meeting again at the first opportunity. He remembers her pleased smile when they had met after the opening chapel service. He had never told her of his plan to complete his education at the college she attended instead of finishing with his class at a rival institution. He made various explanations for his change of mind—They had had many little differences concerning their respective schools during the summer—but something in her eyes kept him from telling her the real reason.

He was graduated when she was a Junior, and now after several years he is a successful business man. Fortune, always gracious to him, had favored him in the choice of his life work, and his friends say, 'He has everything to make him happy.'

Earlier in the evening the daily paper was put into his hand and he read the announcement of the marriage of her whom he had worshipped from afar while a student and of whom he has often thought in the years which have succeeded those careless,

happy days. He is thinking of their first meeting and of the days that followed, of their mutual sorrow when the time came to part and he wonders if she will be happy and sends up a prayer that she may never be less so than she appeared when last they met.

His thoughts are not unpleasant however, if one may judge by the smile that steals over his lips as presently a light footfall is heard, the door opens softly and the girl of his dream enters, quickly crosses the room to his side and says, "Well, my dreamer, not regretting your bargain so soon are you?" And he, taking in his own the hand that toys lightly with his hair, answers: "I have just been reading the account of our marriage, my dear, and was trying to persuade myself that it is not too good to be true."

B. F. S.

Whither?

Whither? This word question causes one to turn his thoughts inward. We review our past, think of the present and make a short study of our conditions and future prospects. In the study of life we take a character tested by the standards of sobriety, justice and equality and from its products we determine our goal. The past was the result of former conditions; the present is the result of all that has gone before and the future will be what the present makes it. Turning from man to nation and asking in all seriousness the question, "Whither?" we are startled and unable to give a satisfactory answer. Have we a prophet among us? Alas! we have not.

There are many false prophets, but who of them is bold enough to predict the future? Can any man answer this? Let us look at the question mathematically; past deeds added to and multiplied by present ones give as a product, the future. Whither? O, America! Thou land of the noble, the free and the brave! What is thy mission? What thy destiny? Whither?

Looking backward we see men persecuted in Europe determining to come to the land revealed to the world by the perseverance of Columbus. Men of all races and tongues left home and friends, but all were united by the desire for liberty and the privilege of worshiping as their conscience dictated. They came for liberty, but the avarice and hate of kings followed them and before long they were again crushed by these despots. Free thought was forbidden, manufacturing discouraged, and heavy and grievous taxes were forced upon the colonists. Bitter persecution followed and the cry, "Taxation without representation is tyranny," echoed throughout the land: At last, one who was unable to endure the agony, cried out, "Give me liberty or give me death." Then followed the astounding statement, "That all men are and of a right ought to be free and independent. Amidst the wild ringing of bells, booming of cannon, shouts of the people and the prayers of the godly this statement was incorporated in the Declaration of Independence and a new nation was born on the 4th of July, 1776. In pain, in war, and in absolute uncertainty the nation was brought forth. The result was uncertain, none knew how to answer the question, "Whither?" but it has been

answered by the history of the last one hundred and twenty four years, the product of a terrible past.

In all crises of our history we have had leaders who were God-fearing men. In time of need we had Washington, who, sacrificing all self interests, led us through a horrible war and then grasped the helm of the ship of state. For over eight years, he steered the state safely over unknown channels, without any recompense other than the approval of his conscience. Years pass by, we prosper, but in a false way. Slavery is about to show its fang; civil war is at hand and our adored Abraham Lincoln takes his position at the helm. Through perils threatening the very existence of the nation he guided us safely, only to die at the hands of an assassin. He died for the country, but not in vain; for the government for the people and by the people was assured. God reigned and the government at Washington still lived.

At the present we are a prosperous nation, but in our prosperity we should be watchful lest we transgress. Our country is yet young and cannot yet point with pride to the records of many great men, hence such as we have, we should guard zealously. The race-hero appeals powerfully to men in every nation. The only two Americans of whom we might make race-heroes are Washington and Lincoln; they are ideal types of American men and in some respects their lives are typical of the nation itself. Wherever the English language is spoken; from the banks of the Ganges to the frozen North, from every quarter of the globe, their names are borne aloft in songs of praise

and reverence. The British, who once thought Washington a traitor now honor him as one who proudly stood up for freedom's cause. The negro and all lovers of honest government will forever look to Lincoln as their liberator and model. The danger is that in the making of race heroes, we forget that they were but men. If we study the practical and real side of their lives, we shall be benefitted although some of the popular myths concerning them may be shattered. The study of these characters cannot fail to instil into our minds a purer love of patriotism. Such is the mission of the race-hero.

The 22nd of February and the 4th of July have been celebrated for years as the birthdays of two of our race heroes and this has been one of the best methods of teaching a foreigner the worth of these persons. It has been predicted that within fifty years the birthday of Washington will pass unnoticed and that the 4th of July will have lost its chief characteristic. False prophecy or no, to one who observes the tendency, facts seem to indicate the possibility of just such a sad condition. Business men no longer close shops on the 22nd of February. Schools no longer grant holidays. How sad that we should let slip such an excellent opportunity of illustrating the value of liberty. Teachers are eager to put in the time so that they can close school as early as possible. Shame, O teacher, you ought to fulfil the mission of the public school and teach reverence for the liberty that has given us the public school and you, your occupation. That the patriotic celebration of the 4th of July is on the wane is self evident. All over

the land business is suspended, but the day is fast becoming one in which all our attentions are turned to sports instead of to the fact that on that day by the providence of God, a new nation, ours, the United States of America, was born—a nation destined to be the world's symbol of liberty. Are we losing interest in these days? Whither, America, will thy footsteps lead if we fail to give due honor to our beloved dead and disgrace our national birthday.

Unrestricted emigration rather than the love of money has caused much of our national trouble. In former years we needed emigrants; the demand has been fully met and yet thousands are coming yearly. Against their will we brought a nation of negroes to our land and for that we have suffered and still suffer. Men curse miamon but overlook pauper emigrants who have caused much of the financial depression. For years America has been the dumping ground for Europe's paupers, criminals, and the scum of her corrupt civilization. These classes lower the demand for men, thus decreasing wages and increasing the suffering of the working class. If we permit them to come we must be prepared to pay the penalty of such folly. Many are sworn subjects of Papacy. When they are strong enough our freedom will be endangered, a civil war will be imminent. God forbid that such shall happen, for we have not yet forgotten the dread ravages of the civil war. If emigration continues, the question of America's future will lead to questions solvable only by God. It is impossible for us to Americanize foreigners as fast as they are coming to us. There must

be a restraint. America has room for the worthy, but she must not continue to be the pest house of the world. Then awake, O Columbia, close fast thy gates.

Close upon the heel of the emigration problem comes that of illiteracy. We boast that "school houses are the Republican lines of fortification." When we study the question carefully we doubt whether the public school is accomplishing its mission or not. Ballots are placed in the hands of men unable to read or write. The Southern States with one third of the country's population has about 1,700,000 illiterate voters and these states select almost one half of our Senators. For some time after the Rebellion the national government supported Freedmen's schools, but for some unaccountable reason this was dropped. Their enlightenment now depends, for the most part, on the missionary efforts of the church. The negro, while he forms a large part of the South's illiterate is not alone. There are masses of whites in the same condition. The cities furnish many illiterate votes, by whose ballots the Bible has been excluded from many of the public schools. Our country must be religious in order to be free. The Prussians have a motto which we should bear in mind. It is, "Whatever you would have appear in a nation's life you must put into the public schools. While we are excluding the Bible, foreign countries at whom we often sneer are recommending to their teachers that they give it a larger place. English teachers have been ordered to pay more attention to religious instruction. We seem to think that because God has been providential with us he will

continue to be so. Israel of old was God's chosen people, he blessed, they transgressed, and he destroyed. God blesses nations and individuals alike, and in the same way he curses if they continue to break his laws. Is it not time for us to awaken and see how carelessness, illiteracy and proper emigration have led us away from God and caused us to break the Sabbath and forget his teachings?

We are not discouraged by home conditions, but urged on by commercial enterprise we are taking possession of the Philipines and the West Indies. There is no question but that it is madness to try to rule a people who want none of our government. A Republican form of government may be the best for us, but is it the best for the Filipino? Can we Americanize them? If not, why not let them govern themselves? What necessity is there for us to expand the area of our national life, thus multiplying our relations and adding to our already heavy list of obligations? Are we performing the duties to be found within our own borders? What of the examples of Greece and Rome? Once great nations, but utterly ruined because of the martial and commercial avarice of their sons. Do we desire Rome's ancient title, "Mistress of the World?" If we do, we must be prepared to be humbled as she was. Expansion physically, intellectually and spiritually are commendable, but until we have reached a higher and safer plane of civilization let us leave land grabbing to others. England possessing only a small home territory and having a large population can easily afford to spare her sons for the work of protecting

her possessions. God knows that we need our true and loyal subjects at home instead of having them in distant places protecting stolen property.

Is all in darkness and despair? Is our case hopeless? It is not, though we are threatened by the liquor curse, by plutocracy, by monopolies, trusts and other hydra-headed monsters. We believe that there is a God above and when his people ask he will hear and work out our salvation to his glory and for our benefit. A revival of learning will come and true-hearted men will lead us safely into the harbor. These new factors multiplied by the glorious deeds of the past and increased by the blessings of God will place America in the front rank of nations, not in territory but in Christianity. May God speed the day when all these grievous questions shall have been settled and we shall have time for the true problems of life. Then too will thou sail on O Ship of State! May the summer of thy life be calm, thy autumn calmer, and thy winter never come." "Whither?" we have cried and back comes the mocking echo, "Whither?"

W. J. S

The Silver Cup.

Track athletics stood high in popular favor at Lincoln College. Lively competition gave to their field meets a snap and dash not found in schools less fortunate. But it was in the quarter mile that the greatest interest was shown, perhaps owing to the number of men developed by the class relay races.

This spring the faculty offered a hand-

some silver cup as a prize for the winner of the 440 yd. dash. Of course every awkward lout in college was urged to train for it and told the usual story about not knowing what he could do 'till he tried. Most of the fellows tried about once and then after getting a pain in the stomach concluded that they didn't want the cup anyway.

Among the experienced runners, however, there were several men anxious to enter the contest. Every afternoon the track would be alive with athletes in scanty attire showing pretty bursts of speed or working up wind and endurance by long distance running. As the day of the annual field meet drew near it became plainly evident that the race would be between McNary and Grey with public opinion about evenly divided as to their respective chances. Grey was universally popular and had the best wishes of the people. He was one of those unassuming all-round men who are the strength of a college. McNary was a fine scholar but knew it too well and got the fellows down on him by his superior airs. His father was a man of some eminence and the son wanted to shine with reflected paternal splendor.

Interest in the contest was considerably heightened by the rivalry between the two men which amounted almost to enmity. Personal dislike was, perhaps, the beginning of the trouble but the real cause of ill feeling was their admiration for the same girl. She was a "winsome lass" and well worth fighting for. McNary was certainly a good deal of a cad, but for some unaccountable reason she divided her favors equally between the two suitors. The ways of the feminine heart are past finding out.

The two champions became more and more anxious to defeat each other. Both of them experienced runners, they knew how to train and were dieting and exercising to the very limit. Grey was strongly built and had a tremendous stride that covered ground at an alarming rate, but on a short dash he did not show up at his best. On the other hand McNary's activity made up for the difference in strength and his ability as a sprinter never failed to bring him against the tape first in the 100 and 220 dashes.

A few days before the contest Grey was out walking with Miss Leslie, the object of his affections, and the conversation naturally turned on the silver cup. She was unusually gracious to him that afternoon and somewhat encouraged by her manner he determined to make her show her colors.

"Would you help me to win if you could?" he suddenly demanded.

"Why, how can you expect me to answer such a question? You're not the only——"

"O, please stop that. If you prefer that I break McNary I've nothing more to say."

"I never said anything to you about Mr. McNary and I'm sure I have a right to give my best wishes to anyone I choose."

The walk homeward was marked by a preceptible coolness between the pair. His temper was somewhat ruffled by what he considered a snub and she was provoked by his sneering reference to McNary. Yet, after thinking it over, Grey's jealousy was not altogether displeasing to her and she determined to lend him a woman's aid—never

to be despised, even in a foot race.

As a result of her scheming, an evening party at her home was arranged for the night just previous to the field-meet. Grey was not invited, while McNary's presence was insisted on in a persuasive way that admitted of no refusal. Against his better judgment he accepted, but then women can make fools of most men when occasion requires, Grey's absence was the cause of a good deal of comment by the guests, but their clever young hostess offered no explanation to inquisitive friends.

As the merriment increased McNary completely lost himself in the smiles of Grace Leslie and when a dainty lunch was served he was able to offer but feeble resistance to the tempter.

"Really, Miss Leslie, you must excuse me from this part of the entertainment. I think I'd better not eat these things."

But his designing hostess was not to be put off by such an excuse. "Mr. McNary, I'll be offended if you refuse that cake. I made it myself. Now please taste it."

As the poor fellow looked at the pouting face before him he avowed to himself that no one but a brute could disappoint such a girl.

"Well, this lunch is awfully tempting to the inner man, but I'm afraid it's an arch enemy to the athlete, and then that race to-morrow——"

"O, never mind tomorrow. All you will eat won't hurt you, but if you don't care to please me, don't do it."

Now, Miss Leslie, you know I do care, so here goes."

And luckless McNary fell just as did old Adam before him.

* * * * *

The field meet was passing off with gratifying success. Everybody was anxiously looking forward to the cup race, as the climax of the day.

At the call, "All out for the 440 open," there was a murmur of pleased anticipation in the crowd, runners filed out of the dressing room, sweaters were thrown aside and the five starters stepped up to the scratch. Five hearts beat faster than was their wont and white faces plainly showed the nervousness that couldn't be concealed. Grey was in the pink of condition and that square jaw showed that he would be in the race as long as his strength lasted. McNary seemed as lithe and graceful as ever, but he felt the loss of sleep and was not a little alarmed at the thought of the cakes, pickles, and worse things he had been tricked into eating the night before,

"Are the starters ready? Are the timers ready? Get on the mark! Get set!" Bang! And at the crack of the pistol they are off.

Grey, with a long easy stride, quickly takes the lead. He knows it is his plan to "kill" the sprinters before the finish. The rest of the men fall in behind the leader, McNary trailing in the rear confidently trusting to his speed in the last 100 yards or so. As they pass the 220 mark Grey is still in the front and setting a terrific pace.

He can't keep that up. He'll kill himself!" are the excited cries from the grand stand, but Grey doesn't weaken.

"Look at McNary!" One after another he passes the gang and is fast gaining on the leader. He is running as easily as a machine, but that speed is telling. Half a

dozen swift strides and he has caught Grey. Neck and neck and only a hundred yards to run! The crowd goes wild with excitement, yells itself hoarse. McNary is getting sick but he believes his sprint will win yet. Down the home stretch they come, the muscles of their legs straining like steel bands. The cords on their necks are tense with the effort, their jaws are set firmly and their hard breathing shows how they have pushed themselves.

Fifty yards to run and McNary hasn't strength for the spurt he needs so much. But what is the matter with him? He staggers and falls in a heap while Grey breasts the tape—winner of the silver cup and champion quarter.

With quick sympathy for the vanquished, the fellows rush over to the defeated man and carry him to the dressing room.

"O" he explained, "it was nothing but some stuff I ate last night. I forgot myself."

While the attendants were rubbing him down McNary swore softly to himself and wondered if he was a love-sick fool or only a victim of hard luck.

That evening Grey received an invitation to call at the Leslie mansion. He accepted, inwardly resolving to show the young lady that she couldn't trifle with him. She met him with a warmth of congratulation on his victory that almost swept away his hard-hearted resolutions. But he "wasn't to be dropped and picked up again at the pleasure of a capricious young girl."

"Mr. Grey, is this the way to treat one who helped you win that race?"

"Helped me win the race? I-I don't quite understand."

"Don't be stupid. Can't you see why I left you out of the party and invited Mr. McNary? He helped himself liberally to the refreshments."

It's just dawning on me. Not very fair to McNary, but he deserved it. I want to tell you how I——"

But what he told her isn't for publication.

Two Valentines.

"Tomorrow is Valentine day and I don't know what to do about getting one for Emma," said John Harris to himself as he strolled leisurely away from the academy one afternoon. John was one of the brightest boys in his class and, although he did not improve his time as he might, yet he succeeded in keeping abreast of his studies and having a good time too. A short time before he had succumbed to the charms of a certain young lady who resided in the town where the academy was located. He had never been known to more than glance sideways at a girl before and the attack was the more severe from being so long delayed. Emma Birch had graduated with honors at Vassar the year before and not being in school now it made the opportunities of meeting her less frequent, and besides, John was a timid soul and looked with sort of awe on what he thought "His Destiny." Nevertheless he had been endeavoring in his weak way to ingratiate himself in her esteem, and had been paying his attentions as best he knew how, when this awful question confronted him, whether or not to risk sending her a valentine, and if so the enor-

mous task of selecting a suitable one. He had been planning quite a joke in connection with Valentine day. There was a young fellow attending school named Frank Leslie who had been sort of smitten with John's sister, Jane, and he thought it would be a capital joke to send his sister a valentine in such a way that she would think it came from Frank. Just now he went past the window of the book store and lo, the valentines of all descriptions were spread before his wondering eyes in wild confusion, certainly a gorgeous display.

He swallowed his rising heart and entered. The clerk was very pleasant and seemed to understand his case, for he brought him the very daintiest and most beautiful ones. But O! If they would just keep their confounded verses off them! Here was what he called a dandy, but his heart sank when he saw the pierced heart and underneath these words:

"My heart for thee is longing;
Could I but call thee mine!
Now won't you hear my pleading
To be your valentine?"

It just voiced his sentiments but it would never do to send it, so, stifling his desires and restraining his heart, he turned manfully away. At last he selected one which he thought would pass, although he considered it rather cold. It bore the picture, two clasped hands, and above, the words, "Forget-Me Not." And now he heaved a sigh of relief as he went to select the one destined for his sister. This was just the one:

"You're just a little verdant,
Although you think you're warm,
You're not the only pebble
That's washed only by the storm.

You think you're mighty funny,
But it's time to call a halt;
Your greatest need of all
Is just a little salt."

He intended to inclose some of the above mentioned anti-verdant remedy with the valentine so it would add to its attractiveness.

Having secured his purchases he went to his room with a light heart. He knew Emma would know who sent her the valentine, for she had only been in town for a short time and was not much acquainted with the students. He carefully wrapped up the one for Emma, tying with each knot of the cord, his trembling heart strings. He then hunted over his possessions for a similar box for Jane's, which after he had scattered his belongings over the room about three times he at last found on the table where he could have gotten it without rising. Having filled the bottom of the box with salt he placed the valentine on top, and then carefully wrapped it up. Just then there came a rap at the door. Hastily concealing his packages under the table, he called, "Come in." But his fright was ungrounded; it was only the newsboy. Then he carefully addressed the packages, imitating Frank's handwriting on Jane's and putting his very finest flourishes on Emma's. He deposited them in the post office with his own hand.

The next day he was to go home. His walk from the station led past the post office and he stopped for the family mail. He smiled to himself when he recognized his box. When he delivered the mail over to Jane he could hardly keep from giving it

away by laughing. But how soon his joy was to be turned into mourning. Jane retreated to the corner of the room to privately inspect her package. Then came an exclamation of surprise and pleasure. "O. John, see my lovely valentine! What a beauty!" John's heart sank to four degrees below zero, as he beheld his cherished "Forget-Me-Not." What an awful mistake he had made.

The next day he returned to school with a sad heart. He would not dare to look at Emma again. "I might explain," he said to himself, "but she wouldn't believe me.

As luck would have it, whom should he meet on the street that very afternoon but Emma. Would she speak to him?

She bowed and then paused. He hardly knew whether to stand his ground or beat a retreat. "Mr. Harris." His knees trembled. "I wonder who was so kind as to send me such a lovely valentine?"

"I didn't mean—It was all a crazy mistake—Won't you forgive me?" he blurted out.

"A mistake? Well I like that," she said, rather on her dignity. But I don't see what I have to forgive." Then the truth came out.

John had sent his valentines all right, but the one to Jane had been delayed. Frank had selected one to send Jane just like the one John had chosen for Emma, and Frank's arrived this day John went home.

It is useless to say that John and Emma came to an understanding and that he went to his room that afternoon supremely happy: He says he will think twice before he plays another valentine joke.

ANY BODY.

The Future of the Anglo-Saxon Race.

The world, as it now stands, is the result of human struggle, of racial competition through countless ages. To-day the Anglo Saxon race occupies the foremost place in all the world and is universally recognized as the greatest exponent of its civilization. Can it maintain this supremacy, or must it, as every race of the past has done, fall into decay? What lies before it, no one can tell; but its possibilities are so clear a child may read them. The tendencies of the race in the past and the present reveal its future.

The Anglo Saxon is, as it always has been, a masterful race—as tenacious of its own customs as China has been, yet as mobile as the sea, excelling all others in its power of absorption. Immigrants by thousands pour every year upon its shores. They land; they scatter over the country. In the second generation they are pure English or American. Each new absorption not only detracts nothing from the marked characteristics, but it infuses new energy into the race, increases its ability and widens its capacity for development.

The Anglo Saxon is not only able to preserve, but has also the rare power of propagating his civilization. His inherent restlessness impels him to change. He crosses land and sea ever carrying with him as part of himself, the laws, the customs and the language of his race and when he has settled, he must rule. This centrifugal tendency has made the Anglo Saxon the great colonizing race of the ages. Though

comprising only a fifteenth part of mankind it, even now rules over nearly a third of the earth's surface, and more than a fourth of its people. And doubtless it is yet destined to dispossess many weaker races, assimilate others and mold the rest, until every land that is not already the seat of a modern civilization, shall become Anglicized.

More than all other people taken together the Anglo Saxon control the world's means of communication; the telegraphs, the railroads and above all the great highway of commerce. Separated from other nations; surrounded by the sea they are essentially a maritime people. Endowed with this supremacy England has with unerring instinct proceeded to seize upon the keys of empire in all parts of the world. Impelled by this hereditary tendency the United States, having experienced a career of unprecedented expansion, has no sooner assimilated this vast natural heritage then it also has taken the first step toward a similar world wide dominion. The race thus spread over both hemispheres and from the rising to the setting sun, possessing every station that controls the pathways of maritime commerce, or guards the approaches to barbarous countries, will not fail to keep that sovereignty of the sea, and that commercial supremacy to which it has attained.

The Anglo-Saxon is accumulating irresistible power with which to press the die of his civilization upon the world. With its present rate of increase, before the end of another century, this race will outnumber all other civilized nations combined. Not that its future supremacy should be based upon mere numbers alone—China forbid!

but the world is to see what it has never yet seen united in the same race—the greatest numbers and the highest civilization.

Every nation or community that inherits the English culture, language, laws and literature are united by these ties of a common origin. Thus joined together are six great countries; two fully grown nations, great and powerful; four extensive colonies, which being only nominally dependencies of Great Britain, will tend to drop off one after the other and become independent. Then will the future see six nations, each separate, each free to work out its own development, yet all united. And the time will come when the members of the Anglo-Saxon race will sustain such relations to each other, that their overwhelming superiority of power will be able to compel the world's peace, and deliver the nations from the vampire of militarism.

The language spoken by these communities, through its peculiar fitness for commercial and diplomatic usages, is becoming more and more generally a world language saturated with Christian ideas, gathering up in itself the best thought of all ages, it is even now the great agent of Christian civilization throughout the world; at this moment affecting the destinies and molding the characters of half the human race.

Every race that has deeply impressed itself on the human family has been the representative of some great idea, which has given directions to the nation's life and form to its civilization. The Anglo-Saxon is the representative of two great ideas. The one of these is civil liberty. Nearly all the civil liberty in the world is enjoyed by the Eng-

lish, the British colonies and the people of the United States. They are the only people whose love of liberty has won it, and whose genius for self-government has preserved it. The Anglo-Saxon institutions show a balance of rights and duties a union of liberty and law, such as cannot be found in any other civilization, eastern or western, ancient or modern.

The other great idea of which this race is the exponent is that of a pure, spiritual Christianity. Every civilization has its destructive and preservative elements. The Anglo-Saxon race would speedily decay but for the salt of Christianity. Its religion is more vital, more vigorous, more spiritual than any other. As a result no race has shown such philanthropy, no race is so easily moved by great moral ideas, none is so quick to accept responsibility for the ignorant, degraded and suffering, or to make generous self-sacrifice in their behalf. On its faithfulness to its trust depends the right of the race to live through future ages. Already in fulfillment of its mission, it is carrying its religion with its civilization like a ring of Saturn—a girdle of light around the world.

Three primary characteristics, the spiritual, intellectual and physical, were each supreme respectively in the Hebrew, Greek and Roman life. Each sufficed to make a nation supremely important in the world's history. The marvel of the Anglo-Saxon race is that it unites all three elements. Such a race thrice fitted to prepare the way for the full coming of the kingdom must, under God, control the world's future.

The widening waves of immigration

which centuries ago flowed east and west from the Valley of the Euphrates, meet today upon the Pacific. There are no more new worlds. The time is coming when the pressure of population will be felt in all the world as it is now felt in Europe and Asia. Then will the world enter upon a new stage of its history—the final competition of races, for which the Anglo-Saxon is being schooled. Then this race of unequalled energy, with all the majesty of numbers, and the might of wealth behind it, the representative, let us hope, of the largest liberty, the purest Christianity and the highest civilization, having developed peculiarly aggressive traits calculated to impress its institutions upon mankind, will assert its superiority.

America, the future home of the race, is to have the great preponderance of numbers, and of wealth, and by the logic of events will follow the scepter of controlling influence. The United States is destined to give the law to the rest of the world. What power and empire and authority and greatness unequalled in the history of mankind it may achieve or may destroy!

Upon the shoulders of the men of this generation, Atlas like, rests the future of the race. Not only are forty centuries looking down upon us, but from the pyramid top of opportunity, upon which God has set us, we look down on forty generations; we stretch our hands into the future with power to mold the destinies of unborn millions. We of this generation, nation and race occupy the Gibraltar of the ages that commands the world's future.

"We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime."

FRED WRIGHT, '00

Valentines.

Valentines are contrivances of man used to make a person believe he is something better or worse than he really is. They are sometimes like concave, other times they are like convex mirrors, exaggerating one way or the other; but at all events they usually cast reflections. The valentine a gentleman receives differs from the valentine a lady receives in that one is resplendent with bows, arrows, hearts and Cupids, or is a caricature of dress or feature; while the other is a caricature of feature or dress, or is resplendent with Cupids, hearts, arrows and bows. There is generally a bean connected with the whole thing.

Valentines date from the earliest times; when Mr. Cheops, who was ruling Egypt as lieutenant governor about 3,000 B. C., decided to build the Great Pyramid to celebrate his re-election.

He did not want an ordinary celebration with bon-fires on the common, or torch light processions with speeches by the candidates, nor did he desire to give a theater party to his constituents; he wanted something substantial something that would outlast his administration and life; so it came about that all the next morning's papers contained a notice that that bids for the contract would be received at the city commissioner's office.

One of Mr. Cheop's political enemies, a man whom he had thwarted in an attempt to escape to Canada with public funds, scoffed at the gigantic idea, and sent him a large slab of stone full of hieroglyphics ridiculing Cheops, who is made to apyramid a

vast throng of stone-cutters and then to be cut entirely by his fellow club-members.

Ordinarily Mr. Cheops was a man who never displayed any emotion,—I might state here that he sat as the model for the Sphinx—but his chagrin on the receipt of this hard blow nearly upset his equanimity.

He suspected who the sender was, but said nothing then; he had that morning engaged one hundred thousand men at the employment agency, and the slightest delay would cause him great inconvenience, besides his enemy was a great friend of the district attorney so he saw that law would not have any "say" in the matter.

Thus we see that this great mass rests on a valentine, but consider how much more rests on a valentine of this modern day. The life-long happiness of a man depends on his reception of a valentine from a lady acquaintance; what if he should spurn her declaration that

"The rose is
Red, the violet's
Blue, honey's
Sweet, and so
Are you."

On an ordinary man-of-the-world's receiving a missive like this, his first feeling is that of the rose mentioned before he has red it clear through; then he feels blue as the violet, because he, a man who has resolved to be a bachelor, should be the recipient; but when he comes to the "sweet" part, all his prejudices are overcome and he begins to believe that there is something in a valentine after all

Valentines usually come through the mail, although it is no uncommon happening for the female to present them, but she

does this with all modesty and reticence even if the time be Leap Year,

Valentines may be all right in their place, but I do not see why a person who is too bashful to express his thoughts, should, instead of expressing them, send them by mail to tell another person of the yearning in his heart, a yearning which can be reproduced only in spoken words. The great depth of feeling can never be expressed by a gaudy piece of paper; and the sooner "Young America" finds this out the better will become the facilities for proposals and disposals.

There has been very much discussion as to the proper time to send valentines, but there is an unwritten law to the effect that the thirteenth of February is the right date; any valentine enclosed in an envelope with a two-cent stamp in the upper right-hand corner will reach its destination. Never mail a valentine in day light, but when it is dark and there is no one astir upon the streets except about four hundred and fifty-three others like yourself; walk quietly up to the postoffice, drop the missive into the box, fold your arms like the Stoics, "and as silently steal away."

"Stubbie."

The Poet's Corner.

The Living Burns.

He never dies who gives the world a song.

'Tis Love alone finds themes in common things
Which mutely stand life's highway all along
Till, touched by love, each one awakes and sings

And he who makes the common things of life
The singers of his song, which strength imparts

To weary travelers, worn by human strife
Forever lives and sings in human hearts

He lives, uncircumscribed by time or place;
Years but enlarge his purpose and his plan.
A universal love shines from his face;
By birth alone a Scot; by heart a Man.

He lives in Scotia' as no poet lives
In any land, the friend of every cause
Which happiness to human hearts can give,
He wrote her songs; who cares who wrote her laws?

Aye, Burns stills lives. He sings in Bonnie Doon.
And on its brig still guards witch-fleeing Tam;

Still dirls the roofless Kirk with lively tune,
Where once Devotion poured her plaintive psalm.

He weeps by Avon as it gently flows
His praise of worth Ayr's auld Brig still proclaims,

His hand holds every plow. The teller goes
To seek repose in Burns-lit, lowly hames.

He peeks from every crimson-tippit flower,
He pleads in every trembling fleeing mouse
He points the Lover to the Hawthorn bower,
And speaks a holy message by a louse.

He sings in Scotia's ancient holy lays,
And bows with reverence at her fireside prayers,

On youth the admonition still he lays
To correspond wi' Him who always hears.

Hypocrisy and cant still feel his sting.
He calls the Kirk to teach her Gospel truth,
To comfort Age let glad Salvation ring,
Nor with damnation tidings blight her youth.

To all the world he gives the social creed,
"Each aid the other" as the noblest life.
Still sings of Friendship as the highest need
Tho' care-worn heart knows in its weary strife.

He laughs at pride of birth and pomp of power;
For human rights and worth his voice is heard;

Still calls for Christian manhood in the hour
When nations need an ornament or guard

The Power Divine, His purpose to impart,
Taught him the secret which old Scotia turns
Into a Symbolized world, heart touching heart;
Wherever Scot meets Scot there Burns meets Burns.

The stately ship of Human Liberty
 Sail's every sea and touches every shore
 Freightened with blessings to humanity,
 Her sails of Faith hope-filled as ne'er before.
 Her Sailors sing the Brotherhood of Man,
 Her Pilot joins the chorus as he turns
 Her helm; his chart-the love-horn social plan,
 Voiced in the songs they sing, the songs of
 Burns. L.

The Faculty.

The faculty? We luv 'em all—
 Doctor F an' Miss McNall,
 C C. Freeman, Prof McKee
 An' all the rest of the powers that be.
 The learned Doctor first we'll toast,
 (Fur be it from me him ter roast);
 No, flies on him the fellers say,
 Can't find his match jest ev'ry day.
 Folks send the'r boys for him ter cram—
 Not jest with marmalade or jam—
 But larnin sich as Latin an' Greek
 An' Junior 'Rations they've got ter speak
 Poor Doc! He's got it mighty tough,
 Fer though we're di'mon's in the rough,
 It's uphill work a teachin us
 A lot of things that makes us cuss.
 Besides his bein' extra wise—
 Who says he aint, tells awful lies—
 He's got a warm an' kindly heart;
 We're sad enough that we've to part.
 Prof Freeman next we'll g'ive a puff
 'Cause he's right on to ev'ry bluff
 An' makes the boys get down an' hustle,
 When science has 'em in a tussle.
 An' Barnie! I'd be an awful sinner
 To write a poem an' him not in'er:
 Or that old timer—M L. Pete—
 He's re'ly quite too swift to beat.
 Miss Hanna counts no feller's pull
 Fer all must 'illustrate in full."
 McKee discours s on the spheres
 An' moves th' Astronomy class to tears.
 An' now, as we'll close this purty soon,
 We've got ter mention Perry Kuhn
 Who sees that prominent Mercerites
 Don't steal our college these moonlight nights.

The faculty don't git half their due
 Fer tryin' to pull us numbskulls through,
 But p'raps some day we'll have to acknowledge
 'At they ought to've fired us all from college.

Sometimes we think they're kinder wrong
 In runnin' things so dogoned strong;
 But mebbey profs know more than we
 An' are safest guides in a stormy sea.

So here's to Doc an' all the rest—
 Our faculty's mighty nigh the best.
 It's quite an honor we may deem,
 To drink the health of such a team.

H.

The Bulrush.

The tale I'll tell
 Of what befell
 A man whom I know very well;
 John Brown by name,
 The very same
 Who was here when Columbus came.
 One summer day
 He quietly lay
 Watching the hot sun sink away,
 When a loud sound
 Made him look around,
 Then for the house with shout and bound.
 A cross old bull
 Of anger full
 Had broken gate and also rule,
 Seeing Brown's head
 And hating red
 The roar he gave would rouse the dead.
 J. Brown ran fast,
 Eye backward cast
 At angry Taurus coming last;
 A few yards more,
 And there's the door,
 Haven of rest and peace galore;
 But ah! Cruel fate,
 It was too late,
 What had made Brown increase his gait?
 A sudden dash—
 And then a crash—
 Gone through the door like lightn'g flash!
 * * * * *
 My story's done,
 Brown tells his son
 The part he took at "Old Bull Run."

C.

Subscribe for THE HOLCAD.

Locals.

The faculty was invited from eight to ten.

McGinness went home but—he came back.

Prof.—had nothing to say, but he talked a lot.

The New Castle papers have gone “hazy-crazy.”

Violin Concerts free. For particulars inquire of Morrison.

Williamson asked us not to tell the good jokes on him.

Authority on playing hearts—Williamson and Miss Balph.

Miss Wilson is thinking of taking a normal course at Indiana.

Prof. Barnes Chorus Class has ceased to practice in the gymnasium.

Is it because Williamson hurt his arm that he is now letting it go to waist?

Washington Irving, according to Geo. Robb, was born in his native city

Bertha Kemps informed the German Class that she possessed three hands.

They say our faculty can't tell a lie—even when they hear one.

It takes Pete Porter to stop “floaters” in History of Philosophy.

Why was Miss McConnell so very particular several weeks ago that her breath should be sweet.

Would the Mercer boys rather play

poker than attend the Jr. Orations? The Globe says “Yes.”

At the last lecture, Berry thoughtlessly hung his hat on a lamp. The conclusion is left to your imagination.

Who is the girl that does not want the college moved to Mercer “on account of old associations.”

The Sophomore class, as shown by their banquet invitations, believe in the adoption of the new method of spelling with a few improvements of their own.

John Lockhart is thinking of building a pair of compasses large enough to reach to the moon.

Some of the New Castle foot-ball players were looking for Degelman the night of the basket ball game.

Bill Cook thinks that the author of our Geology text-book was no relation of Washington, because he has some awful whoppers in his book.

They say that in class Jim Murry can open his book to the place of the lesson, when Miss Hanna so orders, twice as quickly as any one else.

Miss Wilson is already making promises to see that after departing this life, you will be attended to as desired.

Is it true Miss Kennedy caused the 2nd church steeple to sway to and fro when she fell one slippery morning?

The Chrestomath ladies' hair turned gray in one night. It is rumored that they saw a mouse.

Sam McKim's favorite song now-a-days is, "I'm E. Capitan." (Over).

No, Perry, Mercer will not probably carry off the college bodily—at least, very soon.

The Three Inseparables were made happy by Mrs. Ransey's visit—and the eatables she brought.

Bill Stewart wishes Sprig would get a move on, so he could rave enough to get that class poem through.

A most brutal murder was committed the other day. A Hall girl met one of the fellows up town and cut him dead.

Who stole the dumb-bells? The faculty should have had the school up on the 22nd. On the birthday of our voracious hero, they would surely have found out the truth.

The Preliminary Oratorical Contest gives promise of being very exciting. The committee in charge promise a good musical programme. The Contest will be held in Chapel Hall, Tuesday evening March 14.

Soph. (to Prof. McLaughry). —I have turned gray thinking of the marks you gave me last term.

Prof. —And I have turned gray thinking that a young man should have so much brains and never use them.

(Soph shakes the flour out of his head, and goes home, sadder, but wiser.)

Prof. McElree doesn't claim anything for himself in calling dances but he is right in it when it comes to calling dancers—would be dancers.

"It is pretty near a case of biting their own nose to spite their face" with those hoodlums who carried off the dumb bells from the gym. Those Psalter and bloomer precedents still lead young verdants astray.

Prof. McKee's efforts to get the Astronomy class out star gazing haven't been very successful. Perhaps if there were more young ladies in the class the project would meet with more encouragement.

"I never was much on fiction" said the young man.

"My boy" replied the wise father, "have you forgotten the expense account you used to send me when you were at college?"

Smart Soph. —"Say, did you know that they've caught the man who laid out Blevins in New Castle?"

Unsuspecting Senior —"No. Who was he?"

Smart Soph —"The undertaker."

As this is the last number of the HOLCAD published by the present staff, we wish to acknowledge the very considerable help received from fellow editors and students. A large number of our best locals have been written by witty friends who really deserved a place on the department.

Quite a number of students enjoyed the dedication services at the Methodist church and were only restrained from going down deep in their pockets by the knowledge that there wasn't anything there. Some of the boys were so delighted that they even waited around the door until the choir had passed out.

There is a feeling of rest and peace in the Junior class. The Orations are over and eloquence is laid on the shelf. They have presented to us much of the wisdom found in our library and in their effort to get the best may even have drawn upon the resources of Tiffin. People now know how the country should be governed, what heroes the ancients were, and how the great minds of 'oo have decided the abstract questions of the day. The Junior Orators have striven mightily to pull us out of the darkness of ignorance. Let us not withhold the unstinted praise which is their due.

The Martha Washington Tea Party given by the Chrestomaths was quite a delightful affair. Such quaint old ladies as greeted the guests were really a delight to look upon. Their powdered pompadour hair, fearfully and wonderfully made skirts, and grand-motherly airs carried a fellow back to the time when he was a boy. The guests declared that some of the Marthas will be prettier forty years hence than now. They did look attractive as they presided over the silver tea urn and poured out thimble-fuls of nectar, into the daintiest of cups. My, me! Those good old days will never come again.

Will Stewart says it is never safe to be around when a certain Senior Chem finishes his calculations on an experiment. If they are correct, said Chem, according to the above authority, will break every chair in the Lab in the excess of his joy, and if the results are wrong the air will have a distinct bluish tinge for hours afterwards.

The concert by the Cecelian Ladies'

Quartette was a decided success. They presented an excellent program suited to the tastes of every class of people. The plantation melodies were well received while more classical selections were rendered with expression and splendid harmony. All the ladies had good voices, but the alto, Mrs. Shepherd, was far beyond the ordinary. Mr. Berliner, Violin Virtuoso, deserves a high place as a musical artist. He is a master of his instrument and that is the highest praise that can be given. It is difficult to see how Miss Rhodes could be surpassed in her art.

Prof. Freeman attempted to liquify amonia under two atmospheres' pressure the other day. The apparatus suddenly started heavenward and from the noise of the explosion the chems thought Prof. had started to the same region. Freeman managed to escape with a dash of strong amonia in his eye, but two thousand pieces of glass on the floor showed him what a narrow escape he had.

If anyone had watched the fellows known to be in love he would have been well repaid for his trouble on Valentine's Day. Early in the morning Gilfillan was observed in the post-office with four very wide, very bulky, and very highly ornamented envelopes which he dropped in the box while he made a mighty effort to keep from blushing. But attention was soon diverted from him to Johnny Nelson tenderly carrying something wrapped up in tissue paper which he tried to slip into the box without letting anybody see. At least six times during the day McCollam, Purvis, and Ben Allison nervously tip-toed up to the

o' the window gazed anxiously at the empty shelves and with choking sobs turned away. Yet once McCollam dashed excitedly through the door and with a heroic attempt at calmness asked for No—. Then clutching something white to his heart he rushed down town. Ah, well! We poor fellows that don't have it bad miss a good deal of life.

On February 7th the Sophomores honored the Seniors with the most elaborate banquet ever held at Westminster. Fully a hundred guests accepted invitations—or, 'twere better said, graced the hall with their presence. Some of the heroes of 1911 and '99 valiently carried off the fairest damsels from the enemy's camp. But that was only retaliation for similar misdeeds by Freshies and Juniors. The social part of the evening was spent in Philo Hall, which was strikingly ornamented by class colors and stunning evening dress effects. Cameron had several rather clever schemes for the amusement of the company and as a result Time seemed to have taken wings to itself. A dainty little booklet—carefully treasured as a souvenir—broke the social ice with a combination of guessing and autograph hunting. The original poetry brought forth by another plan ought to have put Longfellow to shame—if he had been guilty of writing it. Promptly at ten o'clock Pres. Jordan and lady led the grand march to the banquetting hall—the gymnasium. The old gym was almost a vision of Fairyland with its pillars hidden by gaily colored bunting, the long table strewn with carnations and things more edible, and the array of colored waiters gorgeous in full dress suits. The

menu was faultless and the dainties were served in a way that left room for nothing but praise. Then followed the toasts and after three hours of banquetting the company returned to the hall. Some time, not very long before morning, the merry-makers wended their homeward way wondering if it were only a dream, and if Alladin's lamp hadn't been mixed up in it some way or other.

FACULTY BY EXPRESSIONS.

- Doctor.—I will consult the faculty.
 Miss McLaughry.—Well?
 Miss Hodgens.—Pshaw!
 Miss Hanna.—I don't know, but——
 Miss Brown.—See?
 Miss Elliott.—I would be delighted.
 Miss MacNall.—Oh, dear!
 Miss McConnell.—Has none.
 Mrs. Robertson.—Remember to whom you are talking.
 Prof. McElree.—99 times out of 100; yes 999 times out of 1000,
 Prof. Holmes.—No noise in the gym.
 Prof. Freeman.—Sufficient for that.
 Prof. Barnes.—I am indignant.
 Prof. Peterson.—Why, man—I fancy.
 Prof. McKee.—Precisely—exactly'
 Perry.—Sez I.
 Librarian.—As in Philadelphia.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- McGuinness—Valentines are to be used.
 Miss M—Age will bring keener discriminations
 Subscriber—Ayers' Hair Invigorator is the best restorer that we know of.
 Prof. McKee—A constellation of

stars now down in the almanac is Westminster's 'Variety Basket Ball Team.

Mr. Snapshot—The quotation you ask about is: "A pun is the lowest form of wit."

Jack—For particulars concerning the song 'How I love my Lu!', we refer you to Jack McLane, leader of Mandolin club.

Prof. Holmes—In response to your inquiry, we wish to state that the by-laws of New Wilmington distinctly forbid revolver practice within the borough limits.

McL—Get a book on etiquette, borrow some nerve of Austin Joseph, and with the good qualities you have described to us you will become a social lion.

Jolly—Nick Carter's are the best literature works for a prep contemplating a literary career to study.

Robb—Pleasant expressions may be bought at McDowells on Saturdays at ten per cent discount

Morrison—Don't stop! The ladies are used to all kinds of rackets.

Mowry—In answering your question, when was iron first discovered we must confess that we do not know. We thought that you were an authority.

Binno—Yes, all those lanes are very charming places, but, although you neglected to mention it, we do not think that you have Missed the best Lane. (You probably use the first name.

Williamson—No. After making careful inquiries we find that the road to the Hall from the post office is not past the M. E. church.

Now is the season of the year
When jabbering Junior doth appear—
As is the custom—
And gives to Congress information
How it forsooth should run the nation—
(This, from the rostrum)

'Tis said, howe'er, this information
The Junior for our delectation
Gives from the rostrum—
He purchases at so much per
(Of course to this I can't aver—
Ask what it cost 'im.)

Who's on this Board Advisory
Is this the question you ask me?
Why, Freeman, Barnes and McEree
Compose the Board Advisory.
Stewart and Ewing really
Are on the Board Advisory,
But they are there in name only—
The pros control the Board, by gee!

"I wrote home yesterday" said the Freshman. "Yes, I simply wrote home. I said:

"Dear dad:

Send me Ten

Your loving son,

Johunny."

Athletics.

New Castle Y. M. C. A. defeated Westminster in a close game of basket ball Jan. 24. The College team were handicapped somewhat by the strange floor, it being so short that the guards were required to do much of the forwards' work. Kuhn and Sloss did good work for Westminster, while Ayers was conspicuous on the New Castle side of the argument. Indeed, he went so far that cries of derision were raised by his townsmen. The game was lost in the last minutes of play by a long throw from one of the New Castle guards.

We regret that last year's champions,

Duquesne, are falling far beneath their previous record. They have lost a good man in Nichols, but their team work ought to pull them out of many tight places. However, they may be on a better road now, as W. U. P. fell an easy victim in their last game.

A salient feature of the league games this year is the roughness that has characterized them all. Some of the games have been won by this means alone. The large scores run up on both sides is also a point worthy of notice. The guards no longer seem to be able to keep their opponents down to one or two goals as has been the case in previous years. This may be credited to the proficiency of the forwards due to a greater experience, or it may be that a different style of play is adopted. Perhaps both, but at any rate the forward is required to use the greatest accuracy and let no easy chances slip by.

The Geneva Basket Ball team came to our town and defeated our team 23 18 on Feb. 11. The game was evenly contested 'till the last five minutes, when Geneva scored several goals and made certain the result.

The return game was played at Beaver Falls Feb. 20 and also resulted in a defeat for Westminster 29-21

A meeting is to be held in Pittsburg Feb. 25 to arrange for the Inter-Collegiate field day. This meeting has usually had a few difficulties to surmount, and some are promised for Saturday. W. & J. are out with a proposition to have the meet at

Washington, in return for which they are to furnish the grounds, medals, advertising, etc. Of course they neglect to mention the incalculable benefit they derive from such a scheme, showing up the dark side only. We should oppose this because of financial troubles and because of the disadvantages foreign athletes are under when on strange earth.

The Westminster basket ball team suffered defeat at Meadville Feb. 22 by a score of 23 13. It was a hot game throughout, rough playing on Allegheny's part being conspicuous.

Music and Art.

The Cecelian Ladies Quartette gave the last concert on the Lecture Course last Thursday evening. While the audience scarcely knew what to expect they nevertheless gave an enjoyable entertainment. Their choice of numbers was perhaps as well suited to different tastes as could be, and ranged all the way from folk songs to classic airs. Miss Rhoades was a valuable member of the company, her posing and pantomime being of the highest merit. Rudolph Berliner, violinist, became an immediate favorite with the audience. His Bohemian air was a factor in this, although his playing showed that he possessed considerable merit.

PROGRAM.

1. Quartet.	"Legenda"	Mohring.
2. Monologue.	Village Seamstress.	
3. Violin Solo.	Fantasic.	Leonard.
4. Quartette	Kentucky Babe.	Geibel.
5. Posing.	In a Sculptors Studio.	
6. Solo.	Spring Song.	Emery.

7	Violin Solo	Serenade	Herbert
8	Quartet	Daybreak	Penret
9.	Pantomime	Sandolphin	
10.	Song	Good Bye Sweet Day	Vannah
11.	Folk Songs	Italian	
		German	
		American	

entertainment that has been in the dramatic circles of Westminster.

Alumni and College World.

An interesting musical program is being arranged for the Preliminary Contest. The best talent in town has been secured, and as the admission fee is but a trifle everyone should attend.

Miss McKelvey of Somerset is a recent addition to the art class. She left the staid old town of Beaver for our village and we hope that she will find all conditions suitable.

In April Pittsburg is to have a season of grand opera surpassing any previous efforts. Geo. H. Wilson, the manager, has secured Nordica and Bispham in "Lohengrin," Sembrich and Campanari in "The Barber of Seville," Emma Eames, Mantelli, Salza and Plancon in "Faust," and Lehman, Marie Brema, Van Dyke, Pringle and Van Rooy in "Die Walkure." Jean de Reske has been engaged for one evening in "Loongrin." As this is the first time he has consented to sing west of New York much credit is given to the manager.

Rosenthal, the remarkable pianist, gave a recital in Carnegie hall, Pittsburg, Feb. 11th.

"Our Boys," an original modern comedy, is to be given by the members of Miss McConnell's elocution class during the last week of school. The class has begun its practice and under Miss McConnell's able directorship hope to give the most pleasant

Rev. Huber Ferguson, '91, who has for some years had charge of a congregation at Caledonia, N. Y., expects to resign his charge there to take up his work in Portland, Ore., from which place he received a call some time ago.

Rev. J. H. Spencer, '92, who is engaged in ministerial work at New Athens, O., recently assisted Rev. Barr of this place in preaching services held in connection with a communion occasion.

The authorities at Oxford University have decided that students shall not wear tan shoes when they present themselves for degrees.

Among the recent alumni visitors in town were Miss E. A. Barnes, '95, who is engaged as nurse in the hospital at McKeesport, Pa.; Mr. William Brown, '95, who was graduated at Allegheny Seminary last spring, and Mr. L. K. Peacock, '98, who is a student in the Theological Seminary at Allegheny.

"Prizes for debating amounting to \$1300 are offered yearly to the students of the University of Chicago." Work along the line of debating perhaps involves more that is practically useful than any other sphere of college work, and it is certainly a wise plan to encourage it in every possible way.

Rev. J. R. Brittain, '63, was in chapel

a few days ago and gave a short talk to the faculty and students. Mr. Brittain is an earnest and wide-awake friend of the college. He was formerly a member of the board of trustees, and in that capacity served the best interests of the college in a very active and aggressive manner. He has recently been engaged in pastoral work at Oxford, Ohio, but expects to quit his labors there and devote himself to the cause of temperance reform as carried on by the anti-saloon league.

Mr. W. W. Barr, '88, who is engaged in pastoral work at Central Falls, R. I., has received a call to become pastor of the United Presbyterian church at Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. Stewart Shipler, '98, died a short time ago of pneumonia. His death occurred at Swissvale where he had gone a few weeks ago to engage in his work as a chemist. He had made rather a specialty of chemistry while in school here, and during the last year had been engaged at his chosen work. He had been with the Aschman company at Sharon for some time, and only recently changed his location.

Rev. R. W. McGranahan, pastor of the Tenth United Presbyterian church, Allegheny, has been elected to the presidency of Knoxville College at Knoxville, Tenn. Mr. McGranahan is not an alumnus of this institution but was connected with her as professor for several years, during which time he won a place in the history of our college which will always give to Westminster an interest in his welfare. He was graduated from Monmouth in 1887 and

was professor of Latin here for a number of years.

Mr. Breaden McElree, '90, who has been studying at Chicago University, has been compelled to quit school on account of his health.

Mr. J. N. Swan, '86, is being prominently mentioned in connection with the presidency of Iowa State University. Dr. Swan served as professor here after his graduation, and afterwards took a post graduate course in John Hopkins University, receiving the degree of Dr. of Philosophy from that institution. After leaving John Hopkins he took up his work as professor of chemistry in Monmouth college, where he is still engaged. It is said that his not being a minister was all that prevented him from being selected as president of Monmouth College, when their last president was elected.

Mr. J. Y. McKinney, '92, who has been keeping an orange grove in Florida, had all his orange trees killed by the recent cold weather. Mr. McKinney taught for some time after leaving college in Edinboro State Normal School. He was afterwards chosen as principal of the public schools of Beaver Falls, Pa. He served in this capacity for some time, but was compelled to go south on account of his health, and has since been engaged in the culture of oranges.

"In 1872 only 500 persons in a million were enrolled in colleges in the United States. In 1897 the number had risen to 1216 in a million. Considering that the standard of admission to colleges has been considerably increased during that period,

Secretary Bliss estimates that the number of students in colleges and universities is three times greater than it was twenty-five years ago, and that the number pursuing post-graduate courses is twenty-five times as large as it was in 1872."

"The Cuban Educational association has been organized for the purpose of accepting and carrying out the offers made by the American colleges to give free tuition to two or more reputable Cuban students each. The Association has announced that the responses received from Cubans desiring to accept these offers are numerous, but the allotments include only young Cubans who can pay their own board and incidental expenses. No young men will be allotted, who do not promise to make their home in Cuba after their education in the United States."

Chancellor Holland of the Western University has been making an effort to secure an appropriation from the state to be used in the removal of the university from its present location to somewhere in Pittsburgh. The purpose is to bring the different departments of the university closer together. Chancellor Holland has finally succeeded in having a bill introduced into the legislature providing \$650,000 for this purpose. If the scheme is successful it will no doubt do much to raise the standard of the university in many ways. By bringing the working forces of the various departments into closer union, it would receive new impetus which would raise it to the position that it deserves among American universities.

Exchanges.

It seems to be a part of Divine Providence that every marked advance in civilization must begin in mighty convulsions. The moral law was first proclaimed in the thunders of Sinai; and the earthly missions of the Savior of mankind closed with the rending of the mountains and the throes of the earthquake. The goddess of liberty herself was born in the shock of battle, and amid its carnage has carved out some of our grandest victories, while o'er its crimsoned fields the race has marched on to higher and nobler destinies.—Ex.

Very few of our exchanges appear to realize that a college periodical should be of such a nature that any one interested in the college would be able to enjoy reading it. The literary articles are not always as readable as they might be and sometimes very little space is given to this department. The locals and athletic notes should not have less attention paid to them, but the other departments should be longer and more carefully prepared. It is an almost overpowering thought that "on what we say or do to day may depend the success or completeness of our entire life struggle." But we are not to look for an opportunity to make some great decision which is to mold lives for we may never find one, but the small deeds and words, may as truly be balances upon which one destiny turns, as the most apparent crisis that mortals ever faced. It behooves us then to have a care that each day is lived aright; that each day is filled with the highest and best, to this

end we can but, as each morning calls us to the joy or pain which is before us, put these poor lives into the tender hand of Him whose word is pledged to keep us.

Each student should always keep within his reach some first class book, with a book-mark in it, to which he may turn at any moment without the trouble of hunting either for the book or the point to which he has read. In this way many bits of time may be saved which would otherwise be lost.—Ex.

Gladstone's place in history has not yet been determined. A recent writer would compare him with Bismark. But the Iron Chancellor must rather be ranked with Napoleon Bonaparte as a soldier, not as a statesman—for as a statesman he lacked that humanity which made Gladstone universally loved and admired. Bismark gave the world a united Germany. Gladstone emancipated an English people. Bismark's was the work of the sword dealt with an unrelenting hand. Gladstone's was the work of peace, wrought with equal courage and purified by an honest uprightness of conviction.—Ex.

We often feel we have no time for library work, and in many cases this is true, but it is a sad truth. It allows our minds

to be dwarfed, and limits their power in every line of work. A part of each day should be spent in association with some great mind and soul. No one can do his part in life without knowing what man has accomplished. No one can be truly cultured without he be acquainted with the highest thoughts and purest motives of mankind as they are given to us through literature.—Ex.

College Verse.

They sawed off his arms and legs,
They took out his jugular vein,
They put fancy frills on his lungs,
They deftly extracted his brain.
'Twas a triumph of surgical skill
Such as was never heard of till then;
'Twas the subject of lectures before
Conventions of medical men.
The news of this wonderful thing
Was heralded far and wide;
But as for the patient, there's nothing to say
Excepting, of course, that he died—Ex.

I thought I knew I knew it all,
But now I must confess,
The more I know I know I know,
I know I know the less.—Ex.

There are moments in to-day,
God knows where,
When they who have a blessing
And can spare,
May confer as angels do,
Help to bring another through
A troubled day.

WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

FACULTY.

THE REV. ROBERT GRACEY FERGUSON, D. D.,
President and Professor of Mental and
Moral Sciences.

MARGARET McLAUGHRY, A. M.,
Professor of English.

JOHN JAMES McELREE, A. M.,
Professor of Latin.

CHARLES FREEMAN, A. M.,
Professor of Mathematics and Chemistry.

MORGAN BARNES, A. M.,
Professor of Greek.

INA MAY HANNA, B. S.,
Professor of Botany.

GEORGE C. McKEE, B. A.,
Professor of Physics

MARY HOUSTON BROWN, A. M.
Professor of French and German.

M. LUTHER PETERSON,
Director of Music.

MAUD MORROW McNALL.
Instructor in Piano.

LINNIE HODGEN,
Instructor in Art.

MARIE McCONNEL,
Instructor in Elocution.

DOROTHY EMMA ELLIOTT,
Tutor in Preparatory Department.

HENRY CHALMERS MITCHELL,
Assistant in Chemistry.

WILLIAM JACKSON HOLMES. Physical Director.

Six Courses of Study—Classical. Scientific, Literary, Preparatory, Music and Art.

Musical Conservatory and Ladies Hall.

College Year began September 7, 1898.

Address Rev. R. G. FERGUSON, President, Newilmington, Pa.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. XX.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., MARCH, 1899.

No. 7.

The Holcad.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

Editorial Staff.

WILLIAM E. BROOKS, '00.....EDITOR IN CHIEF
MARY E. TURMER, '00.....ASSISTANT
EDWARD G. FRAZER, '00.....
THOMAS C. COCHRAN, '01.....LITERARY DEPARTMENT
SANNIE M. STEWART, '00.....
JOHN M. CAMERON, '01.....LOCAL DEPARTMENT
PEARL ANDREWS, '00.....ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD
FAITH W. STEWART, '00.....MUSIC AND ART
JAMES CHAMBERS, '00.....ATHLETICS AND EXCHANGES
JAMES C. SLOSS, '00.....BUSINESS MANAGER
JAMES E. MURRAY, '00.....ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER

Publishers Notice.

THE HOLCAD is a monthly of ten issues a year, published by the undergraduates of Westminster College.

Entered at the Postoffice at New Wilmington Pa., as second class mail matter.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni, or any who are or have been connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Address all communications to THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

TERMS One copy per year, \$1.00. Single copy 15c.

The change of staff has come again and you are expecting us to say something. We were thinking over what we should say when by some means or other those splendid words of Lincoln came into mind, "With malice toward none, with charity to all, with firmness in the right as God giveth us to see the right." That was the policy he outlined for his great work. Why would it not be a

good one for our little work? The necessity of doing it rightly, of doing it in the best way is entailed upon us as it was upon him, and there can be only one right way and one best way and that is the way God giveth us to see. We call it little and yet no man's work is little measured by the size of the man himself. Our work is not little. The men and women who have filled our places in the years before us have not been little, nor has their work. Westminster is not a little college, for colleges and everything else should be measured by what they do and not by the appearance they make. And it is not a little thing to speak for her undergraduate body in the columns of her paper. You will forgive us if this seems like egotism. It is not meant to be. We crave your pardon if in anything we fall short of the standard set, the best. We ask your assistance, everyone who calls Westminster Mother Fair, to the end that we may attain this end, your counsel, your contributions of matter, your support in the maintaining of the paper. We have only one end before us, to advance the glory of old Westminster, our Alma Mater dear.

It was with a feeling of gladness that we read today the line in the newspaper, "Kipling is out of danger." What a loss his death would have been, a loss to the

whole world, for an author's circle is no longer his own people or his own country. How strong he is, this young man, who has in the face of a bitter criticism forced the world's admiration for his genius, and made himself at thirty-three the foremost figure in the realm of English letters. His strength is perhaps the most impressive thing about his work. He has made wonderful strides in his art and his sympathies have grown vastly wider in the years that he has been before the public. The man who wrote "The White Man's Burden" is infinitely beyond the one who wrote "L'Envoi" in "The Story of the Gadsbys." Kipling could not write the latter now. The secret of his success is as he himself expresses it,

"—through Thy Grace

I saw naught common on the earth "

It may not be, as Joaquin Miller said, that "he will be a second Shakespeare," but to him many look as the Master that is to be.

—

We want to make the Alumni Notes a special feature hereafter. We realize that the paper has little attraction for an alumnus unless he gets news of the boys and girls whom he knew in the days when he was an undergrad. It will be impossible to have a live column without the help of every graduate. Write and tell us what you are doing, what somebody else is doing, that it will interest a second somebody else to know about. You will bestow a kindness on us, you may on yourself, for maybe the fellow whom you have not heard of for years might take it in his head to drop you

a line for old friendship's sake, when he learns where you are. Try it.

—

Hon. George R Wendling in his instructive lecture which we all heard so recently, "Mirabeau and the French Revolution," clearly brought before us a danger to which mobs at some time may subject our nation unless controlled at their very origin. This is a state of affairs that is very little considered and yet is it only the nation that can be said to be in danger from such actions? There is a certain spirit in college life that is not only contagious but is more or less developed and though this would not be rightly named if called a mob-spirit, it can justly be classed with such. The desire to break rules especially when they have been made for one's own benefit is not commendable and how much higher the standard of honor would be were the body of students to look down upon any such acts of wilful disobedience. Things have happened in our little world that have caused innocent fun and these episodes are not to be condemned even if the offenders do have to stand a deserved punishment; but like many other actions the harm comes in the excess of such actions and their enlargement. As in the case with the nation it is only the people that can dispel such mobs, so nothing can break up any such spirit that might have room to grow in college but the students and are we willing to do it?

—

A certain amount of love for music seems to be inherent within every one. That the appreciation of music varies with persons is plainly evident, but who is there that

will not be touched to a certain degree by this most beautiful of arts? The department of a college is often best judged by its membership and though the individual work here in this line is highly promising, the class work does not receive the recognition which it should by all the students. Chorus and notation need your support, fellow students. But that best and most attractive feature of any college, the college glee club, seems to be an impossibility in Westminster and why, we can not say, for talent is not lacking. It has been attempted and failed, but is this any reason why it should not be tried again? If this is not advisable, there is another thing which should at least meet with our approval and this is the singing of the boys in the public highways. Now by this, no unseemly conduct, nor at untimely hours is meant, but in no better way can hours of recreation be spent and there is no one who can truthfully say that he does not stop to listen. A good cheering song is worth more to some people than a mint of money. Let us look to one of our large colleges and profit by the good example furnished us by Princeton students,

Literary Department.

Civil Progress.

In the extension of modern arts and industry, the mass of mankind have been taught to expect ease and comfort if not luxury. We boast so constantly of what we have done in this direction, that many believe

the end for which society exists, is the greatest happiness of the greatest number. It is an axiom of political science, that political institutions should establish this result. Our philosophers encourage this doctrine. It is affirmed that our civilization is a failure because poverty continues to exist, and that a society in which poverty continues to exist is fit only to be destroyed. Yet here is a fair question, "Is there any other man to blame for the fact that I am poor?" One triumph of civilization is that we are not all steeped in poverty and misery.

The student of Sociology is more and more appalled as he goes on gaining knowledge of what man was, and a more definite conception of what the human race must once have been. A missionary among the Fijian Islanders often heard a shouting at sunrise. When he asked what it meant he was told that the people were sad. This mournful and childlike howling with which they greeted a new day of misery, is the most pathetic and at the same time most rational and fit manifestation that we should expect to find among such people. Why are any of us better off than they? Why are we not all sunk in poverty and squalor, and destitute of all things fitted to serve the need of man and raise him out of a slavery to nature? Another triumph of civilization is that we are above that stage and some of us are emancipated from poverty.

It has been said that there are men or classes of men, who have no share in the lief that we can do away with all hardships and establish universal well-being if we choose. In all our discussions we assume that

single principle. Such an assertion rests on a great misconception of facts. There is not a man in a civilized state who has no share in the inheritance of knowledge, doctrine, ideas and rights which come down to us as the fruits of civilization. We take these things in by habit, and think they come down of themselves or are innate. They are the product of the struggles of generations. In early times, men had only one means of learning. That was by trial and failure. They paid with their blood the penalties of all their mistakes. Our inheritance of established rights is the harvested product of the few successful experiments out of thousands of failure.

The achievements of the race have been accomplished by the thinking men. There is no ground in all history for the notion that the masses of mankind have provided the wisdom and done the work. There is, in this whole region of thought, a mass of dogmas and superstitions which must be corrected by hard thinking or great suffering. A man is good for something only as he knows, thinks, and does. Those men who are leaders in everything are the men who use reflection and forethought and exercise industry and self control. Hence, the dogma that all men are equal, is the most flagrant falsehood and most immoral doctrine which men have ever believed. It means, that a man who has not done his duty is as good as one who has, and takes away all sense from the teachings of moralists when they instruct the youth that a man who pursues one line of action will go down to shame and disgrace and he who pur-

sues another will go up to honor and success. It is, on the contrary, a doctrine of the greatest moral importance, that truth, wisdom and righteousness come only through painstaking study and striving. These things are so hard that only a few attain them. As men are required to cope with the exigencies that arise, they are differentiated into bitter and worse as to personal and social value. The fact that there are winners and losers in all the conquests that contribute to civilization demonstrates an inequality. In what they get out of life, and more in what they put into it, men are unequal. Those who have done the world's thinking for it have received the most unequal compensation.

In nothing have we as yet, made so little advance as in civil government or political organization. We have abandoned hereditary government because we regard it as illogical. It affords no guarantees that fit persons will hold power. It is stable but not flexible or plastic. But have we as yet produced political methods under Democratic or Republican government which afford guarantees that fit persons alone will hold power? It is very certain that we have not. We do not fear for the stability of the civil organization. We desire flexibility and plasticity; but if we have lost the notion of fitness altogether and are irritated by it when it is brought within our notice, it is certain we have made no step in advance.

The fact is, the vague encouragement which has been given for a century to idle dreams and senseless ambitions, has produced social questions with which our so-

ciology is in no position to cope. How far we are from it may be judged when we find it asserted that the end of society is justice. The problem, "What is the end of man?" has been discussed. It is idle. The scientific view of the matter is that a thing exists for reasons which refer it to its antecedents or cause, not to its destiny.

Our hope is in the God of nations. He who presides over the race is a God of truth and without iniquity. Just and right is He. He who furthers the conformity of the people and laws to His will, is the nation's greatest benefactor. Men have often failed to see the righteousness of Divine Government in the history of mankind. Still, like all the great forces of nature, the right moves on silently and unseen.

The wrong in the individual or the nation must be brought at last to a terrible crisis. "The triumph of the wicked is short and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment."

Rectitude is on the throne of the universe and wrong, though encircled with crowns, rooted in nations and backed by all the navies of the world must melt before it like mountains of snow under the rays of a burning sun. For sixty centuries the condition of man on the earth has been an anomaly in the universe, a disgrace and curse to himself. What clouds have darkened his heavens! What storms have shattered his energies, plans and fortunes!

But better times are coming. The clouds will melt into azure and the storms be hushed into silence.

"All the world 'round a clearer faith is shining

And the long yearnings after rest increase,
Yet shall the world, her weary head reclining
Dream a new poem on the lap of peace,
For truth is opening wide her bright evangel,
And the fell darkness over nations spread,
Is but the shadow of that hovering angel
Soon to descend with sunshine on his head."

MARY SNODGRASS, '00.

What of the Future?

In geological history we are impressed with the fact that between those divisions of time called Ages, Periods and Eras there elapsed long intervals. These were periods of change and revolution in the earth's surface and environments, of which no record is left beyond the fact that they existed. Concerning these periods we must forever remain in ignorance. Those periods of which record is left were the periods of quiet development and gentle growth. Since the dawn of history the same alternation of periods of revolution and periods of growth has continued. All of these we are at liberty to study, but unlike geological history, it is the periods of revolution that attract attention. Wars and the progress of armies fill the greater part of historic books. But when were developed those principles for which men have fought, upon which nations have been founded, and on account of which nations have crumbled to the dust? It has been invariably in times of peace, in times of quiet, development that principles of religious thought and action, principles of political and individual liberty have been born and nurtured until they outgrew the restraints of such a cradle and took their places in the world, often amid the clash of

arms and the bloodshed of revolutions. So wars are not the potent factors of history, but rather the effects of causes that have their source in periods of peace and development.

The nineteenth century is near the close. It came forth as a young man to run a race, glorying in its strength. It has run a good race, and in that race it has made more progress than all the eighteen that were before it. The progress of the nineteenth century has been materialistic in the extreme. Advancement in social economy and moral thought have not kept pace with material development. Everywhere we see vast achievements; electrical inventions, railroads, steamships and engines of war.

The improvement in conveniences of life during the nineteenth century can scarcely be conceived. On the other hand our social system has experienced but slight development. The race for wealth has been so alluring that men have forgotten those higher things which are equally essential to their temporal welfare. Much as has been the attention given to education, moral thought has remained undeveloped. Shall the twentieth century follow the same line? Shall the world continue to make equally rapid strides in the mechanical arts and in science? This is the question on which hinges the destiny of the future. It is but natural to look forward to a continuation of scientific improvement. Indeed we cannot conceive of the opposite. To remain in a given condition is contrary to the laws of nature. We must either go forward or backward. To retrograde from such a civiliza-

tion seems impossible. We must certainly continue to advance in the science of material things. But the chief achievements of the twentieth century must be a development apart from these, a development even higher and more noble than that of its glorious predecessor. The new century will see a change of ideas, a complete change of thought, a spirit that will say to him who toils, enjoy the fruits of thy labor, a spirit that shall frown down upon despotism in individual and social life. When such conditions exist, and only then, can America be indeed "the land of the free" as well as "the home of the brave." Socialism says such conditions can be easily brought about by the application of its principles. But they are principles so unnatural in themselves, so inconsistent in their application, that a liberty loving people cannot accept them. That which is needed is the quickening of popular conscience and the enlightening of public opinion, and that every individual know and feel himself a component part of that great whole which is responsible for the future.

For society is an organism subject to all the laws of an organized body. The importance of the time in which one lives is seldom appreciated. It is natural for the human mind to undervalue those things which it sees and experiences. It is natural to turn with enthusiasm to the strategic points of history, and having their results before us, compare them with the present and depreciate our own times, whose results are yet to come. Who can predict what importance future history may attach to the present?

What indeed, depends upon the issues of to-day? The world is entering upon a new epoch and the close of the nineteenth century is its critical point. Shall popular conscience create a public opinion recognizing those fundamental laws of service and sacrifice which are the foundation principles of Christianity and of nature? Shall self interest and selfish greed continue to shape the policies of nations and of men? Whether or not these laws are regarded, the laws themselves will remain, and like all laws of nature, if neglected, will inflict their own punishment. If in this critical period the hand of destiny makes sure the future, the twentieth century must tend toward a more practical Christianity. Not a new Christianity, but a more practical application of the old. Man's relation to God and man's relation to man make up the plan of Christian philosophy. The one was accepted from the first, but the full significance of the latter has never been appreciated. It was this that led Robert Burns to exclaim, "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." It was as if the river of human sympathy was frozen even from the time its first ripple sprang from that Galileean mountain. Remaining so it must await the rising sun of the twentieth century to dissipate that selfish cold. Already the presence of the twentieth century is felt in the closing years of the nineteenth.

Even now the water of that river is beginning to move and we feel the influence of its current. America has stretched forth her mighty arm and liberated a suffering people from the inhuman oppression of a

greedy tyranny. In so doing she has already taken a step towards the twentieth century progress and covered herself with glory before the world and before God. If this be the tendency of the twentieth century the future is assured. For when the results of such a progressive development appear, their very nature will impel a continuation in the same line. Since this is the unmistakable indication of the present, is it necessary to either ask or answer the question: Shall America stand the test of the ages? Shall America fade away as the nations of the past? Never before was a nation founded with the principles of Christianity as a reason. Never before has a nation followed these principles as America is doing. And because she is obeying those fundamental laws, she will pass down the ages an example of God's blessing to man and man's glory to God.

H. C. MITCHELL, '99.

Jay J. Jeigh at Mars.

"Ho for Mars!"

This is what Mr. Jeigh exclaimed one morning after spending the entire night in his workshop and laboratory getting ready for one of the frequent trips he made through the air. He had confined his former visits to the earth, but the idea of sailing away to one of the other planets came to him, and he resolved to speed away to Mars at the earliest opportunity.

No wonder he was rejoicing. When the day of departure came he started up with his balloon at an angle of forty-five de-

grees. She did not stay thus for long, but soon dropped into a steady swift motion in the direction of Mars.

Mr. Jeigh's supreme reason for wishing to visit this superior plauet was that he wished to confirm, if possible, the current belief that it was inhabited. Many times through his magnificent telescopes had he viewed Mars as it pursued its course in the orbit between those of the earth and Jupiter; he had beheld the reddish color of the planet, the continents and seas marked out as upon the earth, the snowy poles, and with pleasure Mr. Jeigh looked forward to the time when he would be sailing upon those same seas, traversing those same continents.

Mr. Jeigh's journey to the edge of the ether governed by Mars was without incident, but when he reached this, his course became a spiral one down toward the planet. He could not account for this except that there must have been a curious combination of diverse currents. He gave no further thought to it as his destination was near at hand and he had to make preparations for landing.

Just as he came within a mile of the planet a vast concourse of people came rushing out of an immense building which stood on a table land near the foot of a steep mountain. They had seen his balloon and were running towards the spot where he would most likely alight; and, judging from the inarticulate cries that reached him in his downward flight, they were greatly excited. He kept on his course and airily as a bird dropped in the very midst of about three thousand men, tall and stately, light in com-

plexion, but every head was entirely bald! Without a word they seized him and bore him to the edifice they had just left. This last was semi-circular in form, with seats inside, arranged parallel to the walls, a raised platform with but one seat upon it being at the center of the semi-circle.

Mr. Jeigh's captors maintained their silence until inside and then with many unintelligible cries and gesticulations four men carried him to the platform and placed him upon the vacant seat. At that moment the whole assembly arose, stood on their heads, spun around three times to the left and the same to the right and then sat down. Our hero interpreted this as a form of obeisance and also accounted for the baldness of the people before him. Having called one of the more intelligent looking men to him, he gave him to understand by various signs that he desired an explanation of the curious conduct of his companions. The answer (given by signs) was that the ruler had died that day, and at the moment of Mr. Jeigh's arrival, the senate had met to elect another, and when they saw the phenomenon of a man dropping from the clouds, they thought they saw a divine response to their prayers for a ruler and at once had made him such.

Mr. Jeigh felt honored, and immediately gave the signal to commence business. Simultaneously a very tall individual near the front row arose very solemnly stood on his head and whirled, then he regained his seat and started to jabber to Mr. Jeigh in a tongue as unknown to Mr. Jeigh as Scandinavian. However the interpreter gave

him to understand that the former speaker was the projector of a scheme to open communication with the earth, and had brought the motion before the senate for sixty-eight consecutive days, but it had been voted down every time, as the former ruler had been opposed to it. Mr. Jeigh evinced a desire to see it passed and it was done. Then he proposed to take one of the inhabitants with him back to earth, perfect arrangements there, let the native learn the English language, and then return to complete one of the greatest achievements ever heard of.

The senate fell in with his scheme at once, and elected the interpreter as the one to accompany Mr. Jeigh, as he was more apt than the rest, and thus less time would be lost in his learning the language.

The next day they departed, with the entire senate bidding them farewell from the roof of the senate chamber, while thousands of the lower classes gathered on the sides of the mountain and waved their hands and garments.

The two voyagers reached earth safely, but while crossing a small lake near Mr. Jeigh's home, the Martian attempted his form of obeisance, and as a result upset the boat, the two occupants being hurled into the water. Mr. Jeigh rose to the surface and looked everywhere for his companion, but he was not in sight, drowned just as the end of the journey was reached.

Mr. Jeigh had accomplished his purpose, but could not return to Mars, as the natives would have killed him for the disappearance of the one they had sent with him.

"STUBBIE."

The Poet's Corner.

Upward.

All our actions and all our deeds
Are guages of the thought that leads
Our fellow-man to higher things,
The thought that faith and comfort brings.

A word mis-spoken—was that all?
Yet that may cause a brother's fall;
And, unforgotten, leave a trace
That time can never quite erase.

A noble act! A pleasant word!
One's heart burns bright where'er is heard
A speech that causes lame to rise,
The blind to open closed eyes.

Then let us live, or try to live
So that we may some pleasure give
To those whose day is sometimes night;
Dispel the gloom with cheerful light.

C.

"Who Told the Bell?"

The village was wrapped in slumbers,
And quietness hovered around,
Except as the night wind blew softly
And passed with a low moaning sound.

The hour of midnight had sounded:—
"Midnight and all things well"—
When the stillness was suddenly broken
By the sound of the school-house bell.

As it swung too and fro in the belfry
By the power of unseen hands,
The note of alarm which it sounded,
Every hearer could understand

When it ceased, all was silent a moment,
Not a sound could be heard in the street,
But soon the quiet was broken
By the rush of hurrying feet

At length after dragging the hose-cart
Through every street in the town,
In the search for a burning building,
The excitement quieted down

The question remains unanswered;
Can any person tell?
A reward for this information—
"Who rang the school house bell?"

W.

Locals.

April fool!

Spring vacation!

Hope you pass your examination.

Cook and Pillow—Confectioners.

Kennedy's opera glasses were examples of perfection.

"Binno" Grier will not be back in school this term.

Kendall, scanning Homer.—"Mr. Kendall, separate your feet."

Why Miller's sudden dislike for "infants," as he calls them,

According to rumor McPeak was never before known to look so sad.

Miss Mehard is very foud of cookies: five at a time will hardly suffice.

Hamill was our representative at the Y. M. C. A. convention at Butler.

Deevers is on the road to recovery and we hope to see him with us again.

Roy Dindinger was home at Zelinople for sometime, being on the sick-list.

Miss Bess Stuart would like to know that joke. Can any one inform her?

Miss Anna McClelland does not expect to be in College during the Spring term.

"Tod" was in evidence at the poverty social with his Paris gown and rosy nose.

A strange thing happened at the Hall not long ago: two coons were run out.

Prof.—Mr. Sampson, where is Pylos?

S —In the dative, singular.

"Bill" Owsley is a wonderful guesser; he got the right construction on the third trial.

The latest discovery in culinary science; the arrangement of pudding shows disrespect.

Found.—A lecture course ticket; belongs to J. E. McC——. Valuable information written on it.

Miss McClelland would like very much to have her mitten. The one returning it will be fitly rewarded.

All those interested in the latest patterns of bicycles will do well to call on Mr. Leeper of the North End.

Miss McLean and Miss Gail Moore are two of the finest athletes we have. They make climbing fences a specialty.

The Senior Orations this term were very good, those of Messrs Stewart and Mitchell being particularly noteworthy.

The seats in the campus have already been occupied by a few ambitious ones. There will be more "when summer comes again."

Fudge is a very good reward for the serenaders at the Hall; but the young ladies should not throw water just as the boys stoop to pick it up.

Miss Moore and Miss Howell can not decide whether they would rather hear the boys screaming for fudge or a gentle rap at the door afterwards.

Recently we have noticed an increasing tendency for writing poetry among the young ladies. The malady was probably brought on by the approach of Spring.

Tod Forrester and "some one else" visited the Philos recently, but there were no performances that evening, so they retreated just as the motion to adjourn was put.

The spelling in a recent examination occasioned the remark from the Doctor that the seniors must have been concerned in the making-up of the "poverty soshul" programs.

Dr. Ferguson passed quite an impressive compliment on the Senior Class when he remarked that the invitations to the Poverty Social must have been written under its supervision.

Walter Mehard rooms alone now but coming in late one night he discovered the broom clothed in his overcoat arm-in-arm with the bed post. There is a shadower on the track of the trickster.

Business is getting a move on itself here in New Wilmington; at least, signs point that way, judging from the two that were misplaced some time ago. Get your checks cashed at the tin shop.

The farce given by the Oratorical Class on Friday evening, March 10, was a complete success. The class presented "Our Boys," in three acts, and did it with all the grace of well-trained artists.

The day of the hippodrome is not past.

The grocery wagon was up at the Hall, and while the driver was in delivering some goods, a couple of boys got in and made a chase around the building, the corners being turned on two wheels.

Who says girls are afraid of mice? One got into a waste-basket up at the Hall, and, wishing not to give it a sudden death, a young lady put a cushion over it. The name is not given, but some one possesses a cushion with a large hole in the center.

College life according to Shakespeare.

Freshman—"A Comedy of Errors."

Sophomores—"Much ado about nothing."

Juniors—"As you like it."

Seniors—"All's well that ends well."

Prof. Freeman thinks Junior Lab. might more fittingly be called "Junior Gab."

The last lecture of the course given by the Hon. Geo. R. Wendling, the evening of March 1, on "Merabeau and the French Revolution" was interesting both from historical and oratorical stand-points. The gentleman's language was well chosen, and no one seemed to regret having attended. This is Mr. Wendling's tenth appearance in New Wilmington.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss R.—No, banjos cannot be purchased in bakeries.

"Bill" C—k.—Yes, white sugar is used to make "fudge"—a failure.

Hawk—It is perfectly proper to wear a moustache while in college.

M. L. P——. "Methinks" is used only in poetic language.

M——r. The idea of starting a transfer route to the Hall is very good. We encourage you in it.

Pit.——"He aint no such a thing."

H—m——The idea of a brook rustling along its banks is original. Keep it up.

"Tod" Forrester sees wonderful things in German; for instance, in the conversation he said he could see the angels in heaven. Get acquainted with your vocabulary.

Little things disturb great men. Dr. Ferguson, on the night of the contest said that the boys could make all the noise they wanted to, but he couldn't make a speech for fear he would wake the baby.

Why does Miss Cooper like so much to work in the Lab, especially in the Senior Lab?

More interest was manifested in the Preliminary Contest than has been the case for a long time. The Society spirit was more plainly apparent and when a Philo man won the enthusiasm, that has not had a chance to display itself in years, burst forth with tumultuous force, and the celebration was kept up until a late hour. The orations were of a high order of merit, and the contest between Miller and Littell for first place was very close. With two such orators to represent us as principal and alternate in the Intercollegiate, Westminster's

chances of securing first place there are bright.

Athletics.

We are now anxiously looking forward to the base-ball season, summing up our material, making our comparisons and drawing our conclusions. It is evident that the team which has been our pride in the last few years is a thing of the past. One by one the old players have been replaced. Yet heretofore there have always remained enough of the old stock to assimilate the new material. But now with the departure of Phythyon, Wilhelm and Davies we awaken to the fact that only Edmundson and McKim of the old timers remain. We may be able to have a team of fair individual players but it will be impossible to have the team work of former years. The season is too short to allow much development in this line, especially since many of the players will be new to each other and new to their positions. Our main hopes of success this year depend upon the work at the bat. Often a hard hitting team may in a short season make up for some loose work in the field and if we may be fortunate enough to have a good line of batters or may still be able to hold, in some measure, the high position we have occupied in former years. But even if not champions this year we may be able to work up a team which will bear fruit next year. The candidates have not yet been called out so that

we do not know positively who will be aspirants for the vacant positions.

There will be no indoor class meet this term as has been the custom for some few years. This is rather to be deplored, since it gets the boys in good working order for the track team in the spring. Also any promising new material in college is brought out in this way since class spirit will often induce men to enter events in which they otherwise would not think it worth the while to try, and in doing this show capabilities unsuspected.

On account of some strong feeling caused by the foot-ball games last fall, there will be no base ball games with Grove City this spring.

The Inter-Collegiate Field Meet this year will be held at Washington instead of Pittsburg as has been the custom heretofore. The reasons for holding it at Washington were that no support was given in Pittsburg and the colleges had to furnish their own prizes as well as a field to hold their meet. W. & J. proposes to defray all expenses connected with the meet as well as to furnish prizes for contestants, so all the expense to the other colleges will be the cost of transportation. The advantage to W. & J. will be marked as they will not only be able to have a great many "rooters" on the field, but also the knowledge of the ground on which they are to run will be of great advantage to their sprinters.

Subscribe for THE HOLCAD.

Music and Art.

The Preliminary Oratorical Contest was held in the chapel on the evening of the 14th. The orations were of a high order of excellence. First place was awarded by the judges to H. R. Miller of Philo Society, second to R. R. Littell of Adelphic Society.

PROGRAM.

Chadwick,	Pasha's Guard March from Tobasco	
	ADELPHIC ORCHESTRA	
First Oration,	-	"The Other Half."
	J. M. CAMERON	
Second Oration,	-	"Lincoln the Man"
	M. W. HAMILL.	
Grieg	-	Bridal Procession Passing By
	MISS MACNALL.	
Third Oration,	"Mystery the Handmaid of Science."	
	H. N. HOLMES.	
Fourth Oration,	"The Light from the Orient."	
	R. R. LITTELL	
Fifth Oration,	-	"Higher Ideals."
	H. R. MILLER.	
Hawley,	-	"Awake to Love."
	MR. PETERSON.	
La Barge,	-	Entre Acte.
	PHILO MANDOLIN CLUB.	

DECISION OF JUDGES.

Judges.—U. L. Mackey, Sharon; W. C. McCulloch, Pittsburg; Rev. C. F. Wishart, Allegheny.

The class in drawing have almost finished the required work and Miss Hodgen reports them as having done very well.

The Chorus class will give no concert this term, but about the second week of next term a concert will be given.

The Oratory class under the direction of Miss McConnell presented a comedy en-

titled "Our Boys," on Friday evening, March 10th.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Sir Goeffry Champneys, a country magnate,
Mr. T. C. Cochran.
Talbot Champneys, his son, - Mr. John Nelson.
Perkyn Middlewick, a retired buttermilk,
Mr. Lester Degelman.
Charles Middlewick, his son, -
Mr. Oliver Degelman.
Kempster, - - - Mr. Roy Neville.
Poddles, - - - Mr. John McBride.
Violet Melrose, an heiress,
Miss Margaret Taggart.
Mary Melrose, her cousin,
Miss Elma Chamberlin.
Clariss Champneys, Sir Geoffrey's sister,
Miss Edith Welch.
Belinda, - - - Miss Grace Thompson.

The comedy was well produced, every part being played well, and the class is certainly a credit to the instructor.

A private recital for the music students was given Saturday, the 11th, in the chapel. The following program was presented.

Kuhlau.....Sonatina Op. 55, No. 1.
Miss Anna Reed.
Goerdeler....."Yule Tide Bells"
Miss Haddessa Cook
O'Neil.....Dans & Grazioso Op. 64
Miss Ballou Gibson.
Saroni....."With the Tide." Barcarolle.
Miss Ada Wright.
Karganoff.....Souvenir Op. 10, No. 1.
Miss Mary Douglass.
Smith....."If I But Knew"
Mr. D. A. Littell.
Czibulka....."In Spring."
Miss Belle Fulton.
La Hache....."Sailor Boy's Dream" Barcarolle
Mr. Mack Weddell

On the afternoon of the 18th a public

recital by the music students will be given in the chapel.

Alumni and College World.

Brandon '96, expects to have charge of a school at Clinton, Pa., during the Spring.

E. N. McElree, '91 is engaged as chemist in the Isabella furnace in Sharpsburg, Pa.

W. W. Barr and A. J. Millin of the same class, are canvassing in the same place.

The Harvard-Princeton debate will be held in Princeton this year on the evening of April 5th.

J. B. Miller, '96, a student at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, is ill with typhoid fever.

W. A. Clark, Jr., a former student at the same college, is recovering from the same disease and has gone to Atlantic City to recuperate.

Mrs. Emma Mehard, '77, and Miss Adele Shaw, a former student, attended the first division of Senior Orations.

Hon. Samuel N. Miller, '60, is named in the pending Harrold Bill as a member of the Pennsylvania Capitol Commission.

Robinson '89, who will graduate from Allegheny Theological Seminary in May, has received a call to Martin's Ferry, O.

J. R. W. Baker, Esq., '71, has been appointed by Judge Buffington, Referee in

Bankruptcy for the Western District of Pennsylvania.

Dr. Jesse Wilson, '87 of New Wilmington, who has been for about eight years a medical missionary in Persia is expected home in May.

Robt. A. McCutcheon, who left school last year to enter the army will not return this year. He has a position in the War Department at Washington.

The Rev. H. C. Swearingen, '91, pastor of the Third church, Allegheny, has been called to the pulpit of the First Presbyterian church of Greensburg.

The Rev. M. E. Koonce, '91, late chaplain of the 16th Regt. Penna. Volunteers, has resigned his pastorate at Jeanette, Pa., to enter upon missionary work in Alaska.

John I. Stewart, '93, was married on Thursday, Feb. 23d, to Miss Ellen Maxwell McAteen of Crafton. Congratulations and best wishes from Westminster friends follow the young couple to their new home.

Rev. W. B. Anderson, '94, who is now in our mission at Rawal, Pindi, India, wrote Westminster students a very interesting letter, which was read at the monthly meeting of the missionary association in March.

Dr. William A. P. Martin, an American citizen who has been a missionary to China for about forty years, has been appointed by imperial decree president of the University of China.

John Henry Barrows assumed the du-

ties of President of Oberlin College the first of January. The total attendance for the term so far shows an increase of about fifteen over last term. Counting all departments of the college there are 1056 students in attendance.

Mrs. Anna Wallace Cummings, '88 who with her husband, Rev. Thos. F. Cummings, '84, is spending a year at home from the mission field in India, has met with a sad loss by the sudden death of her mother, Mrs. R. F. Wallace, who died suddenly at the home of her son-in-law on February 19.

Rev. Huber Ferguson, '91, and family are spending a few weeks in New Wilmington prior to their removal to Portland, Washington, where Rev. Ferguson has accepted a call to the congregation of which Rev. G. E. Howes was pastor until quite recently.

The Pittsburg Times of Feb. 21st contained an extended notice of the life and personality of Hon. John M. Martin, member of the state legislature from Mercer Co. Dr. Martin is a brother of Ex-Judge Norman Martin, '83, and was for three years a student at Westminster.

The Rev. R. C. Allen, '75, has just published an interesting and scholarly brochure under the title, "Fundamental Principles in Civil Government," in which by a series of carefully formulated propositions he defines the ordained purpose of government. The arguments in the pamphlet are conclusive, the style lucid and the treatment of the subject adequate and discriminating.

Rev. R. L. Campbell, '86, principal of Pawnee Academy, Pawnee City, Neb., and his brother, W. W. Campbell, '91, spent a few hours in New Wilmington one day recently. W. W. Campbell, who is a graduate of our Conservatory of Music of the class of '90 is now director of Music in Trinidad University in Texas. We are sorry to note that their sister, Mrs. Belle G. Donaldson, '80, is very ill at her home in Greenville.

Dr. E. H. Wallace, '90, who has been traveling through the southwest for the past two years in the hopeless effort to regain his health, died in February at Albuquerque, New Mexico. His wife, formerly Margaret King, '90, brought his body home to New Castle where he was buried. Mrs. Wallace and their little girl have the sympathy of all Westminster friends.

Exchanges.

"Quo Est Hoc?" in the March number of the Anchor is a piece worth reading. It is a letter from a student to his former chum of academy days in which he tells the impression he has received of college. The treatment is original and it also contains lessons that may be applied in many colleges.

Attention is called to the editorial in the Hiram College Advance; especially the one treating of the present use of the English Language.

A European court counts a great deal on the money which the American girl can

count who counts on being a countess. This counts for the count. Oyster counts are counted out at so much a dozen to the man who counts out his cash for the the counts. This counts for the men who count. Some students count on being counted through on counts; these may be styled college counts. But a college is neither a dispenser of empty titles nor yet is it an oyster house; though the young man who counts his way through college on counts will be somewhat of an oyster when he has been counted through. He will be counted out in life's race and will have time to count on how much he has lost by counting too much on counts. Don't be a college count, for a college count is of no account.—Ex.

College Dictionary: Commencement, the end. Sophomore, a wise person, one of nature's nobleman. Rhetoricals, a review of the tortures of the middle ages. Senior, one who rides a pony in the race for sheep skins. Junior, one who knows it all and tries to teach the faculty. Flunk, a process of changing from a four to a five year's course. Valedictorian, a wind instrument belonging to the Senior class. Quiz, an instrument of torture which teachers delight in using on their pupils. Pony, a beast of burden used by students when traveling in unexplored lands. Faculty, a troublesome organization that interferes with students' enterprise.—Ex.

I was sitting by the window
On a Sabbath afternoon
And the sound of singing reached me,
Music of an old Psalm tune.

As a murmur thus I heard it
 Rising, falling, now and then,
 And I listened and in fancy
 Lived my childhood days again.

Lived them o'er and felt the rapture
 Of a worship pure and true
 When my soul knew not the sinning
 That in later years it knew.

Here the music died in silence,
 And my thoughts from far away
 Brought me back, but that old Psalm tune
 Led me onward since that day.—Ex.

So to Allen's for Teams.

Best Driving Horses in Town.

Hack to Junction.

Moreer Street, New Wilmington.

McCreary House,

S. C. McCreary, Proprietor.

This House has the best of accommodations and is open at all hours to the public. Good Livery in connection.

Rates, \$1 50 Per Day.

McConnell & Campbell,

Furniture, Undertaking and Livery.

Picture Framing a Specialty Livery newly furnished throughout. Finest rigs in city.

Dobbs Building, New Castle Street, New Wilmington.

A. McDowell,

Wall Paper.

Added Features: Increased trade, greater stock, better variety of books, stationery, etc., at A. McDowell's Book Store. A new feature is the best of wall paper at reasonable prices.

Clark Block, New Wilmington, Pa.

J. P. Houlllette, *Liveryman.*

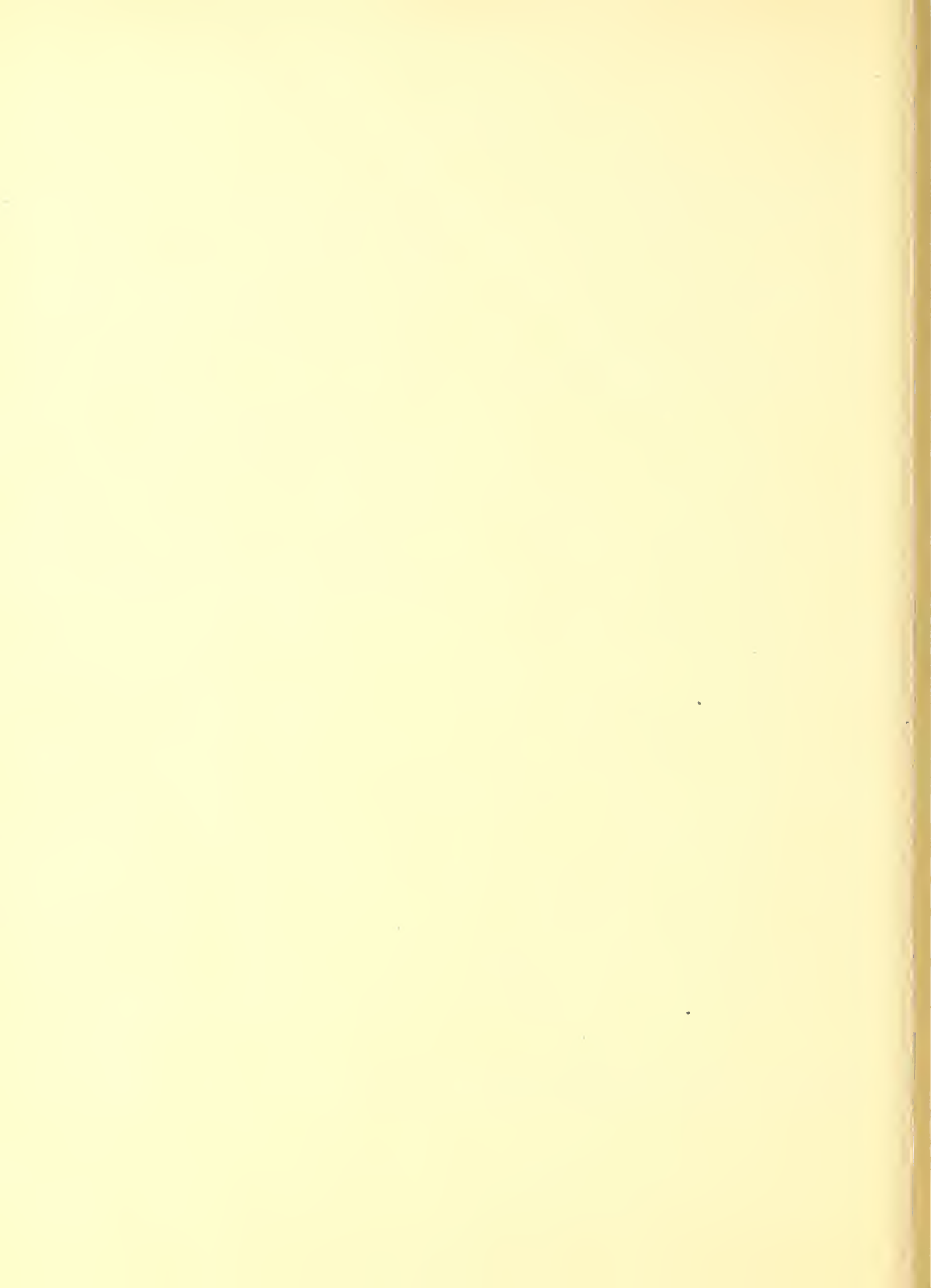
Fine Turnouts.

Prices Low.

Hack to Evening Train.

Give Him a Cail. New Wilmington.

Take the Holcad.



THE HOLCAD.

VOL. XX.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., APRIL, 1899.

No. 8.

The Holcad.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

Editorial Staff.

WILLIAM E. BROOKS, '00.....EDITOR IN CHIEF
MARY E. TURNER, '00.....ASSISTANT
EDWARD G. FRAZER, '00.....LITERARY DEPARTMENT
THOMAS C. COCHRAN, '01.....LITERARY DEPARTMENT
SANNIE M. STEWART, '00.....LOCAL DEPARTMENT
JOHN M. CAMERON, '01.....LOCAL DEPARTMENT
PEARL ANDREWS, '00.....ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD
FAITH W. STEWART, '00.....MUSIC AND ART
JAMES CHAMBERS, '00.....ATHLETICS AND EXCHANGES
JAMES C. SLOSS, '00.....BUSINESS MANAGER
JAMES E. MURRAY, '00.....ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER

Publishers Notice.

THE HOLCAD is a monthly of ten issues a year, published by the undergraduates of Westminster College.

Entered at the Postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second class mail matter.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni, or any who are or have been connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Address all communications to THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

TERMS One copy per year, \$1.00. Single copy 15c.

EDITORIAL.

It is with a feeling of relief that we welcome the news that the agitation about the removal of the college is settled. Now, that it is over, we can look forward to a

season of prosperity for the college and the town. If the new electric railway becomes an accomplished fact, it should aid greatly in bringing this about. It will make access to the town much easier and it is hoped that it will result in inducing more families to settle in the town, where their children may enjoy the educational advantages here offered. One could hardly wish for a more beautiful country in which to live. If this results the social advantages will be greater, a by-no-means to be despised condition. A man's education socially is of importance as well as his education mentally. So many glaring examples of where one or the other has been neglected are met with constantly that it is not necessary to prove further this statement.

A newspaper writer makes the statement that Mr. Carnegie "should congratulate himself on being able to enjoy so hugely the pleasure of giving." This is a phase of the question seldom looked at. We are more apt to groan over having to give than to gloat over the pleasure of giving. Mr. Carnegie is placing his money in a way where it will return incalculable divi-

dends in the education and enlightenment of the people. Perhaps Westminster may shortly find her Carnegie, who will bestow upon her a library adequate to her needs. The library as it is at present although well chosen does not by any means answer the need. Reference books without number are needed, absolutely needed, and it is practically impossible to attempt with the limited funds available to meet the demand for the literature of the day. In these times of abundance when prosperity is smiling on our land, filling our barns with plenty and turning the machinery of our mills and factories, is there not some son of Westminster or some of her friends who will meet the demand?

We were reading not long ago a book that had just been issued, the story of Kitchener's wonderful march to Khartum. It was graphically told, this tale of obstacles overcome, and aside from its interest as contemporary history it was worth reading as a story of what a man can do when he is animated by a single idea. It is the men of one idea who have moved the world. This man Kitchener for twelve years has been preparing himself for what he has now accomplished. He has thrown aside every weight, everything that hindered and the Sudan is conquered. The scorching suns of many desert days have gone down into the fiery west since the brave Gordon laid down his life, a martyr to the cause of civilization. But he did not die in vain. The hosts who mourned "the loved Egyptian night" from which he was leading them, have not been suffered to remain long in it. With Mahdism destroyed, the white man

takes up again his weary burden of fitting the hordes for the citizenship of the world, the burden he dare not shirk, but must bear "through all the thankless years" until the goal he seeks is gained, and darkness passes away from the earth.

The reports received of the Schenley Banquet lead us to believe that the object for which it was designed will be attained. The speeches clearly set forth the needs of the College and a very enjoyable time was had by all present. It is to be hoped that the Commissioners' efforts will be fully crowned with success. It is not much to ask the United Presbyterian church for \$250,000 for the better endowment of one of its leading educational institutions, where so many of her best ministers have been educated, and where so many who will conduct her counsels in the coming years will be fitted for so doing. They ought to be fitted in the best possible manner. Future success depends upon this training.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

The True Hero.

A better existence is life's noblest aim. It is the goal of all ambition; the result of every noble act. This ambition is crowned with success or crushed by defeat in such a measure as we possess true or false ideals of what constitutes man's purest and greatest attainment. But our ideals are ever changing. Some unseen power bears them farther and farther up the mount of human

progress, and our horizon broadens as we press on in pursuit. A perfect ideal is the only solution to the problem of human perfection. Then if we heed the lessons of the ages that are past the ceaseless march of time shall bear us on and each generation shall add a new stepping stone to that monument by which we advance nearer and nearer to a realization of His divine will.

Action is the source of all development. Thought is the source of action; and to excel in thought is the chief essential to leadership. Nations have always followed in the footsteps of their greatest thinkers, or in other words the history of the world is but the history of its great men. Truly may it be stated that the human family is a moving caravan; and although it has at times seemed to encamp upon some green oasis of ease where luxury would lure away energy, yet even in this condition some heroic spirit would appear that would lead the way to renewed achievement. But our ideas of what constitutes a true nobleman are constantly changing. Military heroism has been the shrine of the past, but as we stand to-day on the heights of "time's noblest offspring," with the penetrating light of our present civilization as our guide we gaze through the dark vista of ages and search in vain for the noble deeds of their military heroes. Instead of noble deeds we see only the devastation of their pathway, their hands stained with their brother's blood. Horror-stricken by the scene we turn in an opposite direction and we behold another, whom we term a true hero whose influence is as the summer shower or the gentle sunbeam, whose daily walk exhibits the nobility of

purpose even of the Man of Galilee, and whose moral courage withstands every temptation. Such a person we term a true hero. He is a true hero because it is the fruits of life work that are producing the grandest results the world has ever seen. A true hero because it is through his efforts that we hope to secure the blessings of peace and happiness to our posterity.

The value of a life is measured by what it has accomplished. Then he only is a true nobleman who has labored earnestly and unceasingly to elevate his fellows to loftier plains, who has endeavored to impress ennobling thoughts on the never dying minds of men, who has endured wrongs with patience, promoted the welfare of others by deeds of kindness, and endeavored to allay strife, and who has advanced literature and fostered the arts and sciences. These are the characteristics that command the respect and admiration of the world, the only characteristics that secure to their possessors the joys of a never dying fame.

This is a truth that is emphasized by the history of every great nation. It is not the achievements of a Grecian or Roman warrior that has given permanence to the fame of those nations. Rather is it the classic streams that have issued from Athens, the soft strains of their poets, or the matchless eloquence of a Cicero or Demosthenes.

In later years we have the same truth illustrated in the history of France. It has produced many great warriors who were ever engaged in a mad search for power and dominion. It can boast of its Napoleon who gained a place among the greatest military heroes the world has ever produced. But

defeated at Waterloo and banished to that lonely island, St. Helena, his life work is recorded on one of the saddest pages of the world's history. His almost matchless intellect and his untiring energy were prompted by misguided enthusiasm and he has met one of the natural results.

England has produced many kings and warriors whom she has termed great, but it is not these that have gained reverence and respect for the English nation throughout the world. But it is a Milton or a Shakespeare who has given to the world a literature that has blessed mankind—a literature that shall be cherished and remembered by the countless millions that are yet to be. Or, it is a Gladstone, a man who was never silent when the interests of liberty or the well being of the oppressed were threatened; a man who had the moral courage to move to the front and take command in every cause of human progress. And when oppressed Ireland has obtained the liberty to which she is entitled; when the contests for human rights and just government have been settled; when others who were great yet less noble, have mouldered into the dust of dumb forgetfulness the name of that "Grand Old Man" shall live upon the pages of imperishable history, growing brighter and brighter as the centuries wear away.

The true hero is in every particular a moral hero and it is through the exercise of moral power that we achieve our noblest victories. Morality irrespective of one's condition in life is the only real test of manhood. Under its influence life is invested with new solemnity and the obligations of man take a wider scope.

The actions of the true hero are ever prompted by love, faith and courage, and what have not these accomplished? When one is moved by these characteristics if he shrinks from no duty and from no task however difficult it may seem. The all-pervading assurance that he is right and the assurance that he shall receive as a reward for his efforts a crown that shall shine as the stars throughout all eternity leads him wherever duty calls and into every field of honorable achievement. He may meet difficulties along the way, but do these difficulties affect him? Yes, but only as the tempest affects the mighty oak. Instead of being discouraged by opposition he is strengthened by every conflict, and instead of turning back he calls to mind the motto which has been an inspiration to many a successful life, that,

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

Then hope pictures his coveted goal in the distance and he presses on to its attainment. The star of hope in the soul of the true nobleman is a well spring of perpetual light. Beyond Jordan's stormy banks it pictures a Canaan land. Beyond the eternal snow crowned Alpine crags it portrays the fertile sun-kissed plains of Italy.

The real nobleman often lives far in advance of his time. He is frequently branded as a fanatic, but as he is impelled by a burning desire to accomplish some lofty purpose all taunts and jeers are met with a rebuke that only a true nobleman can give. When he is called to perform any noble task we hear him say with one of imperishable memory, "I will go and if I perish I

perish." And often he does perish, but his influence shall live until time mingles with eternity.

For ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.
Humanity sweeps onward;
Where to day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Sadas
With the silver in his hands:
Far in the front the cross stands ready,
And the crackling faggots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday,
Insilent awe return.
To glean up the scattered ashes
Into history's golden urn.

A people's character is measured by the men whom it worships. We as a nation are not inclined to wreath laurels around military heroes unless they have been prompted to action by a moral sense of duty. And it is through the fact that true heroism has been the source of our military achievements that we are enabled to challenge the world's admiration for our bravery and for our generals who are peers to the greatest masters of strategy that history records. The common good of all has been their motto and through their efforts the empire of liberty has been widened on every page of the world's history.

True courage is the greatest need of the age. Courage to resist what should be resisted and to assist what deserves our assistance. Let this spirit actuate the world's leaders and selfishness, the greatest hindrance to human progress, shall cease to rule the hearts of men, and these closing years of the nineteenth century shall transfer to the next the germs of a civilization in which righteousness shall sit enthroned.

WILL STEWART, '90

Subscribe for the HOLCAD.

A Paralell.

From the French of Chateaubriand.

Washington, like Bonaparte, does not belong to a race which surpasses the ordinary stature of man. There is nothing remarkable about his person; he has by no means a large stage of action; he cannot compete with the most skillful generals or the most powerful monarchs of his time; he does not fly from Memphis to Vienna, from Cadiz to Moscow; he defends himself with a handful of citizens in a country without a name, in the narrow circle of domestic hearths. He conducts none of those combats which renew the triumphs of Arbella and Pharsalia; he does not overturn thrones in order to compose others of their ruins; he does not order said to kings at his door: "That they keep him waiting too long, and that Attile is tired."

A certain silence envelops the actions of Washington; he proceeds slowly; one would say that he felt himself responsible for the liberty of the future and that he feared to endanger it. It is not his own destiny which concerns this new kind of hero; it is that of his country; he does not indulge himself in gambling away that which does not belong to him; but what light darts out from this deep humility! Search the forests where the sword of Washington flashes; what do you find there? Graves? No; a world! Washington left the United States as a trophy on his field of battle.

Bonaparte has not a single trait of this grave American; he fights fiercely in an old country; he does not wish to create anything but his own fame; he makes himself

responsible for nothing but his own destiny. He seems to know that his career will be short, that the torrent which comes from such a height will soon exhaust itself; he makes haste to enjoy and to misuse his renown as if it were the morning of life which is soon past. Like the gods of Homer he wishes to reach the end of the world in four steps. He appears on all shores; he quickly links his name with the pageantry of all nations; he flings crowns to his family, to his soldiers; he hurries his monuments, his laws, his victories. Stooping over the world, he raises up kings with one hand while he strikes down the giant head of revolution with the other; but, in crushing anarchy he strangles liberty, and ends by losing his own on his last battle-field.

Each is recompensed according to his works. Washington raises a nation to independence; a magistrate in repose he falls asleep under his own roof in the midst of the regrets of his fellow-countrymen and the reverence of nations.

Bonaparte stole from a nation its independence: fallen emperor, he is plunged into exile, where the terror he has caused in all the earth does not consider him yet securely enough imprisoned under the custody of the ocean. He expires; this intelligence, published at the door of the palace before which the conquerer had had so many funerals announced, neither arrests nor astonishes the passer-by; what did the citizen have to weep for?

The Republic of Washington lives; the empire of Bonaparte is destroyed.

M. H. B.

THE POETS' CORNER.

To a Friend.

(His name isn't Tam, but that will do.)

I often wanner to mysel'
What makes me like you, lad, sae well;
I'm sure 't is na your great guid looks,
Though you're no sic a fright,
An' I ken 't is na your knowledge o' books,
Though you're unco' bright.

An' yet you hae a bonny face,
'T wad stand no chance in the beauty race,
But it's honest an' open, free frae guile,
An' your winsome heart
Shines through your een, auld fashioned style.
Maun we twa part?

Ilka time I've been sair distrait
You've helpit me to gang my ain gait.
When ithers didna ken my fu' worth,
You blawed my horn—
You're the ae best lad on earth
That e'er was born.

Tammy, my lad, you've been fu' wise
In gi'en me sic grand advice
As no to greet o'er freaks an' fools
Wi' bitter pang,
But to wait till ragin' anger cools
'For gaen it strang.

You tellt me aince my head to soak
An' no to mind the women fo'k;
"They're least o' a' my cares," you said.
I'm sair afraid
You'll lose baith heart an' head
O'er some bonny maid.

You'll no forget the time, lang syne
When you tak the turkey, (I ken it fine),
An' didna ask the owner o' 't
Nor the bird itsel';
But that was because it couldna be bo't
Nor bribed, you tell.

An', as you were ta'en it up the street
To get it baked, why wham did you meet
But the man you robbed! You passed him by
'Wi' throbbin heart
But honest face an' guileless eye—
'Twas awfu' smart.

An' you'll hae in mind the pickle lunch
When cakes an' mair sic things we'd munch,
Aye, you've been to me juist like a brither
In those auld days;

We've oft made fools o' oursell's tagither
Wi' na muckle praise.

* * * *

"Here lies our Tam, as true as steel,
But he's kicked the bucket an' gane to the Deil,"
I said I'd write upon your tomb,
But what a lie!
'Twad plunge your friends in deepest gloom,
Wad sic a good-by.

I make na doot 't will grieve me sair
If we maun part to meet na mair,
But weel I ken I'm a better man
For your wee bit taffy
An' your quiet rebukes that I could stan'—
But mayhap I'm daffy.

If you werena a lad but a bonny lass
I'd try fu' strang to bring it to pass
To mak you my ain for weal or for woe
If you'd hae me,
An' count it fortune very unco
If you'd tak me.

H. N. H.

A Reverie.

It's the strangest thing in all nature,
How music can enter the soul
And bring back the scenes of one's childhood,
As vivid as in days of old,

How trouble and care seem to vanish,
How reality turns into dreams,
And makes an old heart leap with pleasure,
As it visits those dear childhood scenes.

This evening I've caught on the breezes,
Which were laden with odors of spring,
A strain which has set me to dreaming
Of the days when my mother would sing.

I say it has set me to dreaming,
And I see through the vista of years,
A scene which can ne'er be forgotten,
Nor viewed but through curtains of tears.

My old home I see by the roadside,
Guarded round by the beautiful hills,
Like giants acting as sentinels,
Protecting 'gainst all storms and ills.

In the garden the children are playing,
As happy as children can be.
In the orchard the robins are singing
By their nests in the flower-laden trees.

All nature is bursting with gladness;
The flowers even singing the praise
Of the infinite love of the Maker
In creating such glorious days

'Tis evening, and down in the meadow
The frogs hail the dark with their song,
And the stars, like the tapers of angels,
Deck the night with their glittering throng.

The lamp lit, we gather around it
And talk of the day and its deeds,
Then Father takes down the old Bible
And from its rich storehouse he reads.

We kneel as he prays to Our Father
Who cares for us both day and night,
Then we rise and go off to our slumbers
With hearts bubbling o'er with delight.

Thus day succeeds day and the twilight
Heralds night with its peaceful repose.
We scarce feel the hours as they pass us,
As time on his pilgrimage goes.

The landscape,—don't tell me 'twill alter,
These valleys and hills cannot change.
The love of the days that have left me
Will reach to infinity's range.

'Tis but meagre, this picture I've given
Of childhood's wondrous delight
But yet it's the next thing to Heaven
To see it as I do to-night.

The Diplomatic Left Fielder,

(The Left Fielder's Love Story.)

My Mollie scorned by proffered hand—
Declared she'd ne'er be mine,
And that all thought of winning her
I surely must resign.

I urged how long I'd loved her well,
How life with her'd be bliss;
She said, instead of "Angel Dear,"
She wished I'd call her "Miss"!

I called her "Dearest Mascot" then,
And swore success was sure
If she would only back me up;
She laughed, and looked demure.

But when I called her "Manager,"
And vowed for her alone
I'd played all through the season past,
Her wish had been my own—

Told her that Pearl and Adelaide
 Had said they'd "lik' to chin
 With me" about my next year's play,
 And asked me to "drop in"——
 Insisted how life's game'd be slow
 With management less fine
 Than her's——how much I'd hate to go——
 She asked me to *re-sign*

My Lady's Veil.

Vast depths of feeling, more profound
 Than 's possible for me to sound
 Are hidden in some spot around
 Behind my lady's veil.

From beauty dazzling to the sight,
 From radiant glances far too bright
 For man's endurance, he—poor wight—
 Is kept by that same veil.

Rude Boreas hold dares not molest
 Aught it protects: and zephyrs rest
 Content upon the cheek they've pressed
 Behind my lady's veil.

And resting there each zephyr drinks
 Her breath's sweet fragrance—and ne'er thinks
 Of perfumed violets, or pinks,
 Behind my lady's veil

Her cheek the rose's color vies,
 Her eyes the deep Italian skies—
 Yes, all that's fair to me now lies
 Behind my lady's veil.

The tangling meshes of her hair
 Entwined above her face so fair,
 Have bound my heart forever there
 Behind my lady's veil.

"Her gentle voice is sweet and low"—
 Caressing, teasing, always so
 I wonder would Love meet a "No"
 Behind my lady's veil?

* * * *

My lady's smile doth now illumine
 The world for me, a man for whom—
 Oh joy!—she says that there is room
 Behind my lady's veil

When dealing with our advertisers you
 will do us a favor by mentioning the HOL-
 CAD.

LOCALS.

Spring flowers—and spring fever.

In chorus: "Take your bass."

Ask Miss Conway about that Dutch-
 man.

Anderson is having his "trials" now-
 adays.

The botany students have pressing du-
 ties this term.

"Which way shall we walk, up the
 railroad or down?"

The convicts report rapid progress, es-
 pecially in table etiquette.

The late "hold-up" at the Hall was
 very interesting—especially for the girls.

A clear case of "help yourselves."
 Too bad the windows wont go up higher.

why did Miss Pillow practice so long
 the afternoon of Friday, April twenty-first?

Jack McCalmont now feels perfectly
 capable of giving his experience with mar-
 ried men.

Prof: "Mr. Owsley, when a word re-
 fers to two genders, which is preferred?"
 And of course Bill said, "Feminine."

Leiper in Latin: "It is hard to be
 bound by the chains of love."

Prof.: "Yes, I suppose it is."

The army of Xerxes, according to Al.
 Newmyer must have been very profuse
 with their laughter. Imagine sprinkling
 the bridges with "mirth."

About fifteen of the students paid a
 short visit to New Castle at the end of last

term. Every one had a "case" on hand and must needs bring it before the 'Squire. The bills have not all come in yet.

Does Miss Gealy enjoy traveling by R. R?

Miss Neely on veracity: "It is no essential quality."

"Give me your attention; you lean forward;—Rubberneck!"

Why is Mr. M—— like a dead dog? Because his pants are checked.

Williamson reciting: "And he found out that the twins were brothers."

Ask Miss Whitney if she enjoys riding in the moonlight early Sabbath morning?

Roy Dindinger made a two weeks' visit in the East at the beginning of this term.

What was done with the culprit who stole Dr. Ferguson's rig last Saturday night?

How many fourteen-storied buildings went up in the smoke of pipes, tobies, etc., last week?

Jolly expects to go to Mexico for a year, where his father is conducting some large operations.

Why is it that the Doctor calls Harry Smith "Mr. Wilson;" and Miss Wilson, "Miss Smith."

Miss Ramsey is very fond of reading out in the hall instead of in her room. More room to think.

Prof. B: "Messenger boys were formerly called angels." They will be again bye-and-bye.

We are sorry to hear that Roy Volton has been compelled to leave school by reason of illness.

Miss Pearl Andrews accompanied her family to Asheville, North Carolina, but will be back next fall.

Shoemaker will be absent a week representing our Y. M. C. A. at the meeting of Presidents at State College.

Kyle George paid an unpremeditated visit to the Freshman Latin class the other day. He thought he had heard the bell.

"Church" Mehard paid a visit to New Wilmington during vacation. He is Lance Corporal at Pennsylvania Military College.

What's the use of walking down from the ball field when you can take a hack as Harry Kuhn did? He was tired(?), poor boy.

It is reported that "Ollie" Degelman cooked a fine meal at a certain hope the other evening. He is very expert at the "call-in ary" art.

Another Professor: "Ninety-nine times out of a hundred you will—Oh, excuse me, put quotation marks around that. It is not original."

Robert A. McCutcheon, ex '99, who enlisted in the Fifteenth regiment at the outbreak of the late war, will re enter school next fall.

Pittinger and "Doc" Mehard have an affair of honor which they are going to settle in a few days. The articles of disagreement will soon be out.

Hunt was asked to give the word for

"hunt" in Greek; that wasn't the right word for Hunt; so he didn't give the word for "hunt," and the Professor had to hunt someone else to do so.

'Eddy' was practicing sliding out the road one evening. He was sitting on the bank when his feet were pulled from under him and he thus naturally followed them to the bottom of the slope.

Rev. J. K. McClurkin of the Shady-side U. P. church, Pittsburg, will preach a sermon before the Christian Associations on the Sabbath preceding Commencement.

Measles has kept quite a number of students from school this term. The Murray brothers both had to stay out three weeks; Miss Kyle has not yet returned; Pittinger had a slight attack, but rallied and reached school two days late.

McGinniss was taking an examination when a mouse ran out on the floor; the terrified teacher was rescued from her dangerous position by the retreat of the mouse before the brave onslaught of "Mac." Of such stuff come heroes.

Some mean-spirited young man locked the door of Chrestomath Hall while four young ladies were in it and as a result they climbed the fire-escape and came down by way of the art-room after hunting for about fifteen minutes for an open window.

Miss Kennedy and Miss Welsh tell a good story about two girls out collecting botany specimens. Remember, none know anything about this but the persons connected. Doctor Johnson had left his buggy standing at the roadside and the two girls

having taken possession drove out the road about four miles. The buggy was missed and a man on a bicycle gave chase. He caught up, took possession and the girls walked home. When asked why they stole the ride, they answered, "Oh, that's a horse of another color."

Bruce McCrory puts his whole soul into everything he does; but how sorry were his friends to learn that he had put his whole shoe into the mud while trying to leap over a ditch intersecting the bank of the Neshannock. Don't ask him about it, as we asked him not to tell.

Work on the triennial catalogue has been started. During the last week several hundred postal cards were sent out to the alumni, some of them going to the most distant parts of the continent. The new catalogue will be issued in May and will give information concerning some important changes.

A PANTOMINE.

Time. A hot spring afternoon.

Scene. A lawn with house in background.

Dramatis Personae. A large Prof. A small Prof. A chorus of Hall girls.

Action. Large Prof. wearily pushes a small lawn mower over the lawn, now and then stopping to wipe the drops of honest sweat from his fevered (scarlet fevered) brow. Small Prof. is seated on the porch very much at his ease, enjoying hugely the warmth of the day and the warmth of his brother Prof. Enter chorus. Stops, gazes wonder-stricken. Recovers itself and gives the large Prof. a round of applause. He

looks up. Grins. Scarlet deepens. Chorus retires enjoying the joke and the discomfiture. Small Prof. still sits and dittoes Chorus.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Buck.—Who had it first?

Anxious One.—No; Butler is not a town of Lilliput, as some persons affirm.

Miss New——.—The best way to find out why the man passes the house so often is to ask him.

Miss I——us.—Yes; hearts are very appropriate to paint on vases.

Harry Pillow.—Ugh ugh; black is the negative of white as you told the Logic class.

Skimmer —That's right!

Miss R—m—y.—Yes; ducks sometimes come out of the water: but very seldom do they do so, as they are very fond of water.

Russel.—Your inquiry as to your chance in a six day go-as-you please race is unnecessary, as we have already heard of your ability to walk three squares in an hour and a half.

McPeak —Fishing is a very good form of exercise; especially if the bites be few and far between

Hall Girl.—No; that isn't a bird-cage which the base ball catcher wears.

ATHLETICS.

The first baseball game of the season was played with the New Castle club of the Inter State League April 22nd. It was arranged simply as a practice game to get the

team in shape for the game with Hiram on the following Saturday. The team showed up fairly well considering the number of new men in the field. The errors made were more those of judgment than those of fielding. This it is hoped can be remedied in a great measure when the practice is applied to these defects. The work of the pitchers was very good. McKim started the game and pitched in his usual steady manner. Cameron pitched the last few innings and for a new man showed up very favorably. The fact that our pitchers could not practice in the gymnasium before the out door practice will be a drawback this spring, since without this they cannot get into proper shape until about the middle of the season. The batting of the team was not good as a whole, there being but six hits made McKim making three of those. The final score was 14 to 1 in favor of New Castle. Westminster batting order was as follows: Edmundson 3 b, Weddell ss, Chambers m f, McKim p, Davies c, Kuhn 1 b, Grier 1 f, Jordan r f, Yolton 2 b, (Cameron p.)

The track team has begun work for the inter-collegiate field meet to be held in Washington. The team will be much the same as last year with the exception of McMahon, who has gone to W. and J. There are, however, a few new candidates this year for the races. O. R. Degelman is manager and James Sloss captain of the team.

There should be more attention paid to a second team in the baseball season. A second team in baseball is not so essential directly to the success of the Varsity team as

in football and on that account there is not so much attention paid to it. Yet indirectly it is of greatest importance, for it is here that first team men are made. We have excellent material for a second team and under the proper guidance we would be able to develop men for any position which might be vacant on the first. What is needed is that they be taught the game in every particular. It is not enough that a player be able to field a ball. He must know what to do with it after he has fielded it, and this can only be learned by actual experience in the game. Our attention is directed to this, this year especially since this is the first year we have had infield positions vacant. And when from so many good general candidates we see none developed for infield positions we begin to see the error of our ways. So let the second team be regularly organized, a series of games arranged and a period of practice assigned them. There is not room to practice both teams at the same time unless a practice game has been arranged, and by meeting at different periods both teams will receive the most good from the practice. An arrangement of this kind cannot fail to develop all the material in school if rightly conducted.

The following is the baseball schedule for the season of '99. April 29, Hiram at Hiram; May 5, W. and J. at Washington; May 6, Johnstown at Johnstown; May 8, Indiana State Normal at Indiana; May 22, Hiram at New Wilmington; May 27, Allegheny at New Wilmington; May 31, University of Dennison at New Wilmington; June 10, W. and J. at New Wilmington;

June 13-14, Indiana at New Wilmington. Games with Homestead and Allegheny will be played, but the dates have not yet been fixed.

MUSIC AND ART.

The Art Department has an increase of three students this term. Miss Agnes Tinker in oil, Miss Grace McClelland in water-color and Miss Mary Newmyer in china.

Several very beautiful water-color studies have been finished by the pupils of the department this term and many others are in course of completion.

Miss McConnell expects to give an entertainment with the assistance of the class in Oratory about the middle of May.

One of the most notable entertainments of the season was the lecture-recital given by Mr. Edward Baxter Perry, a blind pianist of Boston, in the Second U. P. church, April 21st. Mr. Perry has an adequate technique and a beautiful sympathetic touch almost unique in its singing quality, but it is in his interpretation of his poetic explanations that he excels. It was not difficult to see in imagination, the shifting beauty of the Northern Lights as depicted in Beethoven's Aurora sonata Op. 53, nor the wild and frenzied whirl of the "Dancing Dervishes," nor the crystalline beauty of that winter scene where the fairies danced in the moonlight. Mr. Perry presented a new realm of thought to many of his hearers. His recitals are especially valuable as an educational aid to the appreciation of classical music. Mr. Perry presents what is technically known as "program music"

though some selections are included in his recitals that are not ordinarily so classed. Many compositions will not admit of the poetic descriptions in which he delights and which so delight his hearers, but his recital was none the less valuable because he did not include some of these compositions in his program. The large audience attested its appreciation by its almost perfect attention as well as by generous applause:

The chorus class will give a concert in the chapel Thursday evening, May 4th. An interesting program will be presented. Mr. Rothleder, one of the best violin soloists of Pittsburg, will assist.

The next public recital by the pupils of the music department will be given about the middle of May.

ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD.

T. W. Kennedy, '91, is Asst. Supt. of Isabella furnace, Sharpsburg, Pa.

Mr. R. E. Cooper, '98, preached a trial sermon at the last meeting of Butler Presbytery.

Miss Nellie Sloss, '96, who has been teaching at Chase City, Va., returned home last week.

Mr. Gardner Robertson, '95, was licensed to preach at the last meeting of Mercer Presbytery.

Dr. W. O. Huston, '80, died Feb. 2, 1899, at Bellaire, O., where he had been for some years practicing medicine.

J. B. Miller, '96, now a medical student in Philadelphia, is slowly recovering from his recent attack of typhoid fever.

Dr. Elizabeth McLaughry, '84, expects to take the eight weeks' course offered to graduate students in medicine at Johns Hopkins.

The Revs. W. S. Anderson and E. S. Porter, '88, are expected home from India this spring before the meeting of General Assembly in Philadelphia.

Mr. H. Breaden McElree, '96, is teaching Mathematics in Slippery Rock Normal School this spring. He has been elected manager of the base ball team.

Rev. H. G. Gordan, '87, pastor of the U. P. church of Edgerton, Kansas, supplied the pulpit of the Lackawannock U. P. church the last two Sabbaths of March.

R. W. Veach, '96, has been obliged to take a vacation to recruit his health and expects to return to Union Theological Seminary this week to finish the year's work.

Rev. W. B. Anderson, '94, who will be remembered as an active Y. M. C. A. worker while in college, has organized a Y. M. C. A. with ten members in Rawal Pindi College, where he is teaching.

Rev. Jas. R. Millin, '84, and Miss Sara McElree, '86, were married April 20 at the bride's home in Avalon, Pa. Mr. Millin has recently accepted a call to the Fourth church, Chicago.

Mrs. Huldah Campbell Stewart, '84, with her little daughter spent a few days at the close of last term in New Wilmington visiting her brother-in-law, Dr. Stewart. Mrs. Stewart is remembered by recent graduates as a substitute for a few months in the English Department.

THE HOLCAD.

Rev. R. W. McGranahan, D. D., takes up his work as President of Knoxville College May 1st.

Rena Miller, '98, has returned to her home in E. D. Pittsburg, from Miss., where she has been teaching.

Robinson, '89, Maynor, '06, and Edgar, '96, graduate in May from the Allegheny Theological Seminary.

Dr. S. W. Gilkry, '77, pastor of the First U. P. church, Mercer, conducted chapel exercises one morning lately.

William M. Ekin '70, is Captain and Assistant Quarter Master U. S. Volunteers at Manila. His father was a general in the Civil War.

Dr. Jessie C. Wilson, '87, will start from Humadan, Persia, May 1st, coming via Taboiz, Oroomiah and Constantinople. She will arrive home July 1st.

Robert E. Cooper, '98, recently gave a specimen of his progress before the Presbytery at Butler. At the same meeting W. J. Brandon, '96, was licensed to preach.

Dr. D. W. Lusk, '77, pastor of the Sixth Presbyterian church of Newark, N. J., preached his fourteenth anniversary sermon last Easter Sabbath. His pastorate has been remarkably successful.

F. S. Juillerat, '91, is now a teacher of French and German at Cambridge, G. He is a Frenchman and often taught French to a student when he was here, before it had been introduced into the course under a regular professor.

Recent visitors: Prof. C. B. Robert-

son, '93, and his wife from Indiana State Normal School; R. W. Veach, '96, from Union Theological Seminary; H. G. Edgar, '96, from Allegheny Theological Seminary, T. R. Jones, '98; Prof. Harry Phythyon, '98, of Indiana Normal; J. W. Gealy, '93.

Rev. A. F. Ashton, '61, died at his home in Hamilton, Ohio, March 29, 1899. Mr. Ashton took a course in theology at Xenia and was afterwards pastor of churches in Michigan, Iowa, New York and Ohio. He was compelled to resign his last charge on account of ill health.

EXCHANGES.

The editorial on Oratory in the February number of the Phoenix is a good article. It shows some of the defects of college oratory and makes many useful suggestions. To anyone starting in this line of work it cannot fail to interest and much help may be derived from it.

"Deduction of Absences" in the March number of Silver and Gold is an article which should receive the attention of all as being something practical in the line of school work.

The "Notre Dame Scholastic" is the best exchange on our list. It reaches a place not often attained by a college paper and shows what a college paper may really be made when it receives the attention that should be paid to it.

The "Penn Chronicle" is a good paper. Not that it contains more varied or a greater amount of material than the average

ber, but its articles seem to be selected
with care and presented in a finished man-

HAMLET REVISED.
THE GREEK GHOST.

GHOST:
Thou art a flunked student,
I'm doom'd for a certain term to weep the night,
And for the day compelled to suffer roasts,
Till the green deeds done in thy days of prepdom
Are burnt and purged away. Now that you
are forbid

To pass the portals of the Fresh man class,
I will the cause reveal, of horses used
To pony through thy Greek, write out thy prose,
To pass exams like freaks who know it all.
Thy knotty and perplexing work to do
In each particular class, thou askedst help
Like bums, from those who studied earnestly.
Now this eternal cheating must not be
To Profs. of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list,
If ever thou dost thy well being love.—
STUDENT:—O Shunk!
GHOST:—Cease from this foul and most unnat-
ural flunking.

WESTMINSTER COLLEGE

FACULTY.

REV. ROBERT GRACEY FERGUSON, D. D.,
President and Professor of Mental and
Moral Sciences.

MARGARET McLAUGHRY, A. M.,
Professor of English.

JOHN JAMES McELREE, A. M.,
Professor of Latin.

CHARLES FREEMAN, A. M.,
Professor of Mathematics and Chemistry.

MORGAN BARNES, A. M.,
Professor of Greek.

INA MAY HANNA, B. S.,
Professor of Botany.

GEORGE C. MCKEE, B. A.,
Professor of Physics.

MARY HOUSTON BROWN, A. M.,
Professor of French and German.

M. LUTHER PETERSON,
Director of Music.

MAUD MORROW McNALL,
Instructor in Piano.

LINNIE HODGEN,
Instructor in Art.

MARIE McCONNEL,
Instructor in Elocution.

DOROTHY EMMA ELLIOTT,
Tutor in Preparatory Department.

HENRY CHALMERS MITCHELL,
Assistant in Chemistry.

WILLIAM JACKSON HOLMES, Physical Director.

Six Courses of Study—Classical, Scientific, Literary, Preparatory, Music and Art.

Musical Conservatory and Ladies Hall.

College Year began September 7, 1898.

Address REV. R. G. FERGUSON, President, Westminster, Pa.

Geo. W. Perkins, *Leading Shoe Dealer.*

*Ladies', Gents', Missos' and Childrens'
Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Saitors, Oxfords,
Tennis, Base Ball, Bicycle and
Symnasium Shoes.
New Wilmington, Pa.*

JOHN SINCLAIR.

Choice Family Groceries

FINE CIGARS and TOBACCOS a SPECIALTY
NEW WILMINGTON - PA

McCreary House,

S. C. McCreary, Proprietor.

This House has the best of accomodations and is
open at all hours to the public. Good Livery
in connection.

Rates, \$1 50 Per Day.

Go to Allen's for Teams.

Best Driving Horses in Town

Hack to Junction.

Mercer Street, - New Wilmington.

J. P. Houlette, Liveryman.

Fine Turnouts. Prices Low.

Hack to Evening Train.

Give Him a Cail. New Wilmington.

Daryman & Warner, Merchant Tailors,

13 N. Mercer Street.

New Castle, Pa.

W. H. ^a F. P. Butz
ⁿ
^d

Fine Cut Flowers.

Choice Roses a Specialty.

North Mercer Street,

New Castle, Pa.

The English Kitchen Lunch Room,

NO. 8 SOUTH MERCER STREET,

NEW CASTLE, - - PENN'A

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

W C. HESS, - - Proprietor.

J. F. Williams

Headquarters for Ladies' and Gents' Fur-
nishing Goods, College Caps, College Pins,
Westminster paper and envelopes. College
and Class Colors, and all other supplies. Call
when you want anything in our line.

J. F. WILLIAMS,

Clark Block

NEW WILMINGTON.

J. C. Bragdon,

Wood and Photo Engraver,

78 and 80 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. XX.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., MAY, 1899.

No. 9.

The Holcad.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

Editorial Staff.

WILLIAM E. BROOKS, '00.....EDITOR IN CHIEF
MARY E. TURNER, '00.....ASSISTANT
THOMAS C. COCHRAN, '01
A. H. BALDINGER, '00.....LITERARY DEPARTMENT
JOHN M. CAMERON, '01
LUCRETIA HAWK, '01.....LOCAL DEPARTMENT
PEARL ANDREWS, '00.....ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD
FAITH W. STEWART, '00.....MUSIC, AND ART
JAMES CHAMBERS, '00.....ATHLETICS AND EXCHANGES
JAMES C. SLOSS, '00.....BUSINESS MANAGER
JAMES E. MURRAY, '00.....ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER

Publishers Notice.

THE HOLCAD is a monthly of ten issues a year, published by the undergraduates of Westminster College.

Entered at the Postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second class mail matter.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni, or any who are or have been connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Address all communications to THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

TERMS One copy per year, \$1.00. Single copy 15c.

EDITORIAL.

HERE is a sentiment that we met with in "Red Rock" that struck us forcibly at the time, and has grown upon us since. "Not every Knight always won his great

love. It was the loyalty, not the success, that was knightly." Think of that for a moment. The words are heavy with meaning. It is not given to every man to obtain the great desire of his heart, be it fame or love, wealth or power. Yet it is loyalty with which he adheres to his purpose that is "knightly." The idea is not new, but the form is a beautiful one. How much there is in the word "knightly." The knight "sans peur et sans reproche" added to his strength of body, singleness of mind and spotlessness of soul. All that united to make the old Greek idea of perfection "the beautiful and the good" were found in him. And to be loyal to the great purpose, to the great desire of one's soul is to fulfil the idea. Not to be overcome with obstacles, but to strive to overcome them, not to be turned aside by difficulties, but to thrust them out of the path of progress, fear nothing, to endure all things, but ever to seek the great aim and end this it is to be "knightly."

THE RECENT Oratorical Contest was a pleasant one in many ways. First, we were first, second; Thiel was second, and third

we celebrated together. Celebrated right royally did we too, in a way that the large delegations present will long remember. The good feeling that has long existed between Thiel and Westminster was happily displayed many times from the arrival of our delegation until we left. All that courtesy requires was freely granted us and many more kindnesses that courtesy is not always supposed to require were literally thrust upon us. When hotel accommodations failed us Thiel boys took us in, and nothing was too good for a fellow who wore the 'White and Blue'. We will long cherish grateful remembrances of their hospitality, and hope that we will be able at no very distant day to return it in some measure. The contest should do much to stimulate the interest in oratory and in the whole literary society work in the College. The man who won, did so because he worked to win, and worked hard, and not because he was the child of a fortunate fate, and Kismet so willed it. That sometimes "goes" in contests as in other things, but the man who adds hard work to his other possessions is usually the one upon whom Fortune smiles.

In this issue will be found, through the courtesy of Mr. Roth, the oration awarded second place. We expect to publish Mr. Miller's oration in the June number.

IMMEDIATELY following the Contest came the visit of the delegates to the Convention of the Women's Missionary Societies in session at New Castle. They took the town by storm and we were very glad to have them take it. The campus was beautiful and our little old town worthy a second

look when they arrived. It is to be hoped that they were as greatly pleased with us as we were with their visit. If they were it should mean a large increase in attendance next Fall. It is good to have people come and see us. It is likely to heighten their opinion of Westminster.

WHY CANNOT Westminster have one of the captured Spanish cannons for her campus? Why does not somebody who has the influence necessary to procure one, use it? We do not want it for a curiosity for people to look at on high-days, but as a familiar thing, like Princeton's famous cannon, round which on class days for many long years the classes have gathered. What Princeton "Old Grad" ever thinks of his college-days without seeing in his mind's eye the cannon and "the boys" round it. We have too few things, tangible things, about which memories cluster. We are not seeking to create sentiment. It is present and simply wants an outlet. A College is not a commercial institution. A College education is not a commercial venture, in which for value received, certain knowledge is imparted in the classics and the sciences, duly attested to by a receipt in the form of a diploma. One of the best parts of College life should be the friendships formed, the memories remaining, after we have forgotten about the woes of Troy; or the perplexities of the moral responsibility. We are not a new ready-made institution, with the price tag still sticking on us. The snows of nearly fifty winters have whitened our campus, and there is much that is pleasant in the years in the memories who have preceeded us. But let us have a few more

tangible things about which memories, rarely sweet, in the coming years can cluster.

MEMORIAL DAY is almost here, and again with solemn ceremonial will the little mound on the Campus dedicated "to the Memory of The Unreturned" be adorned with flowers. Isn't it a beautiful remembrance? To the memory of the men who went out from the care of our Fair Mother, or from the little village home of theirs to defend their Country's honor and who never came back! Perhaps on the slopes of Gettysburg their bones are lying, or where the Father of Waters rolls to the sea. Or it may be they are keeping the last bivouac in the awful Wilderness. But although their graves are unknown, their names are not forgotten, and here when the year is at its brightest their comrades in arms spread flowers in their memory on the bit of turf where the dwarf pine from Little Round Top stands sentinel-like, a silent witness to their gallant deeds and their heroic deaths.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

The Jew.

Oration by Paul Wagner Roth of Thiel College, awarded second place in the contest of the Western Pennsylvania and West Virginia Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association held at Greenville, Pa., May 10, 1889

When the late prime minister of England, Lord Beaconsfield, was twitted of his Jewish origin by a Gentile, he retorted: "Sir, when your ancestors were dwelling in caves and feeding on acorns, mine were priests in the temple of Jehovah."

Of so ancient origin that, in comparison,

our oldest families are but of yesterday, the Jew has a right to be proud of his ancestry. The mighty Nimrods, the tyrannical Pharaohs, the ambitious Alexanders, the haughty Caesars, have left their mark upon the world; but Abraham is the only name that is venerated alike by Jew, Christian, Mohammedan. It was through Abraham our Saviour came, and it was to his descendants God entrusted those great truths which have uprooted the roughest idolatries, tamed the skin-clad barbarian, brought freedom to the slave, answered the despairing cry of fallen humanity and, with the tender love of a mother, brought peace and rest to its sick soul.

Of all the great race-types of antiquity, the Jew alone abides. "Amid the fire that has burned for ages, this bush remains unconsumed." Amid hostile conditions that have engulfed peoples less skilled in the struggle for existence, the Jew survives not only, but flourishes. And although adversity and oppression bear hard on the current generation, the succeeding one rises triumphant over all the embarrassment of outward environment.

However strange may seem the preservation until now of the Jew's physical strength, almost miraculous it is, that, amid conditions which in others have killed both body and soul, he still retains his intellectual vitality unimpaired. Of Jews attending German universities, the proportion is six-fold greater than that of Christians, and in the same universities the majority of men in the faculties are of Jewish extraction. Compared with their total number, the proportion of Jews who stand as leaders of intellectual progress is simply marvelous

No race-stock has given the world so many men really great. Spinoza the philosopher, Moses Mendelssohn "that greatest sage since Socrates," Heine, whom Matthew Arnold calls "the most worthy successor to Goethe in Goethe's most important line of activity," Millet who painted "The Angelus" and "The Man with the Hoe," Israel's the artist, Gambetta the great ultra Liberal, Palgrave the first of English historians, Disraeli, father and son, Auerbach, Jules Verne, Nordau, Zangwill, the Booths, Sarah Bernhardt—these are Jews or of Jewish origin.

Ever since David's four thousand musicians raised their mighty chant of praise and thanksgiving in the temple at Jerusalem, Music has been the divine Muse of the Hebrew, and Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Strauss and Joachim, Rubenstein, Rosenthal, Hoffman and Sauer have been proclaiming the Jew's superiority in the divinest of arts.

If, groping under the cloud of social ostracism, and mired in the swamp of universal prejudice, this nation has given the world, men, so many and so grand, what might not have been the result, had the Jew dwelt beneath the sunshine of popular favor and amid the encouragement of a peaceful national life?

In the art of money-getting, the Jew is easily chief. He counts among his brethren financial prodigies such as Montefiore, the Rothschilds and philanthropic Baron De Hirsch. And this divine endowment, a virtue in others, in him but a vice is held to offset all the good to his credit, drawing down upon him the jealousy of those devoid of his force, and exciting envy and hatred

in those he has surpassed. What can be more contemptible than thus to enjoy the fruit of a man's brain and then, jealous of his superior ability, to cast him out, a hissing and by-word, a thing to be spurned by the meanest?

Jewish superiority in every respect is demonstrated in this, that, of all nations, the Jewish was the chosen of God, to preserve amid the ruins of nations past and to promulgate to nations yet to be, the doctrine of God's Unity, and the Atonement through Christ. When I run back in thought over the landscape of universal history, to see the Jew, as he really appears, towering above the nations about him, he seems to me "like some tall cliff that lifts its awful form, reaches from the vale, and midway leaves the storm; and tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread, eternal sunshine settles on its head."

The inferior of none, the equal of any, the superior of all, still the Jew has been the pariah of the nations. The dreariest chapter in human history is that of Jewish persecution.

What is that strange mystery that hangs over Israel, ever mocking the fondest hopes of that depressed and lonely race? To day the Jew lays down his burden of sorrow only to take it up again to-morrow with fresh anguish and more bitter grief. Is it, perhaps, the Nemesis of Calvary?

Were there a Wandering Jew condemned, without hope of rest or death, to endless life on earth, what anguish unalterable must be his. Wandering for almost two milleniums mid his peoples sufferings, again and again held as in a vise by a fascination begotten of detail too horrible

for expression, he has witnessed the horrors of the Black Death; when, under the heinous accusation of having poisoned the wells countless thousands of his brethren were put to torture on the rack. He has marked the grimy smoke clouds rising in awful grandeur from great holocausts of Jews, scorching in flames because of their persistence in denial of that infamous charge. He has heard the screams rung from old men by the hell-begotten machinery of the Inquisition. He has seen strong youth stand dazed amid the charred timbers of a home among whose grim ruins only Horror dwells, and then beholds him as, with a last look at the grave of another hope, he turns trustful to his wanderer's staff as the only companion in his loneliness of grief. Yes, be there a Wandering Jew, Omniscience alone can know the horrors he has witnessed and sufferings endured alike at the hand of greedy monarch and fanatical subject.

But horrors are not alone of the past. Even in the closing decade of the nineteenth century, Rachel still weeps for her children, cruelties are still practiced, yes, injustices that would drive us mad, were we the victims!

Russia has expatriated her Jewish subjects. For this unholy intolerance the Holy Procurator alleges as the reason, that everywhere the Jew is supplanting the Slav. The Russian is lazy, dull, drunken; the Jew, thrifty, intelligent, sober. In the schools the Jew out-numbers the Russian many times, out-ranks him every time. And for such reasons he is deprived of the blessings of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness and receives from his sovereign like consideration with that accorded him by Pharaoh

of old. It is history repeating itself; one hundred forty million Egyptians quaking before four million Israelites! Truly "One shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight." God has said it.

And France, already in the shadow of her own destruction, that nation of dandies, a race that has sweated out its manhood at the tips of its fingers, is now abusing its last little remnant of energy in planning another St. Bartholomew's night, a massacre not of Huguenots but of Jews, thus about to reenact the folly and fury of former days by letting out from her veins her people's best blood. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

And even in America, we have only to ask how we regard the Jew, to learn that prejudice rankles deep also in our hearts.

Thrifty, sober, industrious, no citizen is more patriotic, none more loyal, none for whom we have less reason to blush, be he rag-picker or merchant prince. In his own person the Jew has given demonstration that, in the position his Creator places him, man attains his best only by stringent endeavor and against bitter odds. Every where the Jew has shown that quality of oil, not only its refusal to mix with water, but also that other property, mingling, not mixing, he always rises to the top.

Is not the present position of the Jew then, a thing irrational, unwarranted, the very essence of unreason? Where he has every reason to expect love he gets hate; for the bread of sympathy, he receives the stone of derision. Why do we not rather admire that manhood which persists despite insult, abuse, wrong, than belittle ours by despising the faithful because of his faith

Dare we heap insult on the Jew because he will none of that "Christian love" which he feels has begotten these centuries of hate, nothing of that Name which to him represents a monster more cruel than Moloch? Nay rather, beginning at home, let us so interpret in deeds the spirit of the lowly Nazarene's teaching that we shall atone for these centuries of our fellow-religionists' dishonor and, like men, learn to recognize and honor merit wherever merit is found. Only by the Christlikeness of our lives can the Jew be led to learn the Christianity of Christ, a thing he has regarded only a never-failing source of misery, is able to forgive like a God.

Let us then crumble the walls of the Ghetto of Prejudice, show frankness and fairness toward our superior, and accord to him the honor which his manhood has honestly won: for, until we love the Jew, never can we hope to see Israel come into her larger heritage or behold a brotherly unity between the children of Shem and Japheth. God grant that soon the sun may rise on the morning that is coming for Israel, and far be it from us to prolong still longer the night already so long and so dreary!

Where are the worshipers of Isis and Baal and Jupiter and Thor and Odin? The law of the fittest's survival, effective 'mongst gods and men alike, has buried them in the ruins of the ages. But the Jew, "a nation without a country, a race whose body is the offspring of Jacob and whose soul is the religion of Jehovah, a gulf-stream in the great ocean of man-kind, flowing steadily around the world and never once losing its color or its temperature," a people indestructible because preserved of Jehovah

for his own great ends, still lives; and his God, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob, alone survives.

A Few College Customs.

The answer of the old Oxford gardener when the American tourist asked him the secret of Trinity's trim lawns, "Oh, we cuts it and rolls it and keep on cuttin' an' rollin' for about six hundred year," voices a principle which is applicable to colleges as well as lawns, for age is a factor in the influence of educational institutions which wealth of equipment or excellence of instruction may not supersede. Without comparative antiquity there can be no "atmosphere" and atmosphere is the vital breath of a college or university. There enter by the mellowing influence of time into that impalpable product which we call the traditions of a college, its history, heritage, memories of the men who have moulded its destinies, ideals and principles. A ready-made college, without age, traditions or atmosphere is in the nature of things little else than a well-meant absurdity.

But without venturing to approach the higher traditions, it is with some of the more trivial and often transitory customs that this article attempts to deal and only in the barest and most fragmentary way.

The interest in the Eastern Universities as in other less prominent institutions, at the opening of the college year centers in the Freshmen. Their advent is variously celebrated. At Harvard until about five years ago the sanguinary institution known as "Bloody Monday" obtained. On the evening of the first Monday after college

opened, the Freshmen urged on by the Junior and Senior classes were required to "rush" the second year men in the Yard (he who speaks of the Harvard "Campus" betrays his ignorance of Harvard custom.) The clans begin to gather about dusk. The air is filled with repeated cries of "Ninety blank! This way!" The Freshmen usually found in front of Gray's, the Sophomores between Hollis and Thayer. The signal is given, the rush begins, waxes fast and furious amid the encouraging cheers of Juniors and Seniors who watch the fray from the steps of Matthews and Weld until with torn garments, bleeding noses and bruised limbs one side or the other is forced to retire. The custom was happily abandoned a few years ago and now a reception is held in honor of the incoming class in Sander's Theater, with addresses by President Eliot, the president of the Senior class, representatives of the crew and the eleven, the mayor of Cambridge and others.

At Yale, "The Fence" in front of Duffee Hall is the cherished goal of Freshman ambition. On respective sections sit Seniors, Sophs and Juniors shoulder to shoulder and thigh to thigh in a "glorious guild of fellowship." No hapless Freshman may enjoy the privilege of a seat on "the fence" save when his class has placed the blue above the crimson in the annual base ball game with the Harvard Freshmen. In that case a scant stretch of rails is his. The Fence is the hestia, the corporate hearth and home of student camaraderie. Here the solemn Seniors with the advent of spring exercise their traditional and exclusive privilege of playing marbles and spinning tops. Here Sophomore plots

are hatched and Sophomore names whittled. Here Juniors revive memories of the "prom" and watch the Senior marble match. Yale would not be Yale without "the Fence."

It would seem that the hap and lot of Freshmen at Princeton is somewhat harder than at Harvard or Yale. They have apparently not yet been wholly emancipated from their ancient serfdom to the upper classes, for though hazing is happily a thing of the past and no longer are lackless youths hauled from their beds and made deliver their school commencement oration to an interested Sophomore audience, or spend a bad quarter of an hour rowing races with toothpicks on marble-topped tables, yet the Princeton Freshman is confronted by a condition and not a theory. If there is to be a bon-fire in celebration of an athletic victory the freshmen must furnish the wood. It is not their's to make reply, their's not to reason why. Wood must be had and they must get it. Then there is the time honored custom of "cane spreeing"—a custom distinctively Princetonian, when a chosen body of freshmen is required to contend with a set of Sophomores in a series of struggles the object of which is for each in turn to wresh a smooth hickory cane from his opponent's hands. An unwritten code governs the contest and the canes so won are highly prized trophies. In Princeton we have also the *mos majorum* which directs the abstraction of the clapper of the college bell by each class at sometime in the course of its first year. The stolen clapper is sent to Trenton, melted down and made into miniature clappers of which each member of the class receives one.

One of the most curious features of Yale life is the mystery that attaches to the various student societies the "Scroll and Keys," "Skull and Bones," "Wolfs Head" and thus their names are never spoken. Questions regarding the little gold emblem that each member wears are ignored, and all curiosity meets with prompt and decided discouragement. The members are chosen from the incoming senior class and the result of the election is announced by a mysterious and dramatic custom known as "tapping". This occurs on a certain May afternoon. The campus is crowded with undergraduates hopeful for themselves or their friends. At five o'clock representatives of the societies appear and mingle with the crowd, in search of the chosen juniors. When one is discovered a society-member comes up behind him, taps him sharply on the shoulder with the stern command "Go to your room!" As each fortunate fellow thus receives his accolade, the campus rings with congratulatory cheers, varying in enthusiasm with the elected one's popularity.

In all colleges prevails the debatable custom of "sign-ragging" or "sign-swiping." The favorite sign at Harvard is a striped barber pole or the large white porcelain capital used to advertise "H-O," a kind of cereal food, I believe. Signs such as "Private Way," "Dangerous Passing," "Standing Room Only" etc., ad infinitum grace or disgrace the rooms of all college students whose immature minds supply a fallacious distinction between robbery for personal use and robbery for fun.

A more commendable custom is that of singing appropriate songs on college occa-

sions, this too, obtains in nearly all colleges. At Harvard, Yale, and Princeton nearly every formal occasion is closed by the singing of "Fair Harvard," "Here's to Good Old Yale," and "Old Nassau." In all these institutions in the spring there is general singing by the students in the yard or campus led by the glee club.

At Princeton the seniors observe the custom of "Senior singing" so interestingly and pathetically described by Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams in his "Princeton Stories." The English universities welcome distinguished visitors by singing "For he's a jolly good fellow." President Eliot is always hailed on public occasions at Harvard by "Here's a health to King Charles" and I believe Pres. Patton and Pres. Dwight are similarly honored at Princeton and Yale. At football and base ball games, the singing of verses with local allusions is regarded as a more dignified and effective demonstration than frenzied senseless shrieking and in celebrations of victory also has its place with organized cheering. It is gratifying to note the practice here in Westminster of singing in the spring evenings on the Campus and the custom should be encouraged.

The catalogue of college customs might be extended indefinitely but we have already transgressed our limit. There are customs creditable and lamentable, dignified and whimsical, good and bad connected with nearly every place of college activity. Those wishing more extended information in regard to these are referred to the series of admirable articles in recent numbers of Scribner's Magazine on undergraduate life in the various American colleges.

THE POETS' CORNER.

The Trial.

He stood at the bar of justice
 A youth of "Tender years,"
 His features so pale and haggard
 As to almost move one to tears.

The court-room was crowded with students—
 With lawyers, and clerks, and police,
 The judge and the jury were present
 To either convict or release

The judge then read from a parchment,
 In a voice both stern and slow,
 "You are charged with stealing some apples—
 Are you guilty of this, or no?"

The witnesses then were examined
 Each one with some light to reveal
 While the lawyers all claimed of the jury
 That each should receive a fair deal.

One man contradicted his statement
 And was given a speedy release;
 While another one got into trouble
 As "Particeps Criminis"

When the evidence all had been given,
 The jury retired from the room
 And every one anxiously waited
 To hear the prisoner's doom.

The jury's indictment was "Guilty"—
 Two hundred dollars the bail—
 And unless the said sum were forthcoming,
 The convict must go straight to jail.

How strange that the youth didn't notice
 That the trial was all for a joke!
 But he didn't—and to one standing near him
 He turned, and ruefully spoke:

"Them apples was awfully expensive,
 And the next time I'll know what to do;
 Had I known they would cost me so dearly,
 I'd have eaten the rotten ones too"

C. S. W.

Blossom-Time.

My orchard's now a sea of flowers
 With here and there an island green
 Of grass, where once a tree had seen
 The healthful vigor of its powers.

And o'er this sea the ships are going—
 The butterflies and honey-bees,
 Like yachts which flit about at ease
 Or fishing schooners, treasure stowing.

And near the borders of this ocean
 Amongst the petaled breakers white,
 There sport and play with huge delight
 My friends, the birds, with graceful motion

Their lively noise, their notes of pleasure,
 Float through my window, bid me come
 Enjoy God's gifts by taking some
 Few stolen hours of restful leisure

Shall I resist these calls sonorous
 When nature gladsome now and bright
 Is singing praises day and night?
 No; I'll out and join the chorus.

To the Girls in Pink.

In the days of old the errant knights
 Rode o'er the world to avenge the slights—
 To right the wrongs, defend the rights
 Of ladies fair.

Today our streets and campus shades
 Are peopled by the wand'ring maids—
 And now and then we note their raids
 On candy stores.

This chivalrous tale is not complete
 Until you learn each maiden sweet,
 With wand and ring, has at her feet
 An errant knight.

"Nunquam * * * contare rogati"—Hor.

Write a poem for the "CAD."
 Clever let it be or bad,
 Make it either gay or sad,
 Write a poem for the "CAD."

Make it either short or long,
 Make the metre right or wrong.
 Let the thought be weak or strong,
 Write a rondeau or a song.

Write a lover's sad complaint,
 Tell of the "night winds wailing faint,"
 Sing of Senior, sing of saint,
 Use words commonplace or quaint.

But—write a poem for the "CAD"
 Hurry up—don't drive Brooks mad.
 Send it in—make Cochran glad
 Write a poem for the "CAD."

LOCALS.

Exams. soon!

Hope you win on the home stretch.

Aren't you sorry you missed more than three days?

Al. Newmeyer says he wishes he weren't "Dutch."

Shake off the spring fever, vacation is now on the road.

Anderson says he is willing to trade neckties, etc., with all comers; soiled ones rebared.

The numbers on the girls' hats change every week. Surely they don't represent their ages. (That is, the hats)

Did you ever see Guy Volton smile? It does one good, and there is scarcely (?) any danger of Guy hurting himself.

The Van Orsdell dinner bell was ringing quite merrily when Roy Dindinger broke in with: "Did some one call me?"

Some one moved John Nelson's trunk down to Hope's in a spirit of mischief; and everyone is wondering why any significance should be attached to this.

Pittinger was called on in Latin and was speechless. He had been out cheering the night of the oratorical contest, and is now advertising for the lost vocal cord.

McCartney is congratulating himself on the fact that after Commencement he will be the only student in school with a moustache. Keep a stiff upper lip, "Mac."

When the ladies were here visiting the college, one encountered a member of our

faculty in the hall and, I guess because of his youthful appearance thought he was a student and asked him if he were not.

"Yes," spoke up another professor, "he's a third Prep."

The boys were talking about what would clean light hats. One said that naphtha would do it.

Where is he from," asked Dindinger, "Pittsburg?"

Wait till our band gets in good running order, and the street car line will be a permanency, else how could the New Castle people hear the concerts?

Some one blamed this on "Skimmer," but he says he isn't guilty:

"Cannibalism is that state of civilization when men eat each other." They do it every day.—figuratively speaking.

Bruce McCrory became attached to a chair in Doctor's room, so much so, indeed, that when he left the chair went with him.

"There's a 'tale' connected with this," said Bruce: as he unpinned his coat.

The student sat at his desk one day

"Dropping a line" to Sue:

"My dear, I scarcely know what to say
Except that I'm fishing for you."

"Eddy" was a little absent-minded one morning and trotted away over to the Anderson house for breakfast, and then just as he was about to go in he remembered that they had moved and that he was eating at Kelly's.

Were the students who were helping the Profs. to construct the new tennis court, looking for "grades"?

Prof.,—Mr. Houston, can you write? Take the seventeenth.

What kind of pie did Prof. McKee want Miss Stewart to give him?

Nelson, just in from the farm, "Professor, do you get veal from sheep?"

George Robb reading; "Low, low"—Prof.,—"Yes, so low we can't hear it."

Young lady:

"Oh girls! I heard some one come rustling up." I wonder who she meant.

Prof. McKee's daily lament: "I am sorry we have had no time for explanations to-day!"

Morrow reading Greek; "Hear me now, for great grief has come to my heart—" At this point he was so overcome by his sorrow that he was unable to proceed.

Zehner didn't write the lesson on the board that day and Professor B— asked if it were written in sympathetic ink. It's a good thing the ink was this if nothing else.

Prof. B—to class in logic giving illustrations of syllogisms.

"The present condition of the U. S is due to Pres. McKinley. What is that?"

Stage Whisper:—"Its a lie."

Do the seniors look like seniors? That is the question every one asked after one of the chapel speakers said he didn't know where the seniors sat now, but he used to sit — — Well that stereotyped story!

"It's an ill wind that does not do some good." Is that quoted correctly? Anyway we had a cyclone in New Wilmington and some trees on the campus suffered

the amputation of a few limbs. Think you the wind was destined never to blow through them again? Nay; the boys made whistles of them and presented them some to other boys, some to girls. It is said that one young lady at the Hall has a whistle with four prongs; one bass, one tenor, one alto, and one soprano. It will be on exhibition at our rooms next week along with the cake that took first prize at Mercer Fair fifteen years ago. Any one presenting a whistle with five prongs will be entitled to a year's subscription.

Two girls;—a cow

Don't ask me how

They ran;

What! Tell the names

Of these two dames?

They can.

First Senior:

Where shall we all meet again?

In joy, in sorrow or in pain?

Second Senior.

When examinations are done.

When the sheep-skin's lost or win.

Third Senior.

That will be when the term is done.

1st—Where the place?

2nd — . Upon the stage.

3rd—There to meet with the Profs.

1st—I come Commencement—

2nd— Future calls anon.

All.—Fail is flunk and flunk is fail

That's what makes the Seniors pale.

Scene—Street.

Time—12:30 P. M.

D. P.—Purvis, small boy, old horse and buggy.

Old horse comes slowly down the street

apparently without a driver. Purvis sees this and thinks that "here is a chance for glory and renown" by stopping this runaway horse.

Dashes frantically down street yelling: "Whoa! whoa, horsey; soo Boss, soo, soo, WHOA!"

Small boy looking over back of buggy: "Did you lose something, mister?"

Purvis retires to bump his head against a stone wall.

The curtain rises on the dining-room of a hotel.

Waiters in the back-ground; Binno and Jordan in the fore-ground; egg-shells in the coffee-grounds.

Waiter asks Jordan in broken German-English as to the soup.

Jordan; "I don't understand French, but I'll take the last."

Binno didn't either, so he does the same.

Binno and Jordan in chorus, after waiting an hour and a half:

"It must be turtle soup; it so slow in coming."

Finis—of the soup.

ATHLETICS.

Our second college game was lost to W. & J. at Washington May 5th., by a score of 8 to 3. This is the first time for many years that W. & J. has won from Westminster and the boys were pretty hard losers. The game was played under very unfavorable circumstances. There had been rain during almost the entire forenoon and the sun did not put in an appearance

while the game was in progress. Westminster's fielding was excellent, but the difficulty lay in their being unable to find Pitcher Nesbit. Score.

W. & J.	R	B	P	A	E	W'minster	R	B	P	A	E
Service, c.	1	2	14	1	1	Edmundson	3	2	0	0	0
Meade, s	1	1	2	0	0	Degelman s	1	0	0	2	2
Bowman, 2	1	1	0	0	2	Chambers, m	0	0	2	0	0
Nesbit, p	1	2	0	2	0	McKim, p	0	1	0	0	0
Allen, r	1	0	0	0	0	Jordan, c	0	1	4	1	0
Nelson, 1	1	2	5	0	2	Greer, l	0	0	4	0	0
Fergus, l	0	0	0	0	0	Kuhn, l	0	0	4	0	0
Bung'r, 2,	1	0	0	0	1	Cameron, r	0	0	0	0	0
Carson, r	1	0	0	0	0	Porter, I	0	0	3	1	0

Totals...	8	8	21	4	5	Totals...	3	2	18	4	3
W. & J.....	0	4	0	0	2	0-8					
Westminster.....	1	0	0	0	2	0-1					

Two base hits—Nelson 2 Nesbit 2. Bowman 1. Base on balls—Off Nesbit 2 off McKim 3. Struck out—By Nesbit 12, By McKim, 2. Umpire - C. L. Jones.

Westminster was defeated at Johnstown by a score of 8 to 11. The team was weakened by the absence of Davies, who was unable to catch on account of an injured hand. Kuhn went behind the bat for the first time in years and after becoming warmed up caught a very creditable game. Cameron started in to pitch but was relieved after 2 innings by Yolton who made a fine finish.

Summary—Two base hits, Mainhart, Pounds, 2. Three base hits Edmundson, Chambers, Pounds, Goff. Sacrifice hits, Kuhn, McCreight. Base on balls Off Cameron 2, off Yolton 4. Passed balls Kuhn 3. Struck out by Yolton 2, by Sperlein 3. Score by innings.

Westminster—3 0 0 0 3 0 0 2 3—8
Johnstown —3 4 0 0 0 3 1 0 0—11
Hits, Westminster 12. Errors, 5. Hits, Johnstown 12. Errors 2. Batteries, Cameron, Yolton, Kuhn; Sperlein and Murphy.

The best game of the season was played at Indiana the following Tuesday. The

home team winning by a score of 4 to 3. Fletcher started to pitch the game for Indiana but his control was so poor that he was replaced by Williams who pitched a very steady game. McKim pitched for Westminster in his usual good form never allowing the opponents hits when they were needed. The sensational catch of the season was made by Degleman at short. In the ninth inning a drive was started out which seemed to all a sure hit when Deg by a series of evolutions and a quick leap pulled it down with one hand. Score.

Westminster - - - 0 2 1 0 1 0 0 0 0—4
Indiana - - - - - 0 1 0 0 0 0 2 0 0—3

Home run, Owens; two base hits, Sher rad, Hammer; base on balls off Fletcher 4, off Williams 3; hit by pitcher, Westminster 1; Indiana 2. Struck out by McKim 5, by Williams 3. Hits, Westminster 5, Indiana 5; Errors, Westminster 2, Indiana 2. Batteries—Westminster, McKim and Davies. Indiana, Fletcher, Williams and St. Clair.

The poorest game of the season was played here May 15 with Slippery Rock Normal which resulted in a victory for Westminster by a score of 17 to 1. Slippery Rock played a very loose game. They were expecting three new players to meet them here but when these did not show up, they were left in the hole. W. C. had 5 two base hits and 20 stolen bases.

The preliminary field meet held Tuesday May 9th resulted as follows:

100 yd. dash—Time 10 1-5 sec. 1st Sloss, 2nd heat—Time 10 2-5 sec. 1st Thompson. No final.

High Jump—Height 5 ft. 4 in. 1st Gealey.

$\frac{1}{2}$ mile Bike—Time 36 sec. 1st McCague.

Pole Vault—Unfinished.

Broad Jump—Dist. 31 ft. 8 in. 1st Sloss.

16 pd. Shot Put—Dist, 31 ft. 1st McCandless.

120 Hurdle—Time 18 1-5 sec. Gealey.

440yd. dash—Time 55 1-5 sec. 1st Sloss.

1 Mi. Run—Time 4 min. 55 sec. Cummings.

2 mi. Bike—Time 5 min. 50 sec. 1st McCague.

220 yd dash—Time 24 1-5 sec. 1st Sloss.

$\frac{1}{2}$ mi Run—Time 2 min 18 1-5 sec. 1st Goe. Smith.

Wheelbarrow Race, 1st Holmes.

MUSIC AND ART.

The Fifth Annual Contest of the Western Pennsylvania and West Virginia Oratorical Association was held at Greenville, on May 10th. The occasion was a very pleasant one for Westminster and one long to be remembered. Our representative H. Russell Miller was awarded first place, Paul W. Roth of Thiel being second. Thiel did everything in her power to add to our comfort and pleasure. The college band escorted our delegation to the Opera House, and after the contest was a prominent feature in the celebration. At no time was the result in doubt. The verdict was received with wild enthusiasm and Dr. Johnston, the Master of Ceremonies, had to wait several minutes before he was able to announce the second place. Fortunately Thiel was second and we celebrated together. The

staid old town of Greenville soon learned that the White and Blue had won another victory. This was kept up until a late hour. The large number of the Alumni present helped us cheer, and even the Doctor looked as if he would like to. The reception of the news in New Wilmington kept the bells ringing for an hour, and fire-works and cheering helped the fun along. The report of the judges will be found on another page.

Program.

Overture	-	College Orchestra.
Invocation by Dr. Crawford, of Allegheny.		
Introductory Address	Dr. Johnson of Geneva.	
Oration	-	The Spirit of Reform.
	Ira M. Flecker, Geneva College	
Quartette	-	To Thee, O Country
Oration	-	Triumphant America
	David R. Huss, Waynesburg College.	
Oration	-	Can Ye Not Discern the Signs of the Times—J. E. Martin, Bethany College
Duet	-	Selected
Oration	-	Higher Ideals
	H. Russell Miller, Westminster College	
Oration	-	The Jew
	Paul W. Roth, Thiel College	
Quartette	-	Bugle Song
Oration	-	The North and South United
	S. J. Spears, W. Va. University.	
Oration	-	The Moral Idea—Its Power
	L. L. Swisher, Meadville	
Intermezzo—"Miriam"	-	Orchestra
Decision of Judges	-	Presentation of Medal
	Selection by Orchestra.	

The Music Department in its Term Concert held on the evening of May 5th had the assistance of Mr. E. G. Rothleder, a Pittsburg violinist. His work, while not perhaps the equal of that of Herr Wilczek, was very pleasing. The work of the Chorus Class was good, especially in the Bridal Chorus. This was most beautifully given and more than made up for the somewhat indifferent rendering of the Gounod selection. Miss MacNall's interpretation of the Godard Valse was as always delightful.

Programme.

Weber.	-	Jubel Overture—
	-	Arranged for two pianos
	-	Miss MacNall and Mr. Peterson,
	-	Miss Mae Balph and Miss Edith McCrary.
Costa	-	Praise the Lord for His Godness, Naaman.
	-	Chorus Class
Vieuxtemps,	-	Air Varié Op 22 No. 11.
	-	Mr. Rothleder
Buck	-	Where the Lindens Bloom.
	-	Mr. Peterson.
Gounod	-	Send Out Thy Light
	-	Chorus Class.
Godard	-	Valse Chromatique Op 88
	-	Miss MacNall
Leslie	-	Trio—O Memory
Miss Balph, Miss Turner, and Mr. Geo. McKee	-	
a Raff	-	Avantina Op 85, No 31
b Wieniawski	-	Obertass Gp. 19
	-	Mr. Rothleder.
Cowen	-	Bridal Chorus. "Rose Maiden."
	-	Chorus Class

A complimentary recital with a programme selected from that of the Term Concert was given by the Music Department for the visitors from the Convention of the Women's Missionary Societies. The chapel was filled to overflowing.

A very beautiful specimen of the work of the Art students was displayed in the Studio on the same occasion.

ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD.

J. H. W. Cooper '96 is home from Union Seminary for the long vacation.

R. W. Cooper '98 of Allegheny Seminary is home for the summer vacation.

Miss Lizzie Houston '93 is home from Chase City where she was teaching.

Rev. W. J. Best '75 Pastor of U. P. Church of Totten, Iowa, was a recent visitor.

Miss Emma Robertson '95 of Hender-

son Mission, North Carolina, has just returned home.

Rev. J. P. Miller, '84 was recently installed pastor of the Fourth U. P. Church, Chicago.

Rev. W. J. Snodgrass '67, of West Middlesex assisted Dr. McElree at communion May 20.

Rev. J. H. Gibson '72 conducted chapel exercises one morning, and preached for Dr. McElree in 2nd church.

Rev. A. P. Hutchinson '78 of Sandy Lake attended the golden-wedding of his wife's parents Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Thompson in this place.

The Rev. W. H. Vincent, D. D. '69 of Detroit, Mich., has been elected President of the Board of Directors of the Allegheny Theological Seminary.

J. A. Alexander '86, Gen'l Sec'y of the Christian Union for the present year, visited his mother when here for the W. G. M. S. in New Castle.

Horace G. Byers '95 Ph. D. (John Hopkins '99) has been appointed Professor of Chemistry in the University of Washington, Seattle, Wash.

Rev. John H. Gibson '72 Monroe, Ia., Rev. T. D. Stewart '73 of Wheeler and Rev. A. S. Stewart '73 of Raddyffe were recent chapel visitors.

Dr. W. S. Owens '96, of Indiana Pa., has been engaged as editor-in-chief of the MIDLAND of Chicago and will enter upon his duties at an early date.

Rev. J. P. McElree '68, Rev. J. J. Kulin

'94 Meade L'ninger '95 W. D. Gamble '96 Thomas Jones '98 and W. L. Breden '98 were present at the Greenville Contest and helped along the cheering.

Rev. W. H. Fulton '94 is a delegate to the General assembly from San Francisco Presbytery. He is also the Presbytery's nominee for Superintendent of Sabbath Schools.

The Rev. James P. McKee, D. D., '68 for some time instructor of Mathematics in the college and later engaged in missionary work in India, visited friends in the town recently.

Revs. Arch R. Robinson '89 and Jas. Leitch a former student here were two of those chosen to represent the graduating class at Commencement exercises of Allegheny Theological Seminary.

Rev. J. A. Duff '81 recently observed the seventh anniversary of his pastorate in the Second U. P. Church, Chicago. The church has enjoyed great prosperity under his ministry, the membership is four times as large as it was when he began, and is united and active.

EXCHANGES.

A recent issue of the Campus is a special college edition containing several Allegheny songs, as well as many old favorites.

The May issue of the Hope College Anchor is a very creditable Poetry Number and is well worth one's perusal.

President Harper has taken a decided stand against the evils of plagiarism and

cribbing, and the penalty in Chicago University hereafter is to be the loss of one year's work for a single offence.

We clip the following from the Union Advance for April: "One of the best exchanges among our number is the HOLCAD, published by Westminster College. It is complete in its make-up and every department is well sustained.

The Scio Collegian did not appear for March. The April number however, show-

ed up all right, and a special commencement issue is promised to make up for the omission of the March edition.

"Quo vadis" now my gentle friend,
The "Christian" meekly sighed.

"I's in Pursuit of the House-boat;"
The "Martian" calm replied.

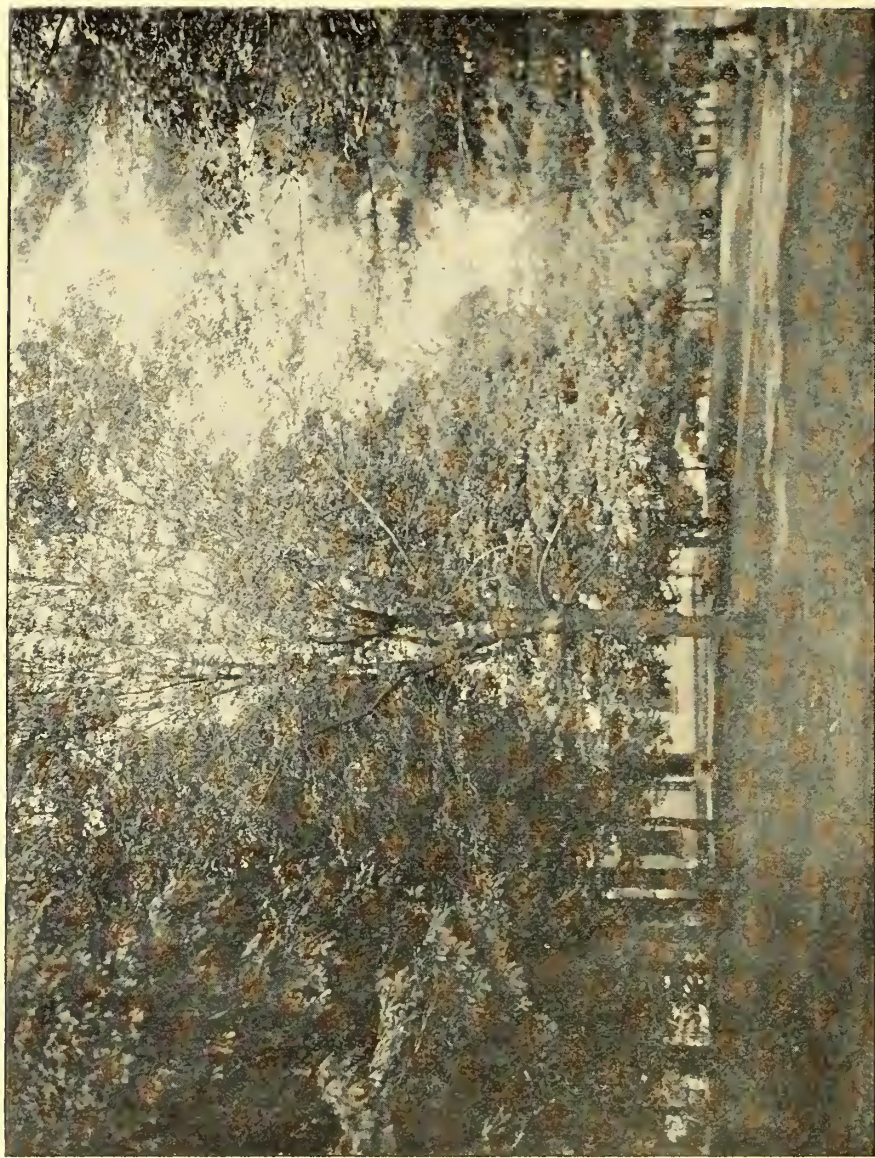
'On the Face of the Waters' I've travelled
'To The Seats of the Mighty' in Heaven,
Whence, with 'Soilders of Fortune,'
'I fled on the oo7'."

OFFICIAL REPORT

Of the Judges at Contest of the Western Pennsylvania
and West Virginia Oratorical Association, Green-
ville, Pa., May 10, 1899

Orators.	Colleges.	Judges	Thought.	Composition	Delivery.	Totals.	Rank.	Totals.	Final Rank.
S. T. Spears	W. Va. Univ.	Grier.	6	5	3	14	4		
		Johnson.	6	7	6	19	6		
		Sheakley.						4	14
Paul Wagner Roth	Thiel.	Grier.	3	4	7	14	4		
		Johnson.	5	4	5	14	5		
		Sheakley.						1	10
David R. Huss	Waynesburg.	Grier.	7	6	4	17	5		
		Johnson.	7	6	7	20	7		
		Sheakley.						5	17
J. E. Martin.	Bethany.	Grier.	4	2	2	8	2		
		Johnson.	4	5	2	11	4		
		Sheakley.						6	12
J. M. Flocker.	Geneva.	Grier.	1	3	5	9	3		
		Johnson.	1	3	3	7	2		
		Sheakley.						7	12
L. L. Swisher.	Allegheny.	Grier.	5	7	6	18	6		
		Johnson.	3	1	4	8	3		
		Sheakley.						3	12
H Russell Miller.	Westminster.	Grier.	2	1	1	4	1		
		Johnson.	2	2	1	5	1		
		Sheakley.						2	4





A BIT OF THE CAMPUS

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. XX.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA , JUNE, 1899.

No. 10.

The Holcad.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

Editorial Staff.

WILLIAM E. BROOKS, '00.....	EDITOR IN CHIEF
MARY E. TURNER, '00.....	ASSISTANT
THOMAS C. COCHRAN, '01.....	} LITERARY DEPARTMENT
A. H. BALDINGER, '00.....	
JOHN M. CAMERON, '01.....	} LOCAL DEPARTMENT
LUCRETIA HAWK, '04.....	
PEARL ANDREWS, '00.....	ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD
FAITH W. STEWART, '00.....	MUSIC, AND ART
JAMES CHAMBERS, '00.....	ATHLETICS AND EXCHANGES
JAMES C. SLOSS, '00.....	BUSINESS MANAGER
JAMES E. MURRAY, '00.....	ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER

Publishers Notice.

THE HOLCAD is a monthly of ten issues a year, published by the undergraduates of Westminster College.

Entered at the Postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second class mail matter.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni, or any who are or have been connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Address all communications to THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

TERMS: One copy per year, \$1.00. Single copy 15c.

EDITORIAL.

ANOTHER Commencement Day is nearly these and another class will soon leave their halls. It is good that a man's college days should end in beautiful June when the

year is at its brightest and best, rather than in the dark and cruel winter. That his remembrances of the end of his school-life should be lined on a background of blue skies and green fields and running waters, and redolent with the delights of the high-tide of the year.

To the class of '99 we say "God speed you." In these last days old class differences should be dropped, old trouble forgotten. That is what we ask of you. That is what we give you. We, no longer divided by class prejudices, are now only sons and daughters of Westminster, our Alma Mater dear. May the years that are coming have rich gifts in store for you, such as are best for each. And may your College be honored anew by your deeds and your lives.

In the introduction to his "Book of College Sports" Camp of Yale quotes these lines.

"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise
By each pray God a gentleman!"

The Tarler said about the appellation

gentleman that "it is never to be affixed to a man's circumstances, but to his behavior in them." In other words one's right to the title does not consist in what he is, winner or loser, but in what he does, in his observance of the courtesies that obtain among gentlemen. This is as true of contests of mind as it is of those of brawn. And because a College loses a contest it can hardly be called courteous for it to call a rival College nasty names or impugn to it nasty motives, which in all probability never existed. The article concerning the recent Inter-collegiate Contest at Greenville which appeared in the May number of "The Campus" is unworthy of the dignity of such a paper representing such an institution as Allegheny College, and we trust our brother editor will so see it. It never adds to one's honor to "sling mud" at his successful rival, no matter how strongly he may feel that he has been wronged in the result of the Contest.

The work of the base-ball team has been marvelous and too much credit cannot be given to Captain Edmundson for the success achieved. When the season opened the prospects were far from encouraging. Several important positions were vacant and to fill them as well as they had been filled seemed a well nigh impossible task. Yet players have been developed, under the admirable coaching system adopted, who fill the places fully. The team works splendidly together. The season's work should prove that with a good Captain who can coach and players who are willing to be coached and to work unitedly. Westminster can

win more games than do the teams consisting of hired players. *Esprit du corps* is as strong a factor in sport as in other things and a man never does his best work simply for money.

The interest in the Musical organizations of the Societies was perhaps greater this year than ever before. The Adelpic Orchestra under Prof. Peterson's able direction did work of which their society ought to be proud. The Philo Mandolin Club was the best that the Society has ever had. It is well that the societies are paying such attention to the musical clubs. They are worth all the effort that it takes to keep up. It is to be hoped that at no every distant day they will pass beyond the limits of the Societies and become representative College organizations.

Here is something quite to the point from the editorial columns of an old exchange. "You doubtless remember that you have been asked several times during the past year to contribute something to our columns and you remember your answer. If you require editors to make bricks without straw, do not complain about the quality of the bricks." That is well put. Think about it. The HOLCAD is your paper, and if you, every one of you, graduate, undergraduate and prep, do not do your part to make it a success, the loss is going to be yours. A staff cannot make a good paper by themselves, for even if they had time enough and brains enough to write all the matter for it it would only represent them,

not the college, and you would get tired of seeing their names. We hope this edition will reach a large number of the Alumni and that we can renew their interest in the paper to the extent of contributions of matter and subscriptions. If you cannot do more send us a note for the Alumni or the Local departments. Every straw helps the quality of the brick. Give us straw enough to make good bricks and we will do our best to prevent you having cause for complaint.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Higher Ideals.

Oration awarded first place at the Contest of the Western Pennsylvania and West Virginia Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association, Greenville, Pa., May, 10th 1899. Delivered by H. Russell Miller, of Westminster College.

Spring time, summer, autumn, winter make their appearance and are ushered out, ever new, yet ever old. Season after season, year after year, century after century glide by, leaving the world unchanged. Conditions change, channels of thought change, the world's phases change, and yet, in the closing hours of the nineteenth century, man in his essential characteristics is the same as when our common father bent the knee to our common God. The same soul breathes within him. His heart throbs with the same loves. The same impulses move him and the same influences guide him. The same forces mould his character, and the same power of ideals that inspired

the patriarchs of old to actions is still mighty for good or evil.

What is an idea? It is a standard of excellence, in character and achievement, better grander than what we have yet attained. It is universal, found not alone in men of great genius. Though wielding a mighty power over these, is in the everyday life of the rank and file that its truest influence is felt. It is the few who possess strong creative genius, which produces the world's masterpieces in poetry and art, but every one has that representative faculty which sets before the mind ideals. It is the one standard according to which actions are shaped. No man ever attained excellence in any line, who had not before the mind such an ideal of what he ought to be and to do. Like the guiding pillar of old, it looms up before him, advancing with his progress, rising as he rises, ever prompting to highest and holiest endeavor. He may never reach it; he probably never will. But without it he would never be what he is.

Nations as well as individuals have their ideals. Wealth, military power, vast dominion, all have led nations on to their achievements. They differ very materially, but whatever they may be, high and pure, or low and base, they are what their citizens make them. A stream cannot rise higher than its source; neither can a nation reach higher attainments than are outlined in the ideals of her statesmen, her soldiers, her politicians, her citizens. Our ideals make us; we make the nation.

The world, too, has its one great aim. Three master ideals have successively swayed the world. The ancient ideal was one of physical enjoyment. Men lived, they

toiled, they fought, only to procure a passing pleasure. 'Twas a selfish aim, and it brought everything to a selfish and unenduring level. A great, but only temporal magnificence characterized all their achievements. Men built for time, not for eternity.

The result of such an ideal is easily seen. Art was sensuous, not instructive nor inspiring. Power was misused. Religion was a beautiful farce. Men struggled to attain that, which almost reached, eluded their grasp. Kings conquered, ruled, fell and were forgotten, all in a generation. Nations fought for what, once gained, proved an ephemeral glory. Undermined by the very pomp and display they had labored so hard to reach, their strength failed them, and they in their turn gave way to others. Thus went centuries by, and the world did not find the true ideal.

The Christian Era introduced a new factor, one which was destined to bring a radical change—the standard of the Cross. The Middle Ages, imperfectly instructed therein, set ideals broader in their conception of humanity and duty, and still not the perfect standard. Here even yet the innate brutality in man stood forth in all its ruggedness. The great aim in life, of individual and nation, was conquest. The cause mattered little. Men found their chief pleasure in war. The clashing of armor and shouts of battle made every hill and valleys ring. In every land men's energies were bent chiefly to the work of destruction. The watchword of the world was "Kill!" The cold blasts, escaping from the ice-mountains of the north shrieked, "Kill!" The soft breezes from the home of warmth

and sunshine murmured the doleful cry, "Kill!" The east wind, wandering from its desert home, wailed the bitter refrain, "Kill!" And from far over the western sea came the sobbing echo, loud and clear, "Kill!—Kill!—Kill!" Again centuries had passed and the world had not found the true ideal.

The Renaissance and Reformation occur, and new truths and ideals are found. For the first time in human history, the individual is given a place. As that solitary man at Worms stands confronting the four hundred frowning dignitaries of the church, the Book of God in his hands, and the reason of God on his lips, he strikes the keynote of the age, when he cries, "Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise. So help me God!" The discovery of the individual was the greatest discovery of the age, and with it came an era of progress never before equalled, one which has culminated in the present century. The nineteenth century aim has certainly been a great one. It has had as its centre the universal improvement of the race. Inventions have lightened the tasks of the laborer. The forces of nature are subjected to the will of man. In his search for knowledge neither starry heights nor the depths of the earth escape the argus eye of the scientist. Liberty has spread out her wings. The spirit of peace has grown. Better than all, the spirit of the Gospel has been gaining power. Truly it has been a grand period.

And yet the world has not attained the true ideal. The right and the wrong are still struggling for the mastery. The serpent as well as the eagle aspires to the zenith of power. Wrong walks abroad through-

out the world and right is in chains. In the iron collar of intemperance is her neck confined. Her hands hang helpless in the relentless grasp of the shackles of political corruption. Romanism grips fast her feet, lest its wily schemes be thwarted. Before the barred door of her gloomy dungeon paces her savage warder, political bossism. With leering faces and insolent taunts her cruel captors, partyism and monopolism, glare in on their helpless prisoner. On the rack of social discontent are her limbs torn. In vain she struggles against her lot;

For while the rabble with their thumbworn
creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Engage in selfish strife, Lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and, waiting, Justice
sleeps."

Shall this gloomy picture continue true? Unless a loftier ideal control our destiny America cannot continue to rise. She is a great country. From ocean to ocean extend her vast domains. Her mountains lift their rich treasure to the heavens. Her valleys teem with flocks, her fields are golden with grain. Her cities are great, her people the most intelligent. But material, or even intellectual greatness alone cannot save a nation, and depending on this, the deathknell of America's prosperity will be sounded. The breakers of the Pacific will take up the refrain. Her mountains will tremble, and her valleys wail at her fate, and her people will be helpless, helpless, to avert the ruin.

Is there then no hope for America's uplifting? Again we raise the veil the future sets before us and another picture is seen. The world has groped in darkness long enough, and the shadows of night have

long been brooding over it. But now, dim o'er the eastern hills, see the first faint harbingers of morn. The gray grows into crimson, the crimson into golden, and full, radiant, and glorious, the dawn of a new era is bursting upon a waiting world. In the morning light a new army of men is gathering, men of higher, purer aims than now exist, men whose chief desires are to promote honesty, truth and duty;

"Men whom the lust of office does not kill,
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men who possess opinions and a will,
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
Men who will stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without
winking."

Men who by their lives and their influence will uplift the ideals of those around them, and raise the public ideal to what it should be; men whose true aims and ideals are found, not in the gilded misery of war, but in the spreading of true greatness, and in the suppression of evil; men whose true wealth is found, not in silver and gold, but in strong, self-reliant hearts; men by whom freedom will be regarded, not as offering unlimited facilities for crime, but as making even more sacred the obligations of law, both human and divine, and causing all things to bow to that eternal throne of Justice before which all men are equal.

The new army is in motion. With the speed of a loving sympathy it rushes to the aid of the oppressed captive. See! Up, up, still up the hill it climbs. One by one the ramparts are scaled, the enemy hurled back and destroyed. The doors are broken down, and now a glad paean of triumph rings upon the air, for Right is free. No longer now does the cruel collar clasp her

neck. Burst asunder are the shackles which have so long restrained her hands. Her steps are no longer accompanied by the sinister clank of chains. The rack lies broken upon the floor. She is free, free! And no longer is heard the lament.

"Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne," but
 "That scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
 Standeth God amid the shadows keeping watch above His own."

There is no limit to human possibilities. The tiny acorn holds within its shell the timbers which some day may form the staunch ship that bears its noble freight across the deep. In your life and in mine, in every human soul, no matter how dreary life's routine may seem, lie the germs which some day may bud into noble achievements. The true ideal is attained, not by any single, brilliant effort, but by a steady living and striving towards it.

"Forenoon and afternoon and night. Forenoon
 And afternoon and night. Forenoon—and what?
 The empty song repeats itself No more?
 Yea, that is life. Make this forenoon sublime,
 This afternoon a psalm, and this night a prayer,
 And time is conquered, and thy crown is won"

A Few of the "Maxims" of La Rochefoucauld.

(From the French.)

Self-love is the greatest of flatterers.

We all have strength enough to endure the misfortunes of others.

It requires greater virtue to support good than bad fortune.

Neither the sun nor death can be looked at intently.

We promise according to our hopes and fulfil according to our fears.

A person is never so happy nor so unhappy as he imagines

Grace is to the body what good sense is to the mind.

Silence is the safest refuge for him who distrusts himself.

It is more shameful to distrust our friends than to be deceived by them.

Every one complains of his memory, and no one complains of his judgement.

The defects of the mind, like those of the face, increase with years.

It is as easy to deceive one's self without perceiving it as it is difficult to deceive others without their perceiving it.

The surest way to be mistaken is to believe one's self more penetrating than others.

A person would rather speak ill of himself than not to speak of himself at all.

Few persons are wise enough to prefer the blame that is useful to them to the praise which is harmful.

Flattery is like counterfeit money which only our vanity allows to circulate.

It is easier to appear qualified for employments one has not, than for those with which one is occupied.

We easily forget our faults when they are known only to ourselves.

The desire to appear clever often prevents one from becoming so

Hypocrisy is a homage that vice pays to virtue.

The too great eagerness to acquit one's self of an obligation is a species of ingratitude.

There are few things that are really impossible in themselves, and the earnest effort necessary to make them succeed is oftener lacking to us than the means.

True eloquence consists in saying all that should be said and nothing but what should be said.

We always like those who admire us but we do not always like those whom we admire.

Whatever good a person may tell of ourselves, he never tells us anything we do not know.

We only confess little faults in order to persuade people that we have no great ones.

Nothing so much prevents being natural as the desire to appear so.

There is more indolence of the mind than of the body.

There is no less eloquence in the tone of the voice, in the eyes, and in the manner of speaking, than in the words themselves.

A Luminous Life.

There appeared recently on the book market a volume to which the attention of college students may particularly be drawn. It contained the life story of one who by common consent came into vital touch with more student lives than any man of his time—Henry Drummond. In calling the attention of the readers of the HOLCAD to the "Life of Henry Drummond" by his friend, George Adam Smith, the writer may be pardoned for flattering himself into thinking that he is doing with a book what Cyrus is represented as having done for his soldier friends by the immortal chronicler of

the Anabasis. "He, [Cyrus] 'would often, too, send geese partly eaten, and the halves of loaves, and other things, desiring the bearer to say, 'Cyrus has been delighted with these, and therefore wishes you also to taste them.' " [Bk. I. Ch. 9.]

Here are some things that the writer is led to bring before the student readers of the HOLCAD to tempt them to the perusal of the more than 500 pages of this biography.

First, the intellectual honesty that marked him even in his earliest student days. We would not leave the impression that Drummond's college life began or was marked by any striking traits that foreshadowed his greatness. It does not seem to have been particularly out of the usual order. He did early begin to show in germ form those traits that afterwards separated him from others. The strongest of these was his restiveness under accepted opinions. He was too honest with himself to say that he liked certain studies that were supposed to be at the basis of an education. He was too honest to forsake the bent of his mind. One cannot but wonder if it was not just this honesty in his intellectual methods that gave him such clear visions into truth, and led him to so great success in leading others out of the mazes of doubt. No student can rise from the reading of this biography without resolving that he will be truer to the leadings of his own mind in his search for truth.

Three things may be said to have had a marked influence in shaping his career and giving him the place he holds—books, travel and contact with men of all classes. As to the contribution that books made in enriching his life the biography does not tell us

as much as one might wish. To learn how wide his reading was one has only to turn to foot notes of his published works. Browning and George McDonald and Ruskin seem to have had a large share in his reading. Of Browning he says: "None can approach him for insight into life, or even into Christianity." From one of his letters we take these words, "I should much like to meet George McDonald. He has been a real teacher to many. To Ruskin, he says in one of his books, he owes the opening of his eyes as to color in the world.

But deep a student as Drummond evidently was of books, he was by no means bookish. To few persons of his age has it fallen to meet with more great men and women. His correspondence reveals acquaintance with the leaders of thought on both sides the water. A month before his death he said to one of his doctors, "Moody was the biggest human I ever met." His letter to Gladstone when the latter appealed to him to enter Parliament betrays that there was in him a vein of hero worship. I am tempted to quote a letter written to Lady Aberdeen, which will prove of interest to the thoughtful student and, perhaps, suggest to him a theme for an essay. It is dated Dec. 16, 1886.

"One sees one's life in perspective when one goes abroad, and to be spectators of ourselves is very solemn. I have been reading a new book this week that brings out in a startling light the old distinction between "the ourselves" in us and our mere outward talents. Those last are but the Weapons; the Warrior is within. The Weapons it says, are but the accidents of birth, and no more to be placed to our credit

than gold or clothes or worldly possessions. Yet how often we think that the Warrior is well if but the Weapons do their work; and how much self-satisfaction is, based upon what we, i. e., the Weapons, not we have done; how little upon what we, the real we are. But the measure of the success of our life can only lie in the gains of the last, in the stature of our manhood, in the growth in unworldliness and moral elevation of our inner Self."

It is interesting to note what Drummond said of travel. He was himself a great traveler. He was with Sir Archibald Geikie in the Rockies. Later he was sent to make a scientific examination of the territory lying between Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika in Africa. In 1890 he went to Australia and the Hebrides. He who wrote the "Ascent of Man" had seen men in all parts of the world. On one occasion while a photo was being taken of a volcano the descent of a molten projectile nearly proved the descent of Drummond. He says: "I took revenge by lighting my cigar at it." It was, however, the Dark Continent that brought about the greatest change in Drummond. His biographer says that there is "little doubt that he was affected by all that he had seen and suffered." A quotation will throw light on the direction of this change. Says Dr. Smith, "It colored his views on certain aspects of life and religion....Up to '83 Drummond had never suffered personally....He had never known loneliness. Death had hardly come within his sight....But in Africa he learned to know. In his work with Moody he had almost fiercely resented the statements of a speaker that suffering was inseparable from

Christian service. But now he knew that it was so; and I do not think it was a fault of memory to say that from 1884 onwards there came upon his always pure and sympathetic nature a certain tinge of sadness with which we had not been able to associate him in previous years. Upon his return to Scotland he said to a friend, "I've been in an atmosphere of death all the time." Somewhere in his letters he says: "But what it is that travel gives, and is, one can scarcely define, tho' not the least of it must be the immensely bigger environment to think in." His travels in the Dark Continent at least proved that he had gotten in a "bigger environment."

There is much else to interest the college student in this most interesting biography. What has been chosen has not been chosen with the view of presenting only the most interesting features of his life, but as a fair sample of what the reader will find thro'out the volume. No man of his day did more for college men than did Henry Drummond. He is worthy of their study. They need not accept all his conclusions. But if they can catch the spirit of his life and carry it into their daily college life it will make their lives luminous too. His life is an appeal for the college man to live a clean, manly, Christian life. The Founder of Christianity made his appeal to His generation on the ground that if the men could not believe in Him, let them accept the evidence of His works. "If I do not the works of my father, believe me not. But if I do, tho' ye believe not me, believe the works." So to every college man it may be said, "Believe in the life that Drummond lived, and you cannot but believe in Christianity."

If this brief resume will lead any student to study this luminous life for himself the effort will not have been in vain.

J. D. B.

The Freshman's Lament.

(After Mr. R. L. S.)

In winter I get up at night
And grind at Greek before 'tis light
In spring term quite the other way
I have to grind both night and day

I have to grind away and see
The Profs play tennis vocally—
And hear the idle Seniors' feet
Stroll past my window up the street.

And does it not seem hard to you
When Prex and Profs and Seniors too
All college cares aside can lay
I have to grind and grind away?

Some Day We'll Wander Back Again.

Some day we'll wander back again,
To where Westminster stands
E'en though we've wandered far away
Perhaps to distant lands
Ne'er, no ne'er can we forget
Our years so bright and fair;
And thoughts of them will help through life,
And free us from dull care.

Chorus: We'll wander back, yes back again,
To where Westminster stands,
E'en though we've wandered far away
Perhaps to foreign lands.

Farewell, professors, one and all,
Your aid has brought us here,
We thank you for your kindly toil,
We wish you joyous cheer.
And now 'tis hard in truth, to say
To those we leave "Farewell,"
We part, perchance to meet no more,
That time alone can tell. —Chorus.

Knowledge and Faith.

The knowledge and faith whose relation we examine is scientific knowledge and religious or Christian faith. It is not pro-

posed to settle all the difficulties pertaining to this relation, but to point out some lines of thought valuable to those whose daily work more or less involves the examination of this relation.

Their co-existence in the minds of those who are seeking to know the truth is intimate and important. While separate and distinct as products of the mind, and requiring each its own operation, they are nevertheless supplementary to each other, have like susceptibilities of culture, and have a similar influence on the character and life. As supplementary to each other they are mutually helpful as a stimulus to greater perfection. Scientific knowledge is most complete and useful when allied with Christian faith, and Christian faith is most perfect when the mind is full of scientific facts and understands them to be the handiwork of God. It is possible, indeed, to be a scientist without Christian faith, or to be a Christian without much scientific knowledge, but yet their co-existence will produce better results in the development of real worth and character than either can produce without the other.

The harmony between scientific facts and Christian faith is very great while their actual apparent antagonism is very small. That there are professed scientists who in the name of science oppose Christian faith, and professed Christians who in the name of religion oppose science, is readily admitted. But that this opposition arises from the true nature of either is denied. The opposition on the part of the Christian arises from the misapprehension of the field of faith and the true and necessary grounds of belief. Their great harmony is evident

from the great number of Christian scientists who have attained eminence in science and at the same time are devout and earnest Christians. The same thing is shown by the existence of hundreds of Christian colleges where culture in both goes hand in hand. Theistic theories of scientific facts are just as rational as atheistic, and are as readily accepted by men having the most brilliant intellects. The late change of Mr. Fiske seems to indicate that theistic theory has greater power to satisfy the inquiring mind than atheistic. If there were not a real harmony of facts and truths, both scientific and religious, there would not be so many Christian scientists, nor so many Christian schools with expensive scientific equipment. About nine-tenths of the schools for higher education in America are Christian and have Christian professors in their scientific departments. Moreover a large proportion of those not nominally Christian have Christian men connected with them as men of science.

Scientific faith must be distinguished from scientific knowledge in considering the relation of the latter to religious faith. Scientific faith is belief in some theory which is accepted in explanation of certain facts and principles. The uniformity of nature is a theory which scientific men believe, but cannot prove with absolute certainty. The atomic theory is a matter of belief, rather than positive knowledge. Evolution is a theory, which, while it furnishes a good working basis, can never be proved to be absolutely true. Moreover different theories of evolution exist, being accepted by different scientists as the explanation of existing facts. This distinct-

ion between scientific faith and knowledge is essential to a clear understanding of the relation now under discussion.

What has just been said shows that scientific knowledge may be attended with different kinds of scientific faith. Two men who know the same facts and truths will differ in accounting for these facts and truths. While it is impossible to have knowledge without some kind of scientific faith, the particular form of that faith is not determined by the knowledge wholly. The condition of the heart has much to do with the kind of faith that shall supplement this knowledge. The Christian scientist will exercise a scientific faith in harmony with his religious faith, and will fortify his religious faith by his scientific investigation. Man's emotional nature has far more to do with his scientific theories than is generally supposed. "A change of heart" would often result in a change of scientific theory.

Scientific knowledge and Christian faith often modify each other. The general acceptance of the Copernican theory affected in some aspects the form of Christian faith. The theory of evolution has modified the form of Christian belief. On the other hand Christian faith has modified scientific theory. It has rejected atheistic form and tendency of scientific thought and secured the acceptance of that which is theistic. Every Christian student who considers the effect of college life upon his character, realizes that his pursuit of knowledge has affected changes in the bases of his religious faith, and has also been modified by that faith. Thus some of the grounds of belief have been weakened and removed while others have been strength-

ened and new ones discovered, and a fertile imagination has been checked and guided by a judgment sobered through faith in a living and sovereign God.

Scientific knowledge cannot destroy Christian faith, nor the opposite take place. One hundred years ago Voltaire predicted the speedy downfall of Christianity, but it still lives and prospers. Atheistic philosophy to-day babbles about the overthrow of faith by knowledge. Haeckel thinks that his philosophy will destroy the faith of Christianity. Halowell thinks that science will destroy all morals as well as religion. But equally wise men think just the opposite. Herbert, one of the most exact of philosophers, declares that religion is older than philosophy and cannot be destroyed by it. Edison thinks that he may be able some time to demonstrate the existence of a supreme intelligence through the operation of the mysterious laws of nature with the certainty of a demonstration in mathematics.

And still further, atheistic science has failed to make its theories overwhelmingly convincing. The missing link has not been found to prove man's descent from the ape. Prof. Virchow is sufficient authority to claim that all known skeletons belong to races now living, and that Darwinism is an unproved hypothesis. It has not been sufficiently proved that brain power is the result of chemical action merely. Dr. Bunge says "The phenomena of life defy all mechanical explanations." He would reinstate the rejected vital principle. What an admission for modern science? It shows that knowledge is not able to shade the foundations of christian faith in the spiritual world.

On the other hand religious faith cannot suppress the truth of nature. It imprisoned Galileo, but his theory of the universe triumphed. So it has been and ever will be with all efforts to suppress the truth of God as pertaining to his works.

Scientific knowledge and Christian faith are adapted to enlarge each other. When scientific knowledge is associated with Christian faith it furnishes a large field upon which faith becomes the patron of scientific education, it secures opportunity and equipment for the advancement of knowledge. The educated Christian, and the intelligent Christian community, are the products of the combined influence of knowledge and faith. Those who believe desire to know, and those who know perceive new grounds for faith. Bishop Newman says that the great mass of useful discoveries and inventions have been made by Christian men.

When knowledge reveals intelligence and will in nature it strengthens faith. Every evidence of designs and purpose in natural phenomena affords an opportunity for the exercise and growth of faith. The uniformity of nature becomes a pledge of God's faithfulness, and in such exceptions to this uniformity as the expansion of water at the freezing point, faith is stimulated by the evidence of supreme wisdom in the exception.

The story of Job illustrates the mutual advantage of knowledge and faith. Because he believed in God Job sought to know him through his works. After he had considered these works he exclaimed "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee."

Christian faith is fully sufficient to meet

the requirements of scientific knowledge. Such knowledge requires faith of some kind. It may be satisfied with faith in a cause barely sufficient for the existing order of things, but is better satisfied with faith in a cause fully sufficient. Christian faith rests upon an all-sufficient cause and hence fully sufficient. It is very comprehensive. It includes the facts of both science and revelation. It rests upon a multitude of pillars.

The true relation of knowledge and faith can best be preserved by associated and simultaneous culture. Each is enlarged by exercise. Knowledge may be increased without the culture of faith, but then their proper relation to each other will not be preserved. As time and effort are essential to proper growth in knowledge, so time and effort are essential in securing the proper increase of faith. Literary and scientific study is incomplete until the moral and spiritual aspect of every fact discovered and every truth learned, has had its proper effect upon the faith faculty. When facts and phenomena are recognized as the work of infinite wisdom and power, then both knowledge and faith are strengthened. The best results in study are attained under the influence of a faith which constantly recognizes an all-sufficient cause. Knowledge and faith will grow together in him who endeavors continually to look up through nature to nature's God.

S. W. GILKEY, '77.

Qui?

He hit a slow one down to short
And sprinted in a hurry.
But murmured, when the base he reached,
"Perpol! Non sat cucurri!"

The Early Days of Westminster.

In the May number of the HOLCAD, the editorial contains these words: "We are not a new ready-made institution with the price-tag still sticking on us." It is true we are still too young to have many "tangible things about which memories cluster." A half-century looks very brief besides the centuries that Harvard, Yale and Princeton can count. Yet brief as it is, we have begun to look somewhat worn, our price-tag has long since disappeared, students who have been out in the great world only fifteen years come back to greet us and find none to welcome them of those to whom they looked for counsel and instruction. If we ask them they say we have grown old, so old that many have finished their work on earth and passed over to the other side. And we have a history—a varied history which, if it could all be written would be as interesting as any novel.

Almost a half-century ago when colleges in this country were few, the Shengango Presbytery of the Associate church felt that provision ought to be made within her own boundaries for educating young men for the ministry. At a conference held for the purpose of establishing a Presbyterian Academy, the proposition made by Dr. McElree's father that a college should be founded met with hearty laughter; but after more serious consideration this suggestion was unanimously adopted and the names of three places for its location were submitted, the choice to depend on the amount of money raised in the vicinity of each. After a careful canvas had been made, another meeting was held and Rev. D. R.

Imbrie, pastor of the Associate—now the First United Presbyterian—church, reported the sum of \$10,000 raised by New Wilmington, and the quiet little village became the home of Westminster Collegiate Institute destined to touch the lives of many hundreds of young men and women. A state charter was immediately obtained and in the spring of 1852 the school was opened in the old church with Drs. McLean and Vincent as instructors.

There were no narrow minds among the founders of Westminster and the doors were thrown wide open to admit both men and women regardless of race or color, the only conditions being "a good moral character" and a sufficient supply of brains to make use of the advantages offered. No occasion to regret this liberal concession has ever arisen; and Westminster may now smile with complacency as she extends the hand of congratulation to her time honored sisters, Harvard and Yale, on their opening their doors cautiously but surely to admit the feminine element.

Although the old Seceder church was the first building in which college exercises were conducted it was not long until the house now known as the Lewis residence at the northwest corner of the campus was built. After the erection of a larger building where the present main building now stands, this Lewis property was used as a printing office in the days when "The Westminster Herald" and "The United Presbyterian" were published here, partly under the supervision of the college faculty. It was a sad night in New Wilmington that saw the total destruction by fire of that new building which had been erected at the cost

of such self-sacrifice on the part of the friends who had contributed the means. But phoenix-like and almost as miraculously it arose from its ashes and the catalogue for the year 1861 says: "The college edifice that was consumed by fire on the 23rd of February will be rebuilt this season, and will be in readiness for occupancy early in the fall. Those of us who are enjoying Westminster's prosperity now can form no idea of the sacrifices made by Faculty, citizens and friends that the dear old building, around which still cling so many tender memories, might be erected. At least one member of the faculty gave a whole year's salary. And as professors' salaries amounted then to only \$400, one can imagine that with a large family to support not much money would be laid up. This may have been the greatest sacrifice that was made, but it was by no means the only one. God had ordained that Westminster College should live and that its infancy should be baptized in tears and nurtured in prayer.

The germ of the college is said to have been the Mercer academy of which the Rev. G. C. Vincent had charge. Its transfer to New Wilmington with the instructor at its head was the foundation on which the superstructure has been built. Dr. Vincent and his associate Dr. D. H. A. McLean, just in the prime of life were men of rare scholarship and religious zeal, well fitted for training the minds and moulding the characters of the future ministry of the church which they so nobly served. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said the position to which he was elected in Harvard College was not a chair but a "settee." If this was so Dr. Vincent's position must have been a whole

house, his duties were so manifold. Being vice president and professor of Greek, after the election of a whole faculty he took his turn with the other ministers in the faculty in preaching on Sabbath evenings and conducting other religious services. He had charge of a congregation several miles from the village and edited the "Westminster Herald." He had a personal interest in every student, and having a ready wit and being of a lively disposition his friendship was highly enjoyed. In the class room his instruction was thorough, and the best interests of the college and students were ever uppermost in his heart.

Dr. McLean is remembered by those who knew him as a brilliant preacher, a natural teacher and a mathematician of remarkable skill. He remained in the college for a few years only, acting upon his own judgment in his departure in spite of entreaties and petitions on the part of students and citizens.

This article is not a history of the college, but a short sketch of its founding, and space forbids more than a mention of the men and women to whom we owe such an immense debt of gratitude. Some of them are Dr. Patterson for ten years President of the College, Dr. Lindley first Prof. of Latin and then financial agent in whose heart I think if we could have seen it at his death we should have found inscribed "Westminster," Dr. Black the only member of the "old" faculty still living, Dr. Mehard the mention of whose name still brings tears to many eyes as he was the last to leave us and the last to die, Prof. Cummings who established the Science department that has been of such prodigious growth.

Miss Jeanette Lowrie, whose name appears in the catalogue for 1854 was the first lady in the faculty. The writer had the pleasure of meeting her last summer and found her still active and youthful enough to give grace to any college faculty. These persons are only a few of those who spent their very life-blood in promoting the welfare of this college. If Westminster has any right to live now, if she is accomplishing any part of the work for which she was destined, it is largely owing to the earnest prayers of these consecrated men and women. She can count among her supporters no Rockefeller nor Leland Stanford. No large gifts have ever fallen to her shore, but every dollar contributed to her endowment represents a certain amount of hard work on the part of the donor. And is it not better so? The same God that blessed this widow's mite has heard the prayers that have been wrung from the hearts of those who gave of their poverty that their sons and daughters might be educated. We have been greatly blessed in the past and have been able to keep pace with other institutions of similar rank and our prospects for the future are brighter than ever.

That the world needed Westminster College is evident from the number of students in attendance from the very first—204 names being recorded in the catalogue for 1853. That the world still has need of her is also evident from the usefulness of her alumni. Many hundreds men and women at work today in various parts of the world have received their education as well as their aspirations for service within these walls. Look over the new triennial and you will find how many are filling positions of use-

fulness and trust in this and in other lands. We read the future by the light of the past and whatever it may have in store for us let us keep ever before us the conflicts and the victories of those to whom we owe our existence and remember that upon us rests now the responsibility of maintaining the prestige already won.

MARGARET McLAUGHRY.

The Scrub Pine on the Mound.

A mound, a little pine;—
And nothing else to give a sign
What terrors it had seen;
That tree of everlasting green.

But, ah! the sound of drums!
And down the village street there comes
A band in bright array,
For this is "Decoration Day,"

They place their wreaths with care,
A flag or two that none would dare
To take away, and then
They tell the story o'er again.

No soldiers buried here,
But yet we one and all revere
The tree that saw the fight
On Little Round Top's rocky height.

C.

Triplet.

Oft they walked to the Hall
For their "case," was a bad one.
Every evening last fall
Did they stroll toward the Hall.
Now he ne'er goes at all
There's a sad and a mad one
Oft they walked to the Hall
For their "case" was a bad one.

He stood upon the coaching line,
Just ready for a yellow.
And when the captain gave the sign,
Suppose he didn't yellow.

THE HOLCAD.

AD Mc—

GESTORYM-PEKITE-APVD-ANTIQVOS-
GNARE-LVDORYM-ET-BONE-DOCERE-
DISCIPVLOS ET-EX-CATHEDRA-
CVNCTA-SVPERCILIO-TVO-MOVENS.

TF-NVNC-CANIMVS-DVLCIS-AMICE-
NVMQVAM-MAESTVS-NEC-IRREGIBILIS
ANIMO-SEMPER-ES-GENEROSO-
CONLEGAS-TVOS-ERGA-INOPES.

SAEPE-IAM-VIDIMVS-QVO-AVTEM-GAV
DIO

PLAYSO-CVM-MAGNO-LVBL-CERTAMINE
FVSTEM-ACCEPERIS-VLTRA-EXPEL-
LERE-
SAEPTVM-ARDENS-PILAM-ALIIS LON-
GIVS.

IN-CONVIVIO QVISNAM IVCVNDIOR-
DVLCIE-ET-PERLEPIDE-IOCVLARIA-
SEMPER-SOLEBAS-NEQVE-VT MVLT-
PRAETERITARVM-NVGARVM-MEM
OR-

FLOREAS-SEMPER-CYM-EXITV-PROSPE
RO
PROLE-ET-PVLOHRA-VIVAS-BEATVS
LAVDES-PRAECLARAS-REFERAS
WESTMONASTERIO-VFTVSTO.

B

LOCALS.

Ad. for ties—in the HOLCAD!

Commencement and the “beginning of the end.”

Miss Kyle takes her press with her when she goes for specimens.

McPeak was home for several days on account of the death of his annt.

Prof. Barnes in Freshman Greek.—
“You are talking through your——!”

McGinniss tried to press a rose but she rose too high. He really did press a daisy.

If Mr. Saxton's friends had had their

way about it he would have been placed “at rest” some few weeks ago.

The Senior invitations are very artistic and display much unique thought in their general make-up.

Couldn't that young lady really come in any sooner from the yard? No such trouble in the future. Mrs. R—— is willing to help her.

“Doc” and Bruce still exercise their lung power on their megaphones. Just speak in the small end, and you will find that a “little goes a great ways.”

Chas. Williamson drove to Butler on Saturday;—a distance of thirty-one miles. Miss Balph says she had a very pleasant time.

“Pack your trunk!” Even the frogs at the mill-pond seemed to realize that vacation was close at hand, for this was the burden of their song.

Exit '99.

A runaway horse ran madly down the main street past the campus leaving traces behind him. Mary Newmeyer and Miss Welch each rushed to one of the benches for safety and let the “spoonholder” until the horse had passed.

“Binno” Grier has a reputation for being one of the quickest dressers in town. Up with the five-minute bell, through breakfast in time for first hour is usual with him.

Prof. M.—(Class studying Browning)
“Mr. Drake, what is a fifty-part canon?”

Drake (late U. S. Volunteers): “I suppose its some sort of a rapid firing gun.”

“Jack” MacLane had fallen asleep on the grass, and playing on his imagination

even in sleep he gave forth remarks like:
 "This mattress is full of straw." "Al,
 pull down the blind, the sun's too strong;"
 "Were you at chapel? What's the score?"

"Sleep on, O! youth," his room-mate said

With meaning quite explicit;

"For if there is aught else to dream,

You, surely, will not miss it."

Coming back next year?

Why did Miss Faith Stewart drop her
 book out of the window? Was it an acci-
 dent?

The Laundry men surely are the only
 ones who are really pleased with this sort of
 weather.

McGill in Latin.—"The king had it
 in mind to hand in his resignation." Its
 too bad he didn't.

The ladies should show Homer Drake
 that the contrary to his opinions is quite
 true concerning them.

Prof. Peterson says he does not hold
 the ladies long and advises them not to hold
 on to the "sport" too long.

Rod. Morrison says he doesn't have any
 trouble getting botany specimens because a
 young lady acquaintance knows where
 they abound.

Who played the joke on the young men
 last Saturday morning? They should be
 sure that they would get their music before
 they paid for it.

New Wilmington is not entirely out of
 the world. The Italian with his street-
 piano can even find his way here. Conse-
 quently the young men's pockets are some-
 what lighter.

McCartney reading Thucydides:—
 "Oh! the Thebans are not so many!"

Prof.—"What's that?"

Mc—"! ! ! I don't mean that."

Prof.—"How do you swear in Greek
 Mr. Montgomery?"

"Bill" (embarrassed):—"I don't
 know."

How innocent!

Miss Hanna entertained the Botany
 class with some excellent views in reference
 to Botany work including many pleasing
 scenes around New Wilmington.

The surveying class was of very great
 importance during the last few weeks. The
 young men were very attractive. They
 could influence the magnet. But the
 ladies, they "shook the earth."

'99.—"But there's still another point
 of resemblance between the Westminster
 faculty and the angels."

'1900—"What is that?"

'99—"Because they neither marry nor
 are given in marriage."

Prof. B.—Illustrating: "You know Vir-
 gil uses this; it isn't true but I'll use it all
 the same: "Narium et mutabile semper
 femina. At least nine men out of ten
 agree with Virgil."

A man was plowing a field one day, but
 the horse didn't seem to get along very well.
 "If I were the man," said Miss Mehard;
 "I should get out and lead the horse, he'd
 do better then."

Don McKim's reputation for veracity
 is very good, so that faith can be placed in
 his story about the mosquito as big as his

hand which visited him sometime ago. There was a battle royal in the room for a while but a solar plexus with an umbrella soon took all the pugnacity out of the Jerseyite. After recovering consciousness he sailed away toward Pulaski to recuperate.

Russel Miller says he would rather play tennis than eat.

Perhaps the reason is that he is at court then, and you know "Russ" likes the fair sex; or it may be a case of love-40, if the statistics are correct.

"Charley" Williamson was connected with this:—A little boy smoking his first or more properly taking his first smoke.

Chas. pretends to be talking to his [boy's] mother. Youngster frightened starts up and denies that he is smoking. Chas. tells little boy his mother wants him. L. B., goes in crying and confesses.—Usual scene after a discovery of this kind.

Cochran construing Thucydides: on the morning of May 31.

"Pollakis te to elasson plethos dedios ameinon emunato tous pleonas dia to kataphronountas aparaskeuous genesthia."

"It often happens that a mushroom school like Fredonia, quaking with terror, has defeated a strong old college like Westminster by reason of the latter's being unprepared, through contempt of her foes."

The Sharpsville afternoon train was coming down the track at its usual rate of speed when the engineer espied two botany students strolling absentmindedly along ahead of the engine.

What could the engineer do? He could not stop or reverse his engine in time to avert a catastrophe; but like a hero he leap-

ed from his cab, ran on ahead and after about five minutes conversation convinced the couple that they were in danger of being run over.

Rapid transit is a wear and tear on the nerves as well as on machinery.

"Non omnia eidem dei dederunt."

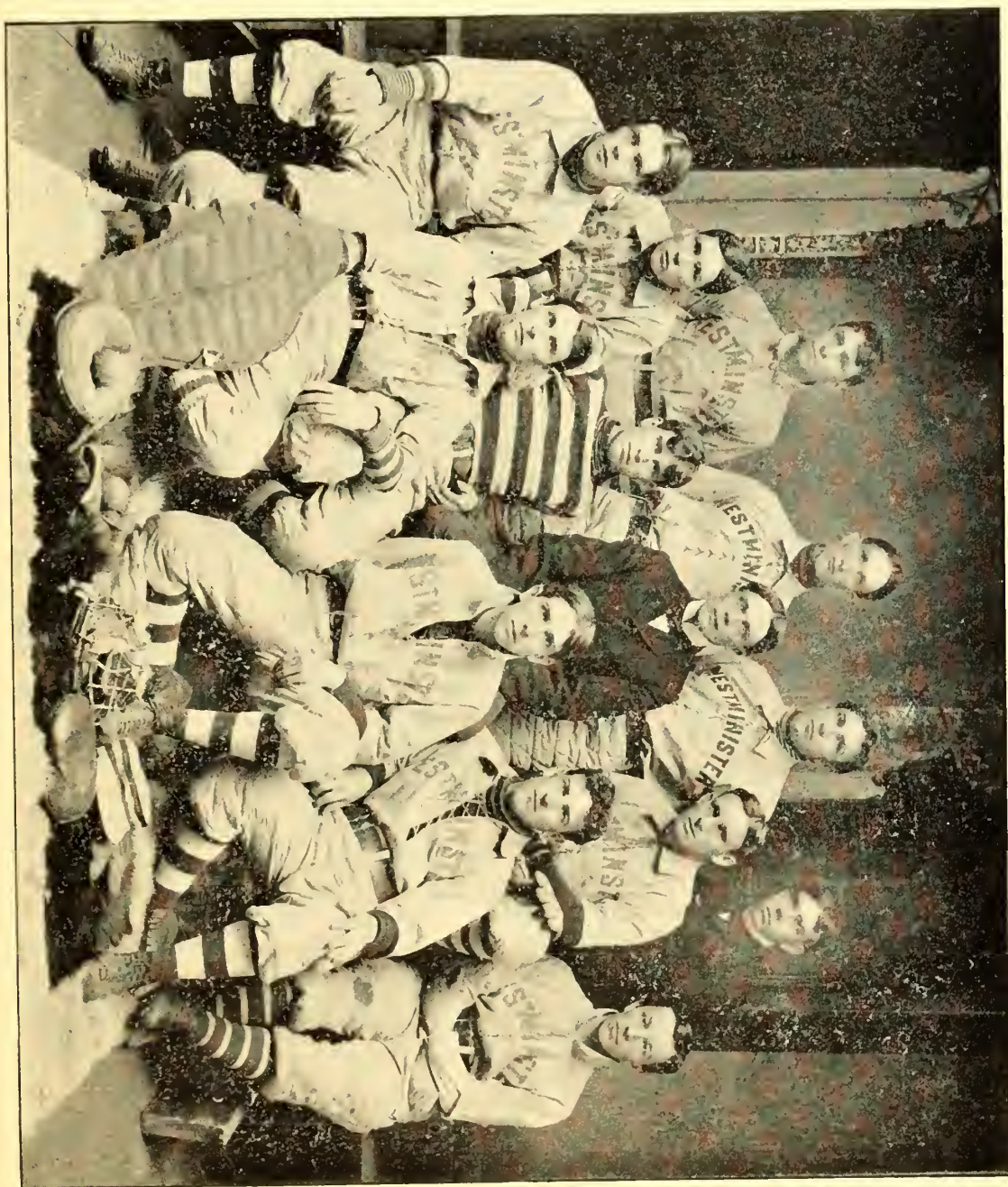
I've no skill whatever at putting the shot
On the cinder my pace isn't fleet
But O when it comes to the standing jump
I tell you I'm there with both feet.

ATHLETICS.

At the last meeting of the athletic association William Ewing was elected manager of the foot-ball team for next fall. Mr. Ewing has played on the varsity team for two years and will no doubt make an efficient manager. The association elected Prof. Barnes and John Mowry to look after the interests of Westminster in the forming of the Inter-Collegiate Athletic League.

A League of this kind was proposed at an informal meeting in Greenville at the time of the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical contest. It is to be composed of the colleges which are in the Oratorical association. The plan was to divide the association into two divisions; Geneva, Thiel, Allegheny and Westminster in one; Waynesburg, University of W. Va., Bethany and W. U. P., in the other, these to play a series of games and the winners of each division to play a final game for the championship.

The annual Inter-collegiate field meet was held at Washington May 20th; and al-



though Westminster did not carry away first honors, the team made a very good showing. W. & J. had a great advantage in having the meet at home; both on account of being acquainted with the track, and being able to enter more men in each event. Then our team having started the night before was more or less worn by excitement. As it was we succeeded in carrying away 10 prizes and breaking 2 records. Those receiving first prizes were Smith, pole-vault; Cummings, mile-run; (record broken), Gealy high jump; Chambers, shot put (record broken). Those receiving seconds, Neville, 2 mile bicycle race; McCague 1/4 mile bicycle race; Gealy, broad jump, 220 hurdle race, 100 hurdle race. The final score of the meet was W. & J. 93, Westminster 56, Geneva 15.

The Westminster base ball team defeated the Geneva nine in an easy game at Geneva grounds May 19. Our boys found the ball at the start and kept driving it over the field during the entire game, while the Geneva boys could not get in touch with it at any time. The features of the game were the pitching of Yolton, and the home run of McKim.

Westminster	R	H	P	A	E	Geneva	R	H	P	A	E
Edmundson 3d	3	3	3	0	1	George 3b	0	0	2	4	3
Degelman ss	3	1	0	2	0	Craig r	0	0	1	0	0
McKim m	2	2	2	1	0	McKnight l	1	1	1	2	0
Davis c	1	1	1	2	0	Leeck c	0	2	2	2	0
Kuhn l	0	2	5	0	0	George H ss	0	1	2	5	2
Grier l	0	0	0	0	0	Patterson 2b	0	7	6	0	0
Porter 2b	3	3	4	0	1	Gloerer l	0	0	1	0	0
Cameron r	2	3	1	0	0	May m	0	0	0	0	0
Yolton p	2	3	0	1	1	Flocker p	0	0	0	0	0

16 18 27 4 2 1 4 27 17 8

Two base hits—Westminster 3, 3 base hits Porter, Home run McKim. Double plays Geneva 1. Base on balls off Flocker 3, Yolton 2. Struck out by Flocker 1, Yolton 11. Umpire Wallace.

Score by Innings.

Westminster	2	4	1	0	0	0	3	0	6	—15
Geneva	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—1

The most brilliant victory of the season was won from the Carnegie Athletic Club of Braddock May 20th. C. A. C. is one of the strongest athletic clubs in this part of the state and there was little expectation of a victory when the team left New Wilmington. The game was well played through out neither side having any costly errors Westminster however made their hits when needed while those of C. A. C. were scattered. The pitching of McKim was the special feature of the game; and the way in which he handed his batters showed he was not using his arm alone.

The score:

C. A. C.	R	H	P	A	E	Westminster	R	E	P	A	E
Shields 2	1	1	2	0	0	Edmundson 3	1	0	3	6	0
Treese 1	0	0	7	0	0	Degelman s	1	1	3	5	0
Campbell p	0	0	1	0	0	McKim p	2	1	0	1	0
Cosgrove m	1	1	2	0	0	Davies c	0	0	3	0	1
Bannerot s	0	0	1	2	1	Kuhn l	0	1	1	3	0
Quinn r	0	1	1	1	0	Yolton l	0	0	1	0	0
White 3	0	2	3	0	1	Grier m	1	1	1	3	0
Leamon 1	1	2	3	0	1	Porter 2	0	1	1	0	0
Shelby c	0	0	4	4	1	Cameron r	0	1	1	0	0

Totals 3 7 24 11 3 Totals ... 5 5 27 13 2

C. A. C. 1 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 0—3

Westminster 0 0 4 0 1 0 0 0 0—5

Stolen bases, Cosgrove, White. Two base hits, Leamon, 2; McKim. Bases on balls by Campbell, 1; by McKim 2; Hit by pitched ball by Campbell 2; by McKim 2. Struck by Campbell 2; by McKim 2. Umpire, Rose.

Westminster won her second game from Hiram here May 20th by a score of 15 to 9. It was an exciting game through out and was anyone's game until almost the last inning. Yolton started to pitch the game for Westminster but his arm was not in condition and he could not control the ball, so he was relieved by McKim who finished the game in a creditable manner. This is the

THE HOLCAD.

fourth consecutive game which has been won from Hiram.

Westminster	R	1	P	A	E	Hiram	R	H	P	A	E
Edmundson	3	2	0	2	4	0	Dyson	2	3	2	0
Degelman	s	2	0	0	4	2	R Kahlel	2	2	13	0
Chambers	m	2	1	2	1	0	Scott c	0	1	4	1
McKim	r	2	1	1	3	0	B. Kahle	p	2	1	3
Davies	c	2	1	4	1	1	Arudt m	1	2	2	0
Kuhn	1	2	3	13	0	0	Gibbs r	1	0	1	4
Grier	1	1	2	3	0	0	Brown	3	0	0	2
Porter	2	1	2	1	0	0	Cole	1	0	2	1
Yolton	p	1	1	1	0	0	Shupe	3	0	0	2

Totals. 12 10 17 12 3 Totals. 9 10 27 1+ 6

Summary—Bases on balls W. 3. H 3 Two base hits W. 3. Hit by pitched ball W. 5. H. 2. Struck out W. 4 H. 1. Passed balls W. 3.

Score by innings.

Westminster. 5 f 0 0 0 1 8 0 0—15
Hiram. 0 0 5 2 0 1 0 0 0—9

There was a game scheduled with Allegheny for the 27th but on account of rain it could not be played. Arrangements were then made for a game on Monday of Commencement week but Allegheny after further deliberation concluded not to play. Since W. & J. defeated Westminster and Allegheny defeated W. & J. they came to the conclusion that it was useless to cross bats with our own. Now if they had continued their course of reasoning they might have arrived at another conclusion. Thus Kiskiminetas defeated Allegheny, Indiana defeated Kiski and Westminster defeated Indiana, or Ohio Wesleyan defeated W. & J. Hiram defeated Ohio Wesleyan and Westminster defeated Hiram. Now if our Allegheny brothers intend to decide the championship by a course of reasoning we ask that the question be studied in all its phases and that all the facts be taken into consideration.

ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD.

H. C. Chambers '99, will succeed Jas. M. Ferguson '97 in the Freedman's Mission at Norfolk, Va.

Mrs. John N. Dunn, '89 of Allegheny, is spending a few days with her mother Mrs. Mary A. Barnes.

W. L. McConnell, '96, finishes his course in Law at the University of Mich., on June twenty-second.

Hon. Samuel H. Miller, '60, has been appointed by Governor Stone one of the Trustees of the Polk Asylum for the Insane.

Miss Mary Kuhu, '95, who has been teaching in Lexington, Ky., has returned to spend the long vacation with her parents here.

Miss Corinne Miller, '98, expects to return to West Point, Miss. The school building was destroyed by fire some months ago, but will be rebuilt.

The Rev. D. C. Marguis, D. D., President of McCormick Theological Seminary Chicago, and a former Westminster Student is visiting relatives here.

The Rev. James B. McClelland, D. D, '78, Nice President of Grove City College and Professor of Greek in that institution visited friends in town recently.

E. V. Weller '97, is one of ten students selected from the second year class at the Pittsburg Medical College to do Dispensary work during the summer vacation.

John L. Nesbit '95, of the Law department of the University of Pennsylvania has recently been admitted to practice in the courts of Venango County.

—

Subscribe for the HOLCAD.

Rev. John S. McKee, Pres. of the Board of Trustees was in town on the fifth.

Miss Margaret McNaugher, '94, has resigned her position as teacher of classics in Blairsville Seminary.

Mr. Jas. Ferguson, '97, has returned from Norfolk, Va., where he has been teaching for the past two years.

Rev. Herman Spencer, '94, has been appointed Teacher of English in Cheltenham academy, Ogoutz, Penna.

W. C. Ferver '98 has been appointed Principal of the Good Will Industrial and Training School, South Dakota.

The late Frank Thompson, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad was a classmate of President Ferguson in Chambersburg Academy.

Wm. McElwee, Jr., '98 has been elected professor of Latin and Greek in Norfolk Mission College. He will have charge of the Summer school in this place.

Rev. John A. Courtney, '82, Professor of Latin in Geove City College, is chairman of the Educational Committee appointed by Butler Presbytery of the Presbyterian church.

The Rev. J. D. Barr, '88, returned last week from a visit to his brother the Rev. W. M. Barr, '88, pastor of the United Presbyterian church in Cambridge, Mass.

Miss Nellie Sloss '96 was married to Mr. W. H. Snodgrass of the firm of Kerr & Snodgrass, Allegheny, on June 7th. Among the guests were the following Alumni, Misses Mary Ferguson and Jean Miller,

Mrs. Ray, Messrs. Spencer, Nesbit and Weller.

Rev. Cummings and his family have become familiar to the citizens of New Wilmington and though it is to be expected, we regret that their stay among us is so soon to close. We understand they expect to return to the field in India in the early part of September.

Among our recent alumni visitors were the Misses Corinne Miller, '68, Jean Miller, '97, Anna Welch '97, Harold M. Irons, '97, James M. Ferguson '97, George H. Seville, '98, Emma Robertson, '94, Edward Weller, '97, Rev. Herman Spencer, '94.

The Foreign Missionary work of the Church had a large Westminster representation in the Assembly, Revs. Thos. Cummings '84, E. L. Porter '87 and W. T. Anderson '88 all of India. Messrs. Porter and Anderson have just recently arrived and during the year they are at home will surely visit us and revive our interest in that field.

Memorial Day was observed with fitting ceremonies. The oration of the Mound was delivered by Robert K. Aiken Esq. '90, of New Castle. The sons of Westminster who died in the civil war are John Walker Vincent, '60, killed at the battle of Fredricksburg; Hugh Larimore Sawhill '60, killed at the battle of Gaines Hill; Benjamin Waddle, '61, killed at the battle of the Wilderness; Samuel Taggart, '62, killed at Gettysburg; John Carson, '63, and David Patterson McClester, '63.

A life size portrait of the late George Caruthers Vincent, L. L. D., the projector of the college and for twenty years Profes-

sor of Greek, has been presented to the Board of Trustees and will be unveiled with appropriate ceremonies during Commencement week. The members of the family of Dr. Vincent who make the gift are W. H. Vincent, D. D., '69, of Detroit, Mich., the Rev. A. S. Vincent, '68, Emporia, Kan., Mrs. Hamilton, '71, Laramie, Wyoming, Dr. C. Jane Vincent, Allegheny, and Dr. James R. Vincent, of Pittsburg. The painting will probably be hung on the east wall of the college chapel between those of the late Professors Mitchell and Thompson.

Westminster men form a considerable part the personnel of the various standing committees appointed by the General Assembly at Philadelphia. Among the number we note the following: Rev. W. B. Smiley, D. D. '79, Bills and Overtures; Rev. J. A. Douthett, D. D. '73, Judiciary; Rev. D. G. McKay, '72, Church Extension; Rev. E. Z. Thomas, '69, Education; Rev. M. S. McCord, D. D. '72, (Chairman) and Rev. J. A. McKee, '67, Ministerial Relief; Rev. J. C. Taggart, D. D., '66, Publication (chairman); Rev. A. A. Graham, '91, Sabbath Schools; Rev. J. A. Shaw, '81, Devotional Exercises; Rev. T. A. Houston, '74, (Chairman); and Rev. J. B. Work, '82, Review; Rev. R. M. Russell, D. D., '80, (chairman,) Historical Summary.

Westminster men who are or have been college presidents are ex-Pres. J. B. McMichael, '59, Monmouth College, Monmouth, Ill.; Pres S. A. Martin, '72, Wilson College, Chambersburg; Pres. F. M. Spencer, '68, Cooper Memorial College, Sterling Kan.; Pres. J. L. Snyder, '86, Michigan State Agricultural College, Lansing, Mich.

The name of Prof. John N. Swan, '86, of Monmouth has been prominently mentioned in connection with the presidency of the University of Iowa. On the bench, among Westminster's alumni may be mentioned Judge Miller '60, of Mercer; Judge Mehard '69, Pittsburg; Judge Arrel '65, of Youngstown, O.; Judge Martin '81, New Castle; Judge Wallace '81, New Castle; Judge McMichael '57, New Castle; Judge Peacock '58, Monmouth, and Judge Graham '69, Denver, Col.

The Westminster Alumni met early in the sessions of the Assembly. The only lady in the meeting was Mrs. Anderson '97, (nee Maude Haney) and her presence was greatly appreciated. Last year at Omaha there was a goodly number, which indicates that our ladies, like the star of empire, Westward take their way.

Rev. J. M. Jamison D. D., '56, one of the older graduates moved a vote of confidence in the present administration of affairs which was very heartily given. Dr. Douthett '73, of Greensburg presided and speeches were made by Rev. Jas. Crowe, '59, Dr. Smiley '79, and others. Full co-operation will be given to the movement set on foot for the larger endowment of the college, if expression of approval are to be taken at par.

Rev. J. M. French, of Oakland, Cal., though not an alumnus, showed his interest by his presence. He was formerly a pastor in Mercer and a valuable member of the Board of Directors. The same may be said of Rev. S. B. McBride, who is now a member of the Board and whose interest never flags.

Miss Anna Duncan who has spent three years in Egypt; arrived in Philadelphia on Monday, the day of the opening of the Assembly, and was present at the evening service. Immediately after she took the train westward, naturally anxious to get home to see her relatives. She hoped, as we hope, that she will be able to attend the Commencement.

The honors for this year's class were announced Saturday morning and were: First Honor class, 95 and over, Miss Letitia Elliott, Edward Eagleson, R. W. Gealey, H. N. Holmes and Malcolm Laing; 90 and over, H. C. Chambers, O. R. Degelman, Miss Ethel Frampton, W. J. Holmes, C. F. Hoffman, D. A. Littell, J. P. Lockhart, J. F. McLane, H. C. Mitchell, Miss Romaine Russell, Monroe Witherspoon and Wm. Stewart. Valedictorian, Letitia Elliott; Salutatorian, Harry N. Holmes.

MUSIC AND ART.

The year just drawing to a close has been one of progress and prosperity in the music department. Under the present direction the standard has been gradually raised and the requirements for graduation made more exacting. There is a fatal tendency in music schools to laxity in this regard and it is indeed a source of gratification to friends of the Department to note no disposition on the part of Director Peterson to let down bars and thus cheapen diplomas. Of his work as an instructor, nothing new can be said. The same earnest and tactful efficiency that characterized his work last year, has stimulated and inspired his pupils in their work under his direction this year.

The individual work of the pupils has been very satisfactory. During the year several pupils recitals have been given. The final pupils recital will be given in the Second United Presbyterian church Tuesday afternoon, June 13th, at 2 p. m.

PROGRAM.

- Riedel, - Variations on a theme from Schumann Op. 13.
Miss Edith Estella McCreary, Miss Anna Mary Reed, Miss Ora Mae Balph and Miss Elizabeth Mabel McBane.
- Lack, - Cabaletta Op. 83
Mr. James McConnell Weddell.
- Marston, - My God and Father while I stray.
Miss Mary Turner.
- Dom, - Martha Op. 39, No. 1.
Miss Ina Ballou Gibson.
- Kube, - Barcarolle, On the Sea.
Miss McBane.
- Oesten, - Trio Alpenglöckchen Op. 475.
Miss Gibson, Mr. Weddell and Miss Belle Fulton.
- Chaminade - Pas des Amphores Air de ballet.
No. 2.
Miss Reed.
- Cuischmann, - Trio. Protect us through the Coming Night.
Miss Balph, Miss Turner and Mr. Holland H. Donaldson.
- Godard, - Reverie Pastorale, Op. 43
Miss Emily Dorothy Elliott.
- Bird, - Humoresque, in D minor Op. 33, No. 4.
Miss Balph.
- (a) Lynes, - A Summer Wooing.
(b) Beach, - Ecstasy.
Miss Malvina Thompson.
- Clementi, - First movement from Sonata in O.
Op. 36, No. 1.
Miss McCreary.
- Blasser-Bohr, - Scherz Polka Op. 443.
Miss Balph, Miss McBane, Miss McCreary and Miss Reed.

The department furnished music for five evenings when Junior orations were given.

The interest in the chorus work has been very gratifying. On Thanksgiving evening Concone's Mass in F was rendered. This is a continuous work and is the first work of this character that has been attempted here for several years. The Mass was excellently rendered and showed the results of the very careful training the chorus had received. The second term concert was given May 4th. In this concert the chorus class was assisted by E. G. Rothleder, solo violinist of Pittsburg. The chorus class gave three numbers in a manner that evoked the enthusiastic praise of an attentive audience.

The Third term concert was given in the Second church Saturday evening, June 10th.

PROGRAM

Cowen.	Bridal Chorus.	"Rose Maiden."
	CHORUS CLASS.	
Bishop.	-	Tell Me My Heart.
	MISS ORA MAE BALPH.	
Mendelssohn.	-	Two-Part Songs.
	a. The Passage Bird's Farewell.	
	b. I Would That My Love.	
	LADIES OF THE CHORUS CLASS.	
Massenet.	O casto fior del mio sospir.	"Il Re di Lahore."
	MR. PETERSON.	
Liszt	Symphonic poem, Les preludes.	Arr. for two pianos
	MISS MACNALL AND MR. PETERSON.	
Concone.	-	Mass in F.
	CHORUS CLASS.	

Under the auspices of this Department

Edward Baxter Perry, the famous blind pianist, gave a delightful and very helpful lecture recital to a large and appreciative audience April 21st.

Mr. M. Luther Peterson and Miss Maude M. MacNall, the faculty of the Department of Music, gave a most successful recital on Dec. 2nd.

The entertainment under the direction of Miss McConnell given in College Chapel on May 28th was highly appreciated and reflected great credit on the work that is being done by the Oratory classes this term. The following program was presented:

PROGRAM.

Serenade.	-	-	F. Abt.
Miss MacNall, Miss Turner,			
	Prof. Freeman, Prof. McKee.		
Scene,	-	-	"Come Here."
	Miss McConnell, Mr. Cochran.		
Hook Drill.			
Misses McLean, Conway, Fulton, Ramsey,	Neeley, Byers and Stewart.		
Reading,	-	-	Waiting By the Gate.
	Miss Thompson.		
Scene,	-	-	Cataline to Aurelia.
	Miss Chamberlin, Mr. Neville.		
Wand Drill.			
Misses McLean, Byers, Conway, Fulton, Ramsey,	Stewart and Neeley.		
Reading,	-	-	Selected.
	Miss Welch.		
Reading,	-	-	The Volunteer Organist
	Mr. Degelman.		
The Sea Hath Its Pearls,	-	-	Pinsuti.
Miss MacNall, Miss Turner,			
	Prof. Freeman and Prof. McKee.		

Progress in the Art Department has kept pace with the general advance. Deeper

interest and more earnest enthusiasm than ever before have characterized the department during the year that is just closing and the quality of the work done in the studio attests the efficiency of the instruction. To Miss Hodgens are due cordial congratulations upon her success in bringing the Department to its present high standard and in forcing a tardy recognition of its refining and humanizing influence in the college life.

The Annual Exhibition will be held in the Y. W. C. A. Room in Old College on Tuesday and Wednesday of Commencement week and the product of each student's work during the past term is now being arranged in preparation for this. Among the numerous art objects to be exhibited are several cleverly done water color landscapes and still-life studies by the Misses Frances Barr, Hadessa Cook, Laura Irons, Grace McClelland and Floy Robertson. Miss Barr's most effective pieces are two still-life studies, one of old Delft and yellow roses in which a most striking and pleasing color effect is skillfully secured, and the other a delicately treated cranberry subject.

Miss Irons's Venetian sea scene with San Miniato in the distance, the "Man and Boat" after an original by Rhoda Holmes Nichols, and an animal study of two pointers in a covert, deserve special mention. The landscapes by Miss McClelland and Miss Cook are admirably done, as are also two still life sketches of Arbutus and Violets respectively, by Miss Robertson. Miss Theda Byers has several landscapes in oil and also one still-life oil study "Cherries" that possess marked merit, and the two charac-
scuros of Miss Kate Elliott, a landscape and

an animal subject are much admired. Among the china are two carefully treated jardinieres, one with a wisteria design by Miss Irons and the other with a poppy wreath by Miss McKelvey. The work of the Misses Mary Newmyer, Romaine Russell and Sara McKinley is represented by a number of smaller pieces.

The pleasing picture in the collection is an exquisite copy by Miss Hodgens of Anton Mauve's "Autumn" now in the Metropolitan Gallery, New York. The theme is a simple one—a Brittany peasant and a flock of sheep, yet the treatment is so effective, the drawing so perfect and the coloring so strikingly delicate that the effect of the whole is altogether clearing. The rare somber reds and browns of the foliage and the atmospheric effects awaken in one all the subtle suggestions, associations and memories of a late autumn day. Miss Hodgens has also a number of delightful nature-studies including a local bit—"The Rocks" at Neshannock Falls. A copy—"A Moor's Head," from an original in the Stewart collection in Philadelphia and several sketches from models done during her last stay in New York are also shown.

The prescribed Sophomore work is also done under Miss Hodgens' direction. It is hoped that all will avail themselves of the opportunity to visit the exhibition and we bespeak for the Department the interest and encouragement that its earnest efforts and singular success deserve.

EXCHANGES.

The young ladies of Allegheny College "took up the white man's burden" for the

once, and issued a Girls' edition of the Campus.

You have to pay some people to be good, but some—are good for nothing.—Stateon Collegiate.

The Orale for May 7, is sadly lacking in literary matters, being devoted almost exclusively to athletics.

Literary Aspirant:—"I can write about anything."

Editor:—"Then wright about face."

Jesse Lynch Williams, author of those charming sketches "Princeton Stories," writes most entertainingly and instructively one "How a Young Man Can Work His Way Through College," in the June Ladies' Home Journal

We quote the final paragraph: I have yet to learn of anybody's coming, unhandicapped by disease or great debt, and then going away because he could not earn a living at college and I have yet to hear any one of them say the game was not well worth the candle. It is hard work, of course, but a college man, like every one else, is happier with his time well filled. In fact most of the men I knew who worked their way through college enjoyed their four years quite as much as their more fortunate, for, in addition to getting as much, if not more of his books, the man who earns his own way is acquiring practical experience and a confidence in himself with which to pitch into the big world later in life.

Andrew Carnegie a trustee of State College, will donate the sum of \$100,000 for the erection of a library building on the college grounds provided the state will ap-

propriate \$10,000 annually for its maintenance. This is exceedingly liberal on the part of Mr. Carnegie and the state should do its part.

Lives of foot ball friends remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
By the privilege assigned us,
Kill a man and do no crime.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a swift, shin splitting gait,
Still a bag of wind pursuing,
Learn to kick the blame thing straight
—Hiram Advance.

The sleeping senior awoke with a start,
He jumped from the bed to the floor,
And quickly began to pace back and forth—
One could see he was tumbled sore

"I suppose," he said, when I questioned him,
I had better make some explanations;
I dreamt as I slept, I had to take
The Freshman entrance examinations."

Class Poem.

A gallant ship lies moored in yonder port,
Its sails are fanned by ev'ry gentle breeze,
The slowly rising sun is now alert
And casts its warmth among the scattered trees;
The feathered songsters which dame nature gives
Add beauty to the rising summer's day,
Their joyous notes the saddened heart revives,
Before that gallant vessel sails away

But see! a crowd of earnest watchers now appears
An anxious look is seen on ev'ry form,
The multitude is moved by some grave fears,
As that assembly views the gathering storm;
Where sails this ship? the query rises clear and strong,
Its earnest accents ever echo round,
Why does this restless turmoil still prolong?
O gallant ship, whither, whither bound?

The sailors more, the vessel slowly glides away
And braves the madly surging foam,
It hastens on with proud defiant sway
While fiercer still becomes the rising storm;
The distance from the shore increases with the day,
And only masts are seen above the briny foam,
Does some skilled helmsman choose its track to—

way
 Or, does it tread its dreary course alone?
 No answer comes, the azure deep makes no reply,
 Nor do the shipmen know for whence they're
 bound,
 They're drifting on, in ceaseless march they ply
 While darkest mist encircles them around;
 All may be well, the eager winds may play with
 every sail,
 And in some distant port success may crown
 their trip,
 Or their strong bark may strike some hidden
 shale,
 And angry billows roar, "a sunken ship"

A child is borne, a bark is launched upon life's
 main,
 And for a time it lingers near at hand,
 But in this state it cannot long remain,
 It must launch out for some far distant land.
 Where is that land? but from the depths there's
 no reply,
 And still we're tossed by wind and wave,
 We cannot cease to drift how'e're we try,
 Along that dreary way that leads us to the grave.

Life is a short and narrow way upon some sea,
 Where multitudes are ever drifting on,
 Where all are either bond or free,
 But till they move as though they all were one.
 But as they glide along that untrod way,
 Some joy or danger ever circles them about.
 And at some time there'll come a dreaded day,
 Which was not seen at their first launching out.

That vessel never stemmed the surging course,
 That bark was never launched upon life's sea,
 That did not meet some life or force,
 Which at that time would mark its destiny.
 There is an end for all that is of life,
 Its every pilgrim meets some open door.
 That marks the goal of all its joys, its strife,
 Within midsea or some distant shore.

That time must come we cannot shun its con-
 stant pace,
 Its course must cross life's narrow span,
 And when it does 'twill mark the time and place
 That forms fulwell the destiny of man.
 When is that certain time? whither that obscure
 place?

Which holds the fate of all in secret there?
 O voiceless heights, O speechless depths, why
 with such grace
 Dost thou in empty accents only echo "Where?"

Life's not all dream, but here along our narrow
 way,
 Some joy is mingled with our every grief,
 For every sad there comes some joyous day,
 That cheers the mind and bears some burden for
 the soul's relief

How sweet this thought, how great the joy it
 bears,
 That all life's mirth, its raptures all are mine,
 And in the day of trial or many dreaded fears,
 We are sustained by one strong hand divine.

What we enjoy we cannot always hope to know,
 A perfect mind or vision is not ours,
 But in life's field we reap just as we sow,
 And noble deeds or peasant words bring many
 happy hours
 For us the flowers bloom the seasons come and go
 At morning, noon and eve the warbling songsters
 sing,

And all is want to speak in accents soft and low,
 Of some bright shore where blooms eternal spring.

We meet today almost the last time for our class,
 Our happy college days with all their joys are o'er
 We cannot mingle as the seasons pass,
 Like we have done in good old days of yore.
 This thought its sadness brings, 'tis mingled with
 regret,

For we must leave the friends who've circled us
 about,
 We've reached a time which we have not as yet,
 When we must make our first real launching out.

We leave these college halls our alma mater dear
 But ever treasured in our inmost thought
 We'll hold some happy recollection near,
 Of those good days which we enjoyed as our most
 pleasant lot
 On this commencement week we quit but yet
 commence

We pass from school to what is real in life
 And then within that field to which we now ad-
 vance,
 We hope to share its joys and overcome its strife.

And in life's mystic field may we e'er strive to live
 In the light of sacred truth and that eternal right,
 That ever marks those noble lives which give
 Their all, to lead the world from out sin's starless
 night

It is a noble aim, to live and do and dare,
 And then when evil's mocking triumph's ring
 To scatter gems of love both here and there,
 And drink a purer draught at truth's eternal
 spring.

Our visions change, and now we picture in our
 dream

The end of life, when all its trials are o'er,
 And there beyond life's ever crystal stream,
 There is one mighty host on that celestial shore:
 In faith now we see that happy countless throng
 We hear those matchless strains from angel harps
 divine,

We see within that host and joining in their song
 In one unbroken rank the class of '99.

WILL M. STEWART '99

Blank Books, Writing Tablets

AND

All Kinds of STUDENT SUPPLIES

A LINE OF THE FINEST CANDIES IN TOWN.

John McKinley, M. D.

Successor to McKinley & Haley,

New Wilmington, Pa

C. F. Hunger & Co.

211 Superior St,

Successors to John H. Ryder,

THE LEADING PHOTOGRAPHERS

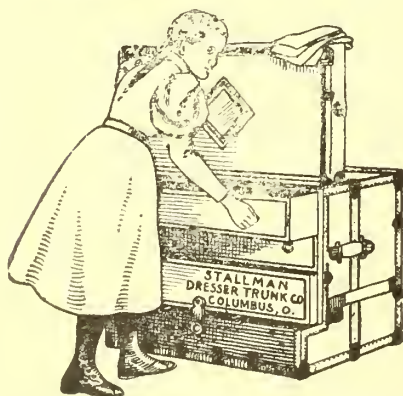
CLEVELAND, O

Has photographed the Senior class of Westminster college several years.

Claims Superiority to all Others.

Special Rates to Students

WRIGHT, LESLIE & CO,



Desire to call the attention of students and patrons in general to their large and complete line of goods for SUITINGS, PANTALOONINGS, OVER-COATINGS and GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS in General. Special attention given to clothes made to order. Call and examine our stock.

Agents for the Celebrated Stallman Trunk.

No 75 Washington Street,

New Castle, Penn'a



